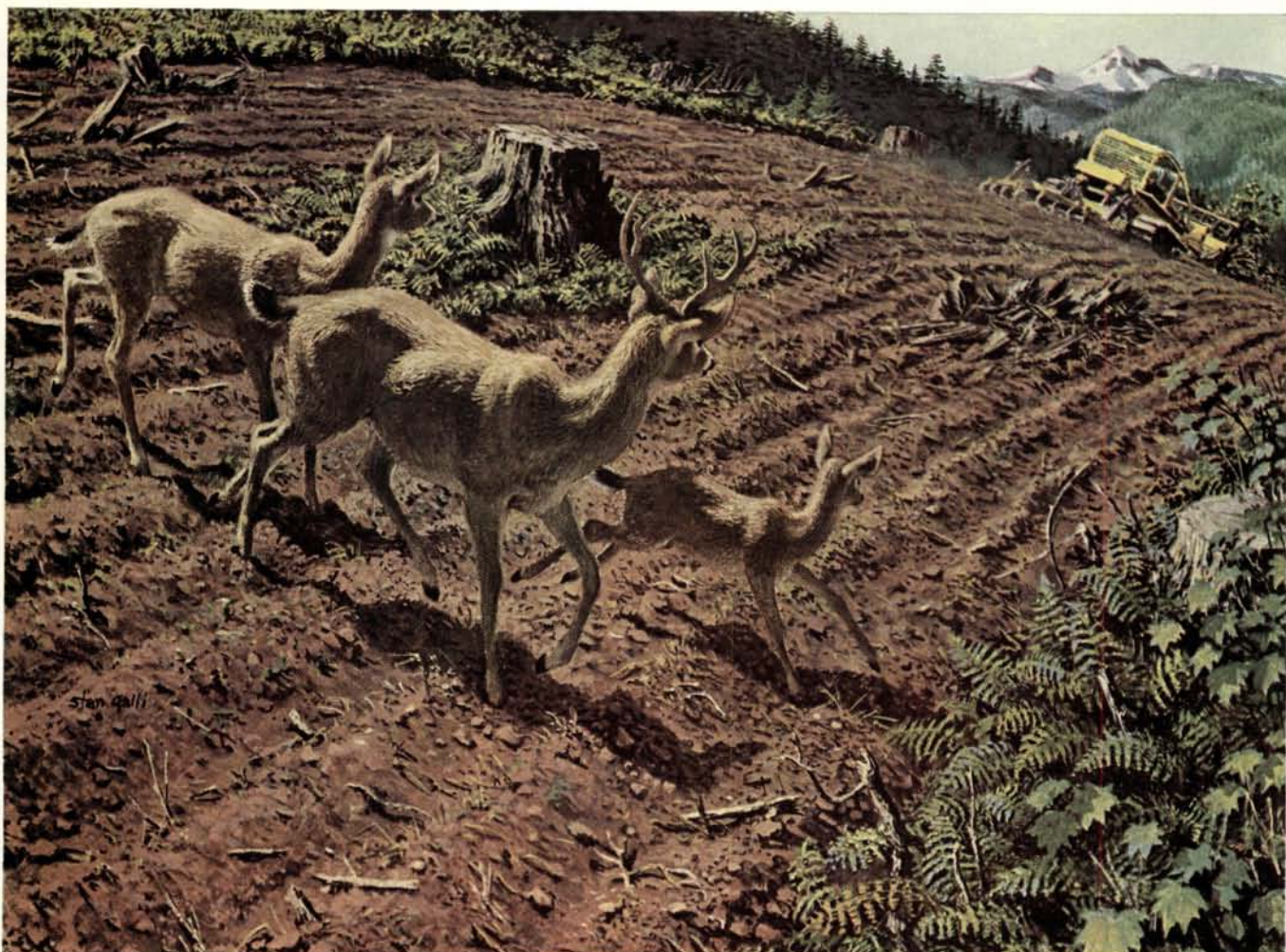


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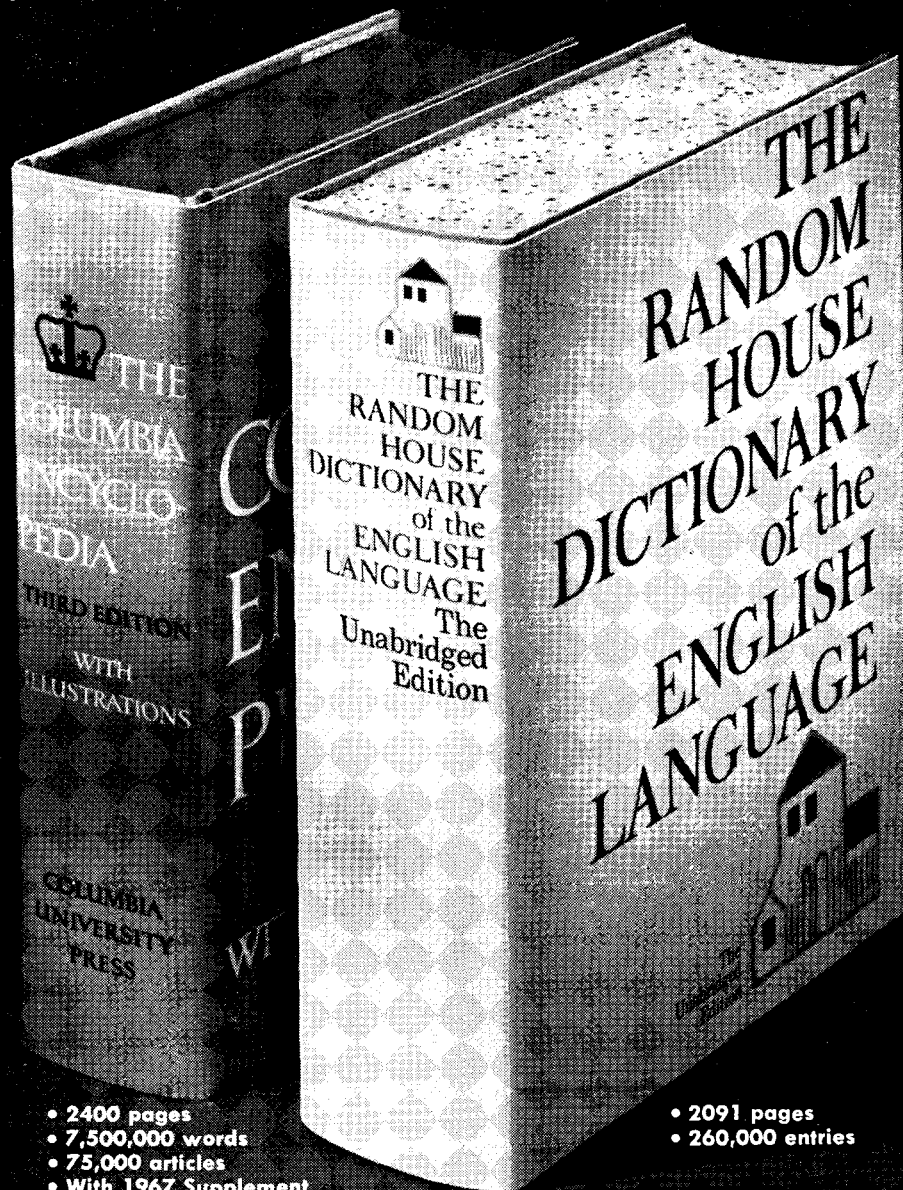
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8-31

The Media Barons and the Public Interest <i>An FCC Commissioner's Warning</i>	NICHOLAS JOHNSON	43
The Aerospace Bonus Boys	BOB ELLIOTT AND RAY GOULDING	52
We Couldn't Swing With It <i>The "Intrepid Four"</i>	ROBERT STONE	57
The Prince Mourns His Love. <i>A Poem</i>	JOHN L'HEUREUX	64
Sorel's Unfamiliar Quotations	EDWARD SOREL	65
Pax. <i>A Poem</i>	CHRISTOPHER LOGUE	66
Shame. <i>A Story</i>	JOYCE CAROL OATES	80
Possession. <i>A Poem</i>	PETER DAVISON	88
Two Cents and More <i>Advice to the Secretary of Defense</i>	FERDINAND EBERSTADT JOSEPH KRAFT GAR ALPEROVITZ GENERAL ANDRÉ BEAUFRE ADAM YARMOLINSKY PAUL GOODMAN	89
Death and Dominguin	FERGUS REID BUCKLEY	95
Reports: Washington, Spain, Jerusalem		6
Coming in the Atlantic		22
The Mail		34
Arts and Letters: LEON EDEL, JOHN UPDIKE, ROBERT COLES, CHARLES NICOL, PETER AVERY, EDWARD WEEKS, MARSHALL COHEN, HERBERT KUPFERBERG, PHOEBE ADAMS		103

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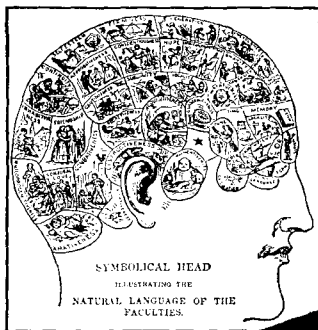
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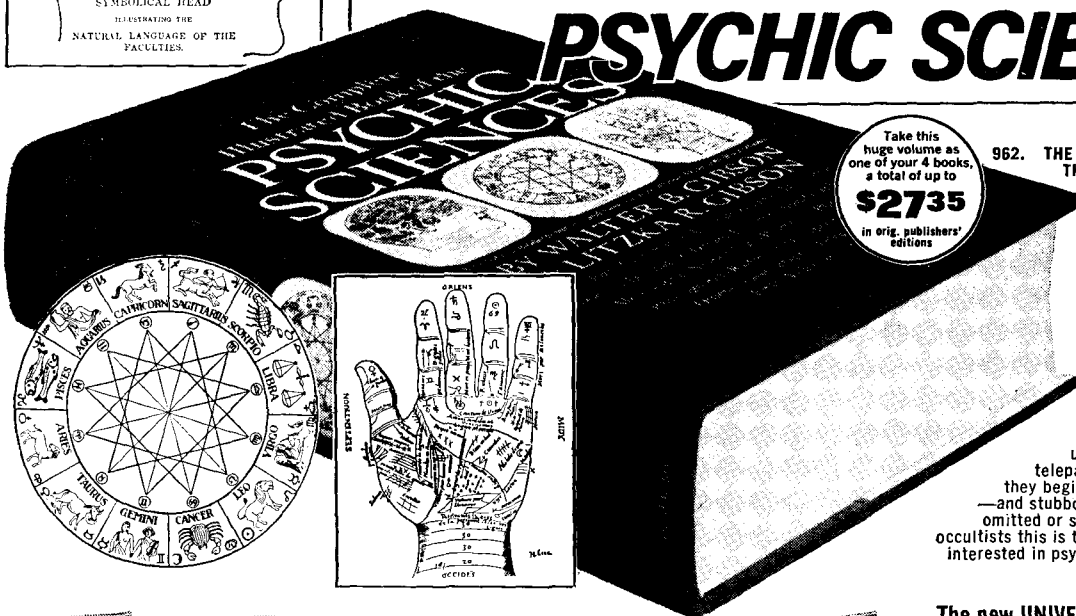
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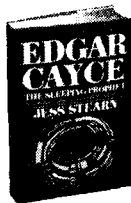
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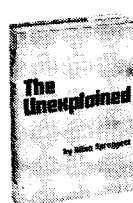
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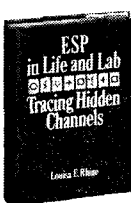
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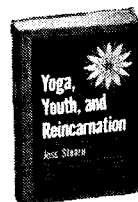
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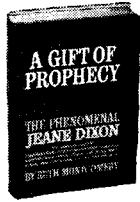
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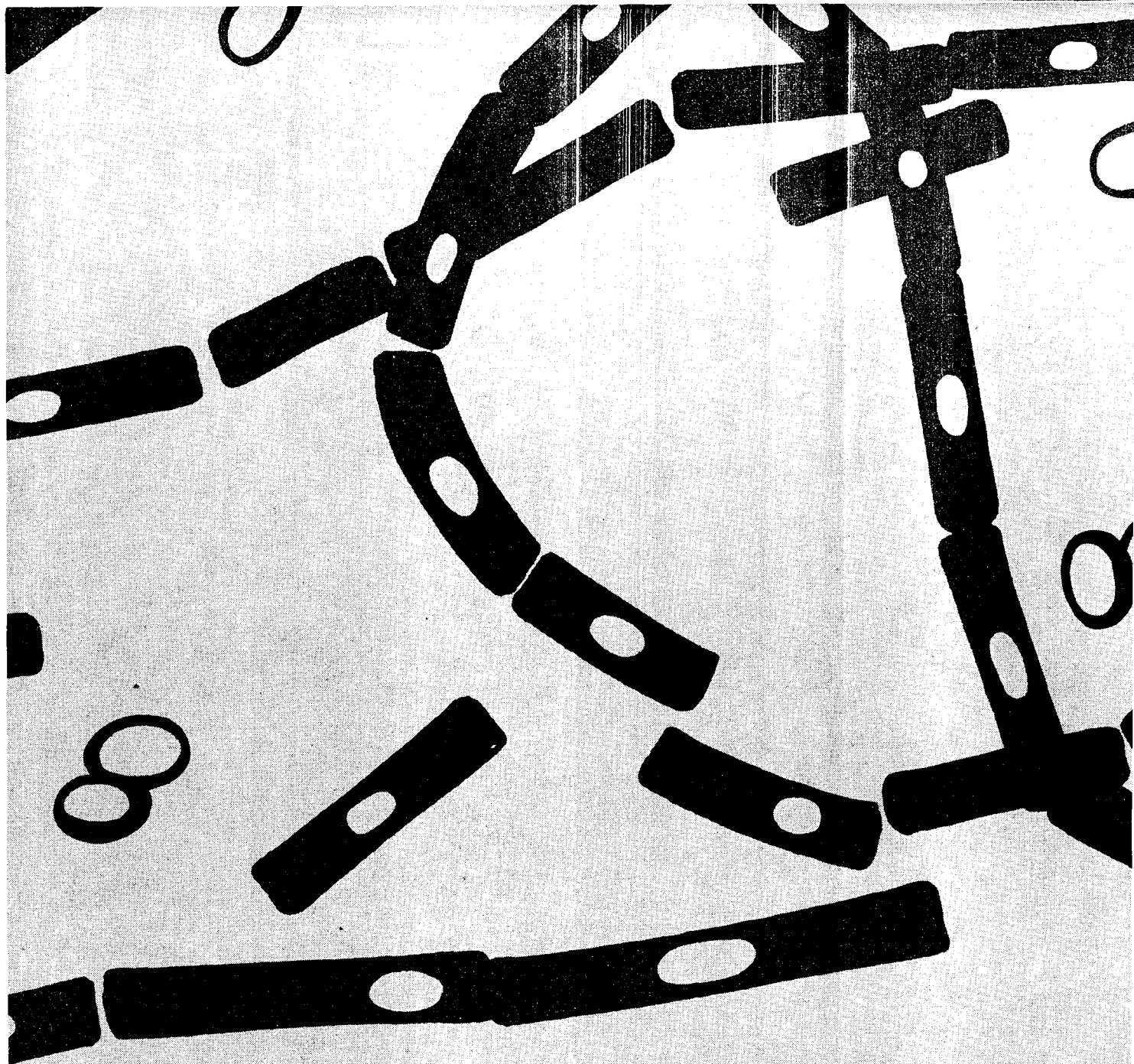
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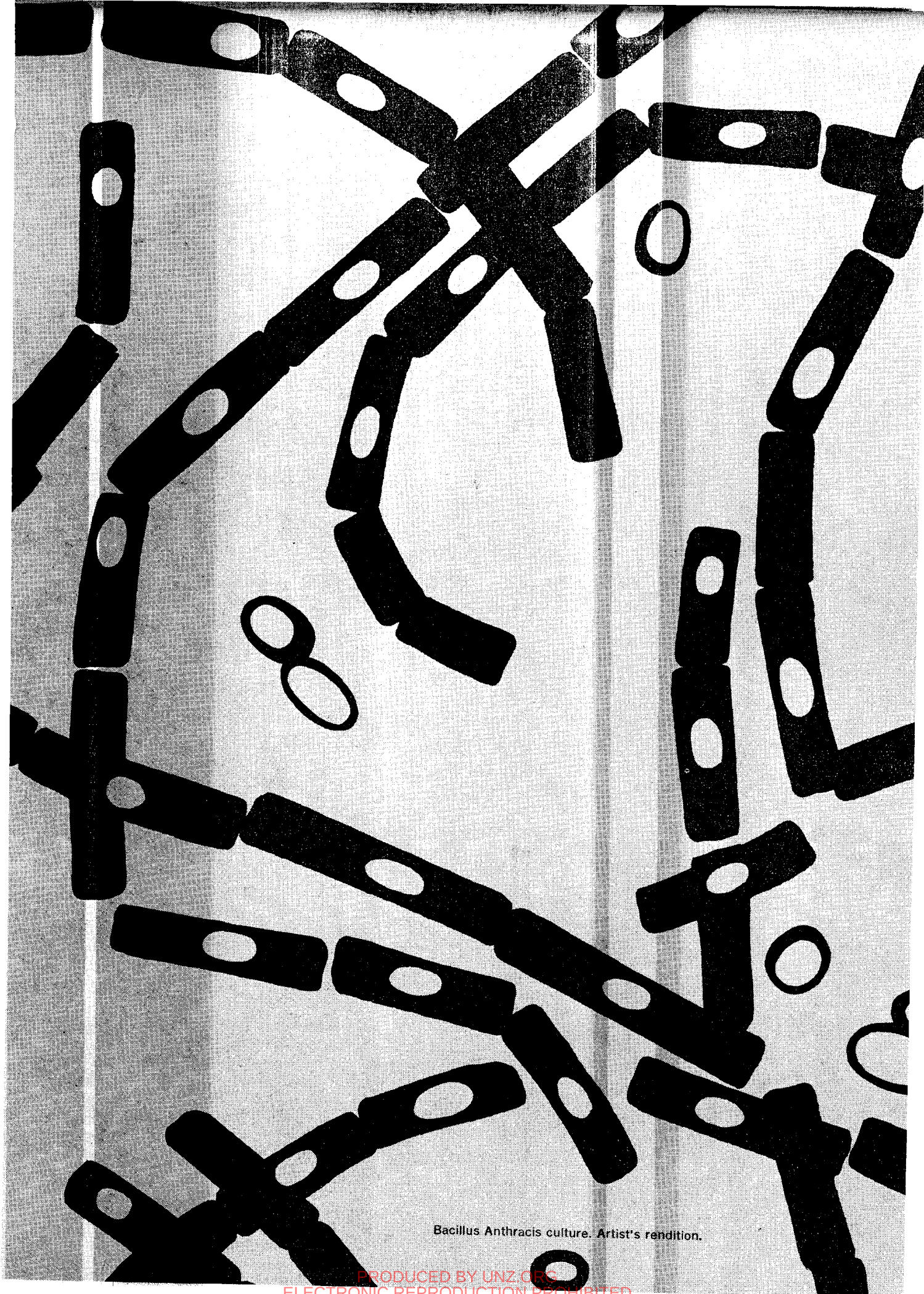
rometer measurements can be sent over telephone lines. The tests were sent by phone to a remote computer which analyzed them for evidences of pulmonary disease. Results were received back at the testing point, again by phone, in less than two minutes time.

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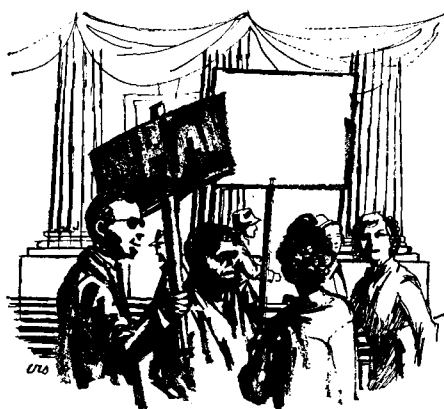
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reports

Washington



Several political insights which are commonly accepted as sophisticated should lead to the conclusion that the labor movement does not count for much in this political year. The old Democratic coalition, with labor as a keystone, has been steadily disintegrating. The labor movement is losing its dynamism and is groping for its reason for being. The members, increasingly middle-class, are led by an aging leadership which is out of touch with the times and cannot deliver the vote.

Yet while much of this is true, it is also true that George Meany's fervid embrace of Hubert Humphrey just after President Johnson's withdrawal helped make the Vice President a serious candidate, and threw the Kennedy campaign momentum into lower gear. It was not that Humphrey could be put across with labor support alone but that there would have been no point in his trying for the nomination without it. Kennedy, on the other hand, would have to win not only without labor support but over its substantial opposition. McCarthy was the second

choice. Rockefeller, who has successfully cultivated labor ties in New York State, could receive substantial labor support in November if his party nominated him. In the case of a Nixon-Kennedy contest, several labor leaders would go fishing. That's how much they dislike Kennedy.

All of this applies to Meany and his allies, who do not, of course, include Walter Reuther. The UAW leadership, consistently more dovish and progressive than the Meany forces, was far less enthusiastic about Mr. Johnson before he withdrew, and is now divided in its sympathies for the Democratic candidates. The UAW, which has always been less hierarchical anyway in arriving at its political positions, has therefore freed its leaders and members to choose sides.

However it all turns out — and nobody in his right mind is still making hard political predictions this year — the power and position of organized labor in the elections are worth examining.

The party's over

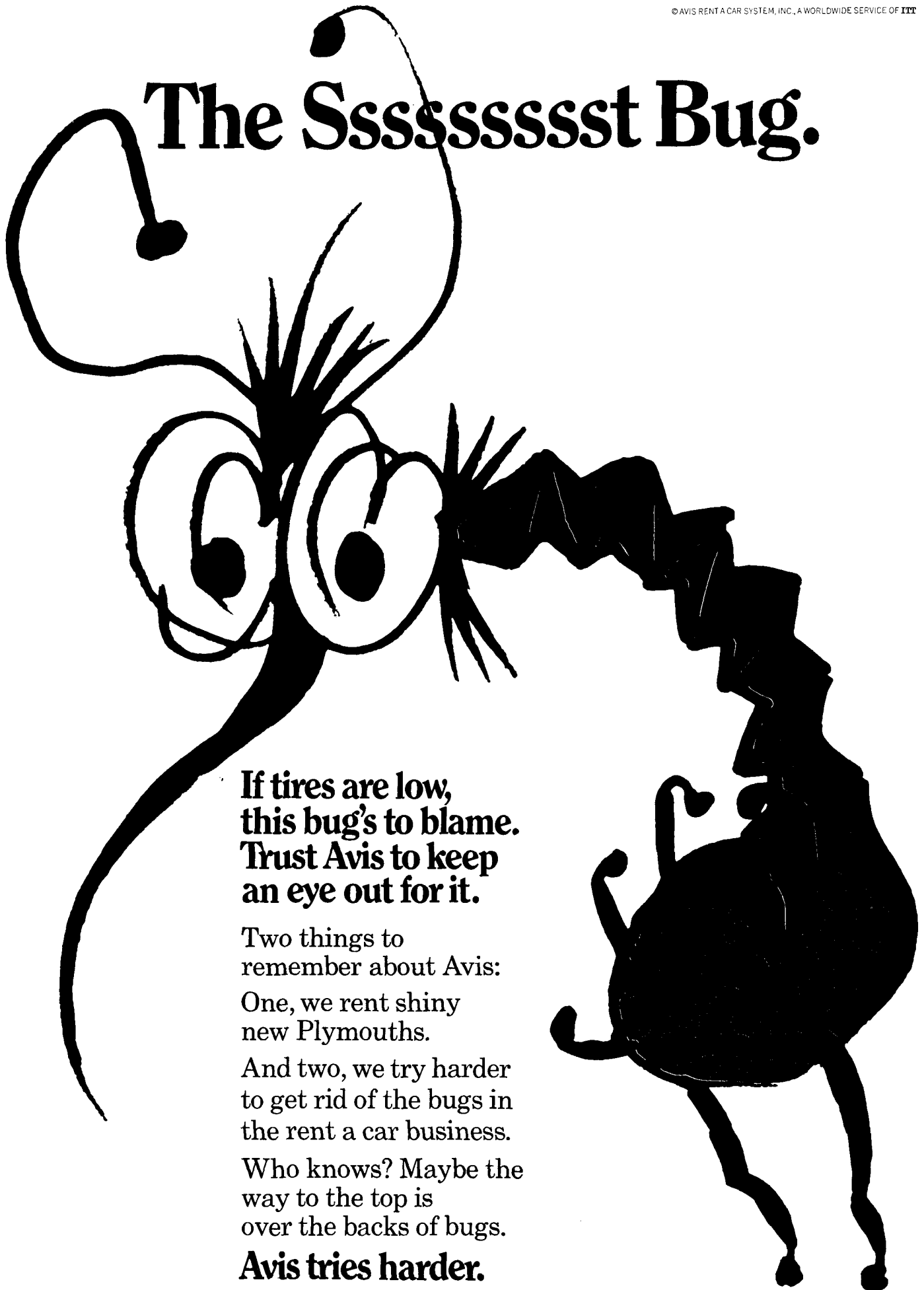
Simply put, labor is important almost precisely to the extent that the Democratic Party itself has deteriorated over the last eight years, and the party has deteriorated badly. Republicans govern the key states of New York, Pennsylvania, Ohio, Michigan, and California. It was, in fact, the loose Democratic structure in these states that enabled Robert Kennedy to give serious thought to the possibility of ousting Mr. Johnson. The only major industrial state controlled by the Democrats, with consequent power over patronage, delegate selection, and electoral machinery, is Illinois. The general disrepair would not have

been so serious if the national Democratic Party machinery had not also been permitted to atrophy.

President Johnson, reared in one-party Texas politics where every man built his own organization, never had much use for the Democratic National Committee. When he was the Senate Majority Leader, the committee was dominated by the Stevenson wing of the party, which challenged his claims to national party leadership. He suspected that the committee delivered the 1960 convention into the arms of John Kennedy. In 1964, the presidential campaign, which would have been difficult for him to lose, was conducted from the White House. When the committee came out of the 1964 election more than \$4 million in debt, the President ordered the debt eliminated. The man entrusted with the job was his assistant Marvin Watson. Watson, who wasn't just being modest when he denied knowledge of national politics, took the President at his word. In the process of substantially eliminating the debt, he also eliminated the voter registration section, which the architects of John Kennedy's 1960 campaign felt had been crucial to their victory.

After the big Republican gains in the 1966 congressional elections, angry Democratic governors and state chairmen pressed the President to rebuild the party machinery. Once more the task was assigned to Watson. The registration section was reinstated under Billie S. Farnum, a one-term Michigan congressman defeated in the 1966 elections. Farnum, it seems, had let it be known that he was very well connected in the highest UAW circles. Yet the registration section's performance has been less than mediocre. This may be because Farnum's UAW ex-

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Washington

perience actually consisted of routine jobs, such as serving as Victor Reuther's bodyguard.

To give just one idea of the consequences, Democratic registration in Michigan is now 1.5 million below what it was in 1964. One group that moved into the vacuum, doing the weary, dreary work of drawing up lists, making telephone calls, knocking on doors, was Eugene McCarthy's students. The other was organized labor.

Hard labor

Labor officials insist upon the technical point that Meany did not "endorse" Humphrey, any more than he had "endorsed" Johnson. What he did do was "strongly" urge the Vice President to "declare himself now as a candidate for the presidency" and throw the considerable machinery at his command behind Humphrey. Until then, it had been geared up to work for Johnson.

The Meany-Johnson intimacy was of rather recent vintage. At the 1960 Democratic convention, Meany had sought, and received, Robert Kennedy's assurance that Lyndon Johnson would not be John Kennedy's running mate. Shortly after President Kennedy was assassinated, Meany wired Johnson, offering his help and support. The new President reciprocated by inviting Meany to his Spring Valley home and asking him, among other things, whether or not he would like Willard Wirtz to continue to serve as Secretary of Labor.

From then on, the two old pros were in business. Meany gave unwavering support to the President's domestic and foreign policy. When the old civil rights coalition or the new Urban Coalition wanted to press the President to spend more on the urban crisis, AFL-CIO representatives — again not including the UAW — demurred. Before the President withdrew from the race, labor representatives rather indelicately upbraided senators and congressmen who needed their support for differing, even appearing to be considering differing, with the President over Vietnam. After the President withdrew, a convention of the Pennsylvania AFL-CIO, now the surrogate Democratic machinery in that state, petitioned him to recon-

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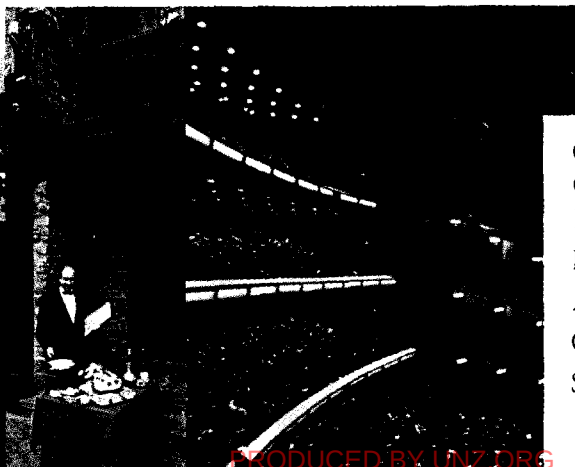
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Washington

sider. A few days later, the convention, according to the *AFL-CIO News*, "staged a four-minute dancing, shouting demonstration as Humphrey entered the hall for a 50-minute address that was interrupted by applause at least 50 times." Steelworkers President I. W. Abel announced that he concurred completely with Meany's statement urging Humphrey's candidacy.

The labor leaders' affection for Humphrey and antipathy to Kennedy stem from both history and temperament. Although the Kennedy camp writes it off as a "fantasy," it is a fact that Meany and his colleagues have never quite forgiven Kennedy for what they consider his vindictive role in the McClellan Committee hearings on labor racketeering, or his treatment of James Hoffa. Not that they condone either racketeering or Hoffa, but they were disturbed by Robert Kennedy's style, and they have been ever since. Their relations with Kennedy were never good while his brother was seeking the presidency or while he was President. Meany was vehemently opposed to Robert Kennedy's entrance into the presidential race, and was angered by Kennedy's attacks on his friend the President. Robert Kennedy, in short, they do not trust. Humphrey, on the other hand, they have gone to the well with, and that counts for much in politics. He has been getting to know labor officials since he was mayor of Minneapolis and now can call hundreds of them by first name; he has long been a favorite speaker at union conventions, and has probably attended almost all of the AFL-CIO executive council meetings in Miami Beach.

It is commonly accepted — and the Kennedy forces counted on it — that the labor leaders lag behind their followers in their politics, but there is not a great deal of evidence that this is true. There has been more pro-Kennedy sentiment among union staff members and the rank and file than among the leaders, but Mr. Johnson was the heavy favorite among members before he withdrew. Even with bumbling organization work, he ran very well in the blue-collar wards of New Hampshire and Wisconsin. The evidence is that the leadership is, if

anything, ahead of its rank and file. It gave strong support to Richard Hatcher, the Negro mayor of Gary, in his election bid, but the members gave him strong opposition. It supported the federal open-housing bill, and the members were largely opposed. It lobbied hard for what used to be known as the Great Society, yet a poll taken last year for the AFL-CIO by John Kraft showed that the members largely were more concerned with suburban problems — tax assessments, zoning, street repairs, and garbage disposal — than with national issues. Forty-six percent of trade union members now earn \$7500 to \$15,000 a year, and nearly 50 percent of them live in the suburbs. While signs of backlash are everywhere, however, out-and-out Wallace support, thus far, has been relatively low, lower even than in 1964. Obviously, the events of the coming summer could change that. In any event, the rank and file does not relate to a man strongly identified with the Negro revolution, and curiously, although it is almost impossible to distinguish between Humphrey's and Kennedy's recent civil rights records — and Humphrey was out front on civil rights long before the Kennedys — Kennedy has that identification and Humphrey does not. To counterbalance this, the Kennedy forces counted on the power of the evocation of the dead President, to whom the blue-collar ethnic groups gave massive support in 1960. But there was no — apparent — racial crisis then.

Margins and muscle

To a significant degree, the union leaders' attitudes lie with the fact that their overriding worry is the makeup of the next Congress. The last two years have not been notably successful for them, and they fear a still more conservative, whether or not Republican-dominated, Congress. They are haunted by specters of bills to impose stiffer strikebreaking machinery, apply antitrust laws to unions, or spoil their friendly relations with the National Labor Relations Board. They consider the loss of 25 or so seats held by friendly members, which could bring about the worst, a real possibility. Some 100 House districts are considered "marginal" this year — that is, liable to go either way — and the Committee on Political Education, the political arm

of the AFL-CIO, is hard at work on about 80 of them. COPE itself seldom contributes more than \$2000 to \$3000 to a single congressional campaign, but since the constituent AFL-CIO unions also maintain their own political arms, the total union contribution can come to considerably more. As important as the money, however, is the help which the unions can provide with registration, manpower, and mailings. For most "marginal" liberal House and Senate members, the unions' monetary and organizational aid can make the difference.

The unions' concern with the next Congress was another reason for their strong opposition to the Kennedy race, for a party split could further imperil the re-election of many of labor's friends. Following the President's withdrawal, the Kennedy, Humphrey, and labor leader camps were agreed that a key to labor's activities would be its perception of the presidential candidate with whom most of its congressional allies would run best; but while the Kennedy forces argued that this should bring them to one conclusion, the labor forces came to quite another one.

Producing

There is a great deal that they can do for a presidential candidate in the critical preconvention maneuvering. There is of course the money and the machinery to do canvassing and registration work. There are organizations of retirees waiting to receive instructions. Labor's organization work in primaries is all the more significant because of the ordinarily low turnout of voters. If a candidate does not want to enter a primary, the unions can turn these efforts — as they, particularly the Steelworkers, did in Indiana — toward helping the candidacy of a favorite son. The Steelworkers can also be quite influential in the non-primary and crucial states of Pennsylvania and Illinois. They can even be somewhat helpful in California.

It is now estimated that some 250 to 300 delegates to the Democratic national convention, and an equal number of alternates, will be AFL-CIO members in any event. Possibly an equal number of delegates and alternates will be indirect union representatives. Even if all of these are not behind one candidate, the fact that most of them back one or

Washington

the other can be quite important, particularly as they work within their state caucuses.

There are many more subtle ways unions can be helpful. For all the talk about the importance of the media, the hoary practice of crowd-building still has a hallowed place in politics, and because of the media, it is more difficult. (Thus, at the outset, Robert Kennedy's appearances were at college campuses and business sections during rush hours, which may or may not have helped him.) There is nothing more humiliating to a politician, or more damaging in his press coverage, than to speak to a near-empty hall. The unions can produce, say, 3000 people at the Pittsburgh airport on a day's notice; they can pack an auditorium. The Retail Clerks, whose members can buttonhole supermarket shoppers, and the Communications Workers, who have ladies in just about every town willing to make phone calls on behalf of a candidate, can be particularly useful, as they were to John Kennedy in 1960. The unions can bring pressure on congressmen dependent upon their support to go along with their presidential preference, or at least to stay neutral.

Just about any strong mayor has cultivated and made his peace with the local building trades and service unions, and they are therefore a source of pressure on the mayor, who influences a number of convention delegates. The building trades are an important part of Chicago Mayor Richard Daley's machine, and they urged Daley not to endorse Robert Kennedy; since Daley is the strongest mayor of them all, however, there is some question whether the unions make up his mind or he makes up theirs.

Delivering

Ever since John L. Lewis, feuding in 1940 with FDR, found that he could not deliver the Mineworkers to Willkie, it has been an accepted fact that there is no "deliverable" union vote in this country. To the extent that union members follow their leaders in November, it is more a coincidence of perceptions of where their interests lie than anything else. The extensive union publications and "education" efforts,

however, can be important in guiding those perceptions. In November, too, moreover, the organizing effort to get out the vote can be crucial, for there are many areas where labor can make the difference in a close election, and many elections are won by less than 5 percent.

It is in these preconvention months, however, that the unions are playing their biggest part, bigger than appearances would suggest. While they cannot make a candidate, they can help him a great deal, and they can also contribute a great deal toward breaking one.

— Elizabeth B. Drew

Spain



In a speech announcing his country's new constitution late in 1966, Generalissimo Francisco Franco put the case for retaining Francoism in Spain this way: "Every nation is surrounded by its own particular demons, and those of Spain are: an anarchistic spirit, a penchant for negative criticism, the disunity of men, extremism, and mutual enmity." The alternatives for Spain are clear. But with a history of demons rampant, it is impossible to know which course Spain will follow after Franco.

Veinte y cinco años de paz, read the peeling signs scrawled on walls in the parched villages of the countryside. The faded tributes to tranquillity on the whitewashed walls are all that remain today of the Generalissimo's silver anniversary of absolute power in 1964. Now, near the thirtieth year since the end of the Civil War, "*la paz española*" is evermore the favorite slogan of supporters of the regime.

Franco, however, is now seventy-five years old. There is today an intense struggle for power developing, not only among Franco's op-

ponents but among many of the diverse groups that have provided the foundation for his monolithic rule. The struggle is not a conventional clash between liberals and conservatives, but an eclectic stew of pressure groups and amorphous political "groupings." The contents include neo-fascist Falangists and Communist workers; monarchists of various colors and anarchists; liberal democrats and socialists; old-line Francoist military men and the young technocrats who are gradually superseding them in the government. Each group is bent on molding the post-Franco era to its own conception of the future Spain.

There are three central conceptions: that of the old guard, which wants to preserve the present system, and its position in it, with as little alteration as possible; that of the reformers, who want to democratize the nation along Western European lines; and that of the monarchists, who stand between the two. The monarchists tend now toward one side, now the other, hoping to restore a king but unable to agree on what manner of society he should govern.

The tempo of the contest has hastened in recent years as an aging Franco has withdrawn from the public eye, except for ceremonial appearances and an occasional stiff televised address to the nation. The initial easing of Franco's dictatorship occurred in the first half of the decade, though it has since become apparent that meaningful reform was largely in the imaginations of foreign observers. Pressure for liberalization came in fact from pragmatists within the regime who were more interested in moving Spain into the Common Market than in adhering to an obsolete ideology.

Pragmatists or liberals, their most important reform came in 1966, and it was basic by Western republican standards: a new press law, which relaxed but did not abolish Franco's censorship. It brought a cautious political debate in the newspapers and expectations of more radical change. Those expectations were most apparent among the splinter groups of former Franco supporters who became disaffected by the political immobilism of the regime, and in the ineffectual "opposition" which has futilely contested the Caudillo's rule over the years. For the first time since the Civil War, newspapers be-

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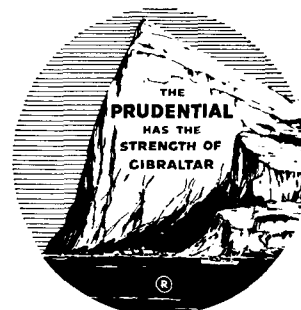


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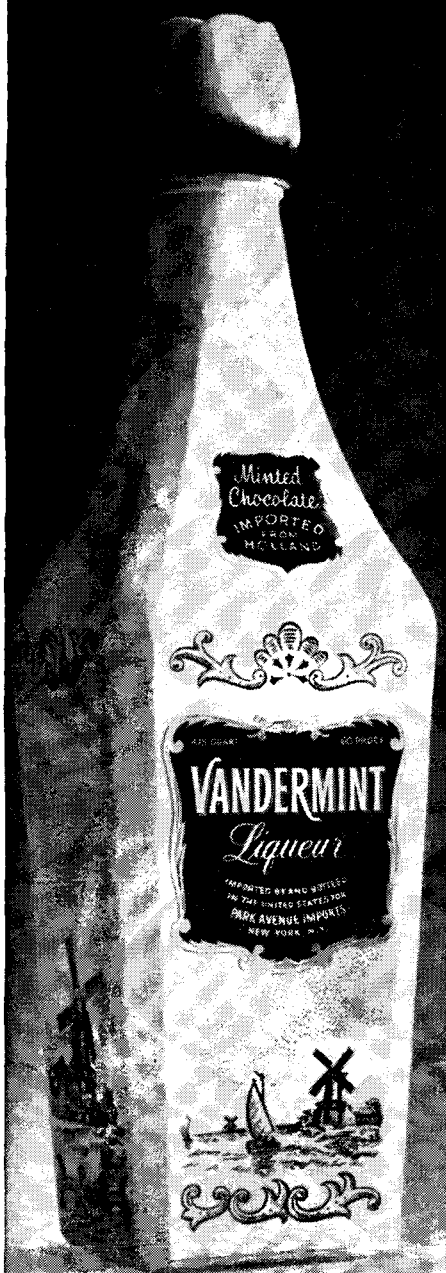


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Spain

gan to run editorials about the need to modify the institutions of government. Opposition attacks on the regime were beefed up, and workers and students openly challenged the government to permit free unions and democratize the nation.

Thaw

Throughout 1966 rumor of a thaw in the Spanish autocracy persisted, sustained by the fact that the Cabinet was debating a new constitution: the Organic Law of State. This document was supposed to create political guidelines for the future of Spain, and to establish an institutional framework for Franco's succession. The constitution was eagerly awaited throughout the country as an indicator of just how far Franco was willing to go.

Franco's announcement of the constitution in the Spanish parliament, the *Cortes*, at the end of 1966 was a letdown. The key issues — labor reform, religious liberty, structural modification of the National Movement (the only legal political organization), and the question of popular election of some deputies to the previously appointive *Cortes* — were all ambiguously stated, pending clearer statements in later constitutional amendments. But the new constitution did streamline the government: a Premier was to be named to take over some of the workaday labors of the government from the Chief of State (Franco). (As yet, Spain has no Premier, though the phlegmatic Franco, never one to rush a decision, is expected to choose one this year.) The problem of succession machinery was acknowledged too by a clause empowering the Council of the Realm, previously an honorific body with no real powers, to select a new Chief of State, either king or regent, if Franco should fail to do so before retiring from the political scene. The *Cortes* would then approve him.

But the liberals' hopes were too high. Today, just a year and half after the new constitution was ratified in a lopsided plebiscite in which no opposition was tolerated, it is apparent that the regime's intentions toward democracy and reform were merely flirtatious. If 1966 was the year of liberalization, 1967 was the year of reaction. Franco's domina-

tion of Spanish politics remains unchallenged.

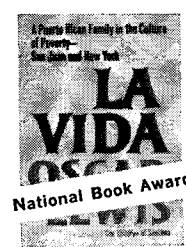
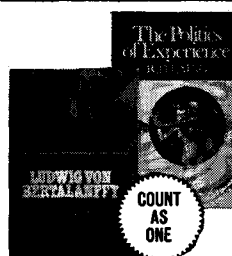
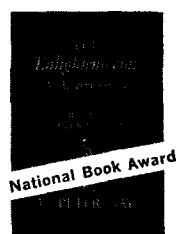
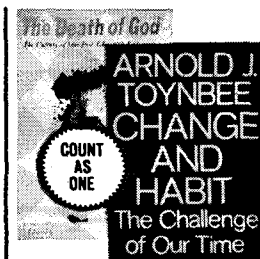
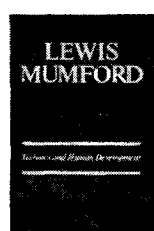
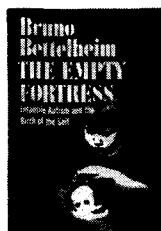
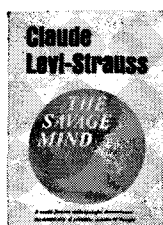
The key amendments clarifying Franco's general statement of the constitution emerged from the Cabinet for approval in the do-as-you're-told *Cortes*; they were as liberal as a suit of armor. The long-awaited religious-liberty reform was watered down and has been condemned by Protestants because of provisions to force all non-Catholic churches to register their members with the Ministry of Justice. The bill to redefine the *Falange*-dominated National Movement elevated the Movement's own national directorate to a form of upper house charged with arbitrating the nation's politics. Nothing was done to ease the *Falange's* hold over Spanish politics. When the ground rules were laid down for the popular election of one fifth of the *Cortes*, the game was carefully fixed in favor of National Movement candidates. After the October election, the bloc of 108 new deputies, with few exceptions, made a congenial complement to the four fifths of the *Cortes* appointed by the regime.

Breath of freedom

For those who still had any doubts, Franco reiterated that so long as he lived political parties would not be allowed. And the breath-of-freedom press law was decorated with a revision of the penal code to make journalists liable to six years' imprisonment for writing "false or dangerous" information. The promised labor reform has yet to materialize.

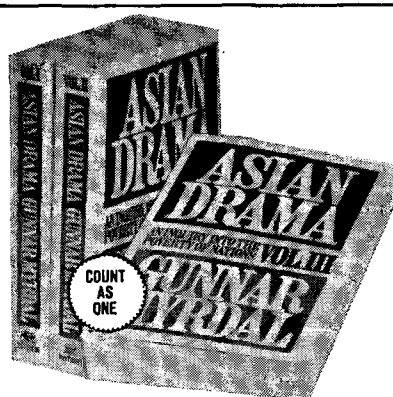
Last summer the ailing vice president of Spain, Captain General Agustín Muñoz Grandes, a moderate anti-monarchist who once was thought certain to succeed Franco, was quietly retired. In September he was succeeded by Admiral Luis Carrero Blanco, a Cabinet secretary, no liberal, one of Franco's most trusted background advisers since the Civil War. This new post sets him in line to be Premier when and if Franco is moved to name one, and to succeed Franco thereafter.

This swing to the right was accompanied by a campaign to silence the discord and dissent which urged the liberals on. Cries of "Democracy yes, Franco no" and "Down with 1936" were heard in worker districts and universities; they terrified the regime stalwarts, who equate all

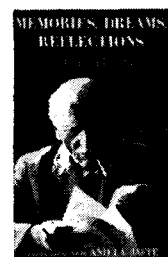
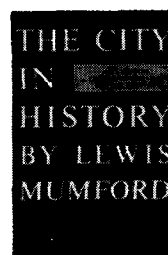


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Spain

such statements with the chaos of the old republic. The government's reaction was swift. Meetings of anti-Franco workers were dispelled and their leaders rounded up, intellectuals and journalists were tried or fined for breaking the bounds of legitimate expression, and university activists were arrested and harassed.

Reaction lashed out just as forces for change in Spain were emerging. Franco's brief fling with liberalization did not, of course, create these new forces, as reactionaries have charged in urging Franco to curb them. But the fling did give them a season in which to flower.

The most visible — and until recently the most effective — of the new groups was that of the young technocrats in the regime who fired Spain's American-primed economic boom in the late 1950s and early 1960s. The group includes the dynamic Minister of Industry Gregorio López Bravo, Economic Planning Minister Laureano López Rodó, and Minister of Commerce Faustino García-Moncó. All three are members of the Opus Dei, the apostolic Catholic lay order which is trying to maneuver itself into a dominant position in any future government.

Hangover quarantine

These men have found their readiest support among similarly non-ideological, market-hungry industrialists eager to do business with Europe. Their political fortunes have naturally risen and fallen with the state of the economy, and as the economy flourished in the early 1960s under their tutelage and because of an unprecedented tourist boom, their stock with Franco soared. Madrid's foreign policy has really consisted of a campaign to break down the West's hangover quarantine against Hitler's passive ally Franco, and to win acceptance of Spain as an equal partner among its European neighbors. So the technocrats have attempted subtly to maneuver the regime into a position where it might qualify for the democratic criteria of the Treaty of Rome. In the early part of the decade, Spain began seeking admission to the Common Market. Madrid is now negotiating with Brussels for an associate membership which, it is hoped, would

lead to full EEC membership within six years. But EEC members like Belgium and Holland do not forget Franco's alliances with Hitler and Mussolini, or overlook his commitment to authoritarianism. Because of this, the technocrats, backed by liberals outside the government, succeeded in forcing what reforms they could before the regime once more stiffened. Recent economic setbacks, however, have cut into the clout of the Opus Dei technocrats.

Black, white, and blue

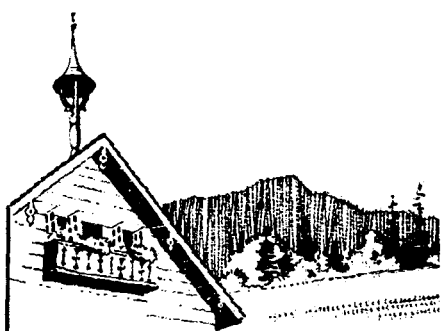
A more formidable reform bloc has sprung up in the Catholic Church, traditionally one of the foundations of Franco's power. The Ecumenical Council forced a split in Franco's church support by drawing many of the younger and more active priests away from the conservative church hierarchy. The latter, under Spain's 1953 Concordat with the Vatican, is virtually appointed by Franco. The bishops, whose mean age is sixty-eight, are fighting for control over the "new wave" priests. The latter in turn are shocked by a drop in church attendance, which they attribute to the church's embrace of the regime. Influenced by post-Pius Vatican liberalism, a whole generation of Spanish priests are beginning to speak out against the social and economic conservatism of the regime and actively to support their parishioners. In every recent workers' demonstration clerical collars have been there in black and white complement to blue-collar protest.

The toughest challenges to the regime, however, have come from worker and student groups. Labor discontent has kept pace with a flight of a dangerous inflation that the government appears unable to constrain. While Spain's economy has grown at the rate of 8 percent annually, lifting its per capita income to almost \$700 per annum in 1967, consumer demand has forced up the cost of living in the past three years by 30 percent. Last summer prices were hiked on everything from bread to public transportation. Despite the government's September increase in the minimum wage to 96 pesetas (\$1.37) a day, salaries have failed to keep pace with the cost of living. After the recent devaluation to bring the peseta into line with the pound, the government launched an austerity drive, freezing

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Spain

wages and prices and cutting down on government spending in an effort to bring the economy back into balance. But austerity has only kindled labor unrest by cutting back long-sought wage increases (many of which were long ago negotiated), and the situation was aggravated by the threat of mass layoffs. U.S. plans to cut overseas investment and curb tourism are hardly a boon to Spain. But though strained by inflation and austerity, Spain's economy is basically sound and full of potential for growth. Last year brought more than 17 million tourists, spreading ideas along with one billion dollars of foreign exchange.

The government-controlled *sindicatos* (compulsory unions), which ought to serve as the vehicle through which labor could push for a better economic deal, have been more interested in neutralizing wildcat labor pressures on the economy than in challenging the status quo. The result has been a spin-out from the *sindicatos* to the new and powerful "workers commission" movement.

Catholics, Socialists, Communists, and Basque separatists have all had their own clandestine labor organizations in the past, but there was no serious opposition labor movement until the workers commissions began to evolve in 1964. The informal commissions follow the tradition of the anarcho-syndicalist movement of the early part of the century. They eschew any formal political ties, and demand that members enter as individuals and not as members of political factions. The commissions sought to weld a true labor movement around the basic economic issues facing the working classes: inflation, lagging wages, and the need for a democratic reform of the nation's labor laws. By 1967 they had become the most powerful opposition force in the nation, and, despite stiff government repression, staged three national demonstrations to demand labor reforms.

Siege on campus

Opposition to the government is loud on campuses, but because of the transience of university populations it is ephemeral. Militant students have succeeded in Madrid, Barcelona, and Santiago de Compostela, and to a lesser extent in

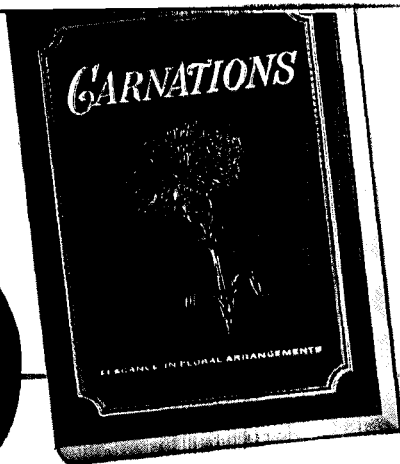
Seville, Bilbao, and Valencia, in doing for academia what the workers are seeking to do for industry: to supplant static, state-dominated unions with an independent democratic organization. Since the first democratic student union was installed at the University of Barcelona in 1966, over police and academic opposition, the movement has all but drowned the official Professional Students Association (A.P.E.). In its place has risen the University Students Democratic Union (S.D.E.U.). With success the S.D.E.U. has turned from initial organizational battles to more frankly political concerns such as anti-Vietnam War rallies, and skirmishes with police over attempts to hold protest marches against "the general repressive policies of the regime." At Madrid University the demonstrations are invariably broken up by the tough riot police who hover almost constantly on the edges of the campus in jeeps and trucks, supported by water cannon, mounted policemen, and German shepherds. In January and March, student demonstrations provoked a police siege of the university campus.

Tendencies

Challenge to the regime has also come from the nation's meager formal opposition, which, with the exception of the small and tightly disciplined Communists, doesn't really consist of political parties. Middle-class intellectual salons are grouped around such liberal luminaries as Social Democrat José Maria Gil Robles, the former Republican minister. These groups are fractured into dozens of tendencies which, lacking unity and organization, have very little influence. Though some of the leaders and members are deeply sincere in their dislike of the regime, the opposition is not taken seriously because of its propensity for talk rather than action. Except for the Communists and regional Basque nationalists, the old parties in exile, the Anarchists and Socialists, play no role in today's Spain. They have no followers inside the nation, where completely new alignments have arisen, and because of their prolonged exile they have little grasp of what is going on in their homeland.

Behind Spain's new politics are the generations for whom the Civil War is nothing more than history — terrible history but nevertheless not

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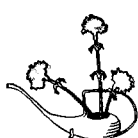
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*Think of a
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Milady had eight gold carnations,
looked for a place to put them, saw her brass water pitcher,
and you see the happy result just after it was finished
on the workroom bench.*



The trick here is to keep the carnations in place. Compressed chicken wire inside the container acts as a frog to hold the first three flowers.



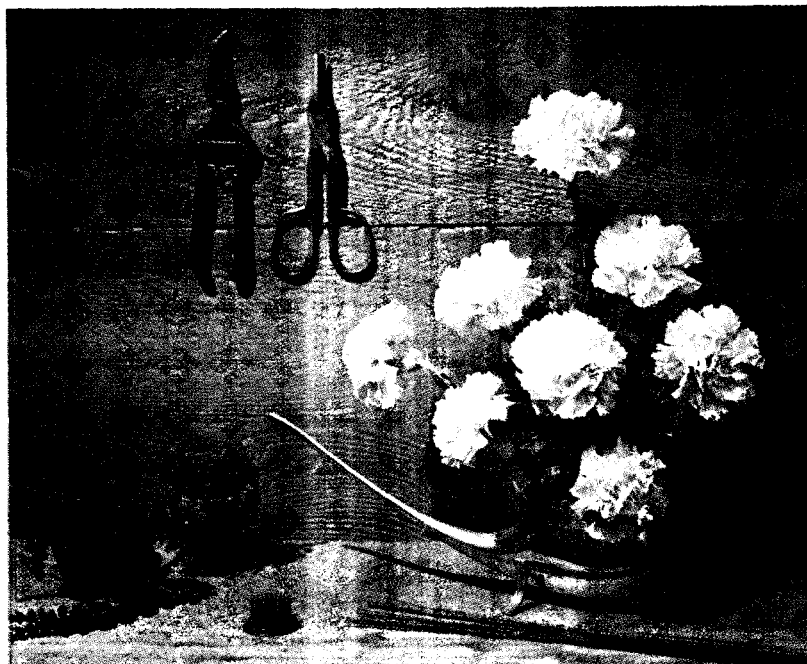
The stems of the next three flowers are inserted firmly into the loops of the chicken wire inside the container down into the water.



The last two carnations are placed. They are last, because holding them in a lower position requires the chicken wire loops plus the stems of the other carnations.



A few sprigs of leather leaf foliage are placed in between the flowers to fill in open spaces and cover the chicken wire inside the brass pitcher.



Sample double page spread in reduced size —
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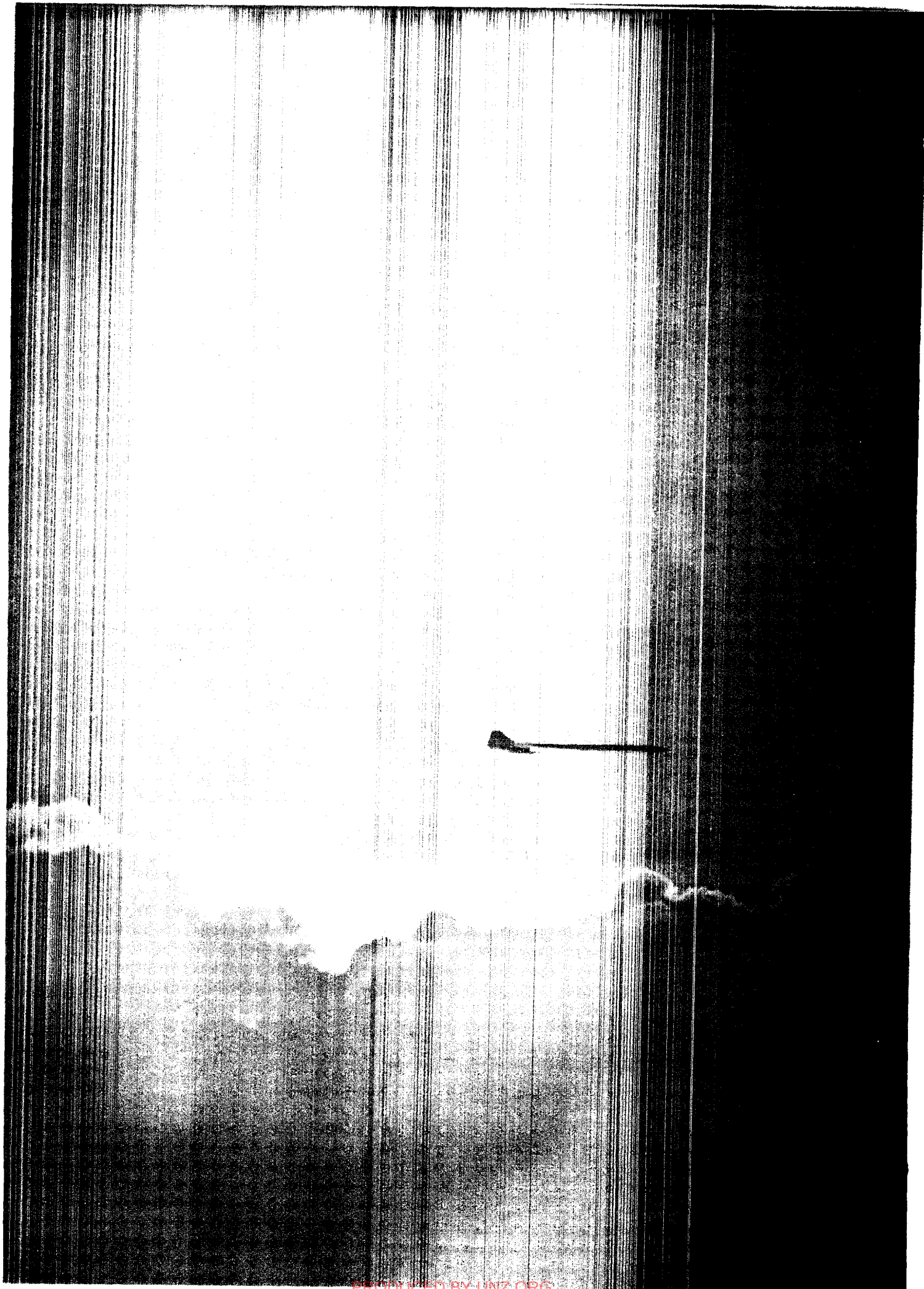
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■ “. . . CBS clearly assumes that Cronkite will be able to handle Chet Huntley head to head, while the literate, incisive Seavareid and the irreverent Mudd swarm all over Brinkley. If this sounds like basketball-coach talk before the big game, that is how it is. But make no mistake, the CBS strategists are deadly serious about their game plan” — from “TV and the Conventions” by **Charles McDowell, Jr.**, a full and witty survey of the networks’ multimillion-dollar plans to bring this summer’s national nominating conventions into the American living room.

■ “. . . Probably never in human history have so many people had such a sense of ‘too much’ happening as we in America have right now. Why, then, has the exciting sense of possibility with which so many of us live had the distinct effect of morally depressing our fiction writers?” — from “Our Middle-Class Storytellers,” an assessment of the state of American fiction in which **Alfred Kazin**, the brilliant critic, not only poses questions but suggests answers.

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■ “. . . Casting spells may be the specialty of one witch; breaking them the art of another. The problem lies in choosing the right one” — from “Prophecies, Witches, and Spells” by **Ann Cornelisen**, a delightful look at some of the people and customs in the obscure village of Torregreca in southern Italy.

Spain

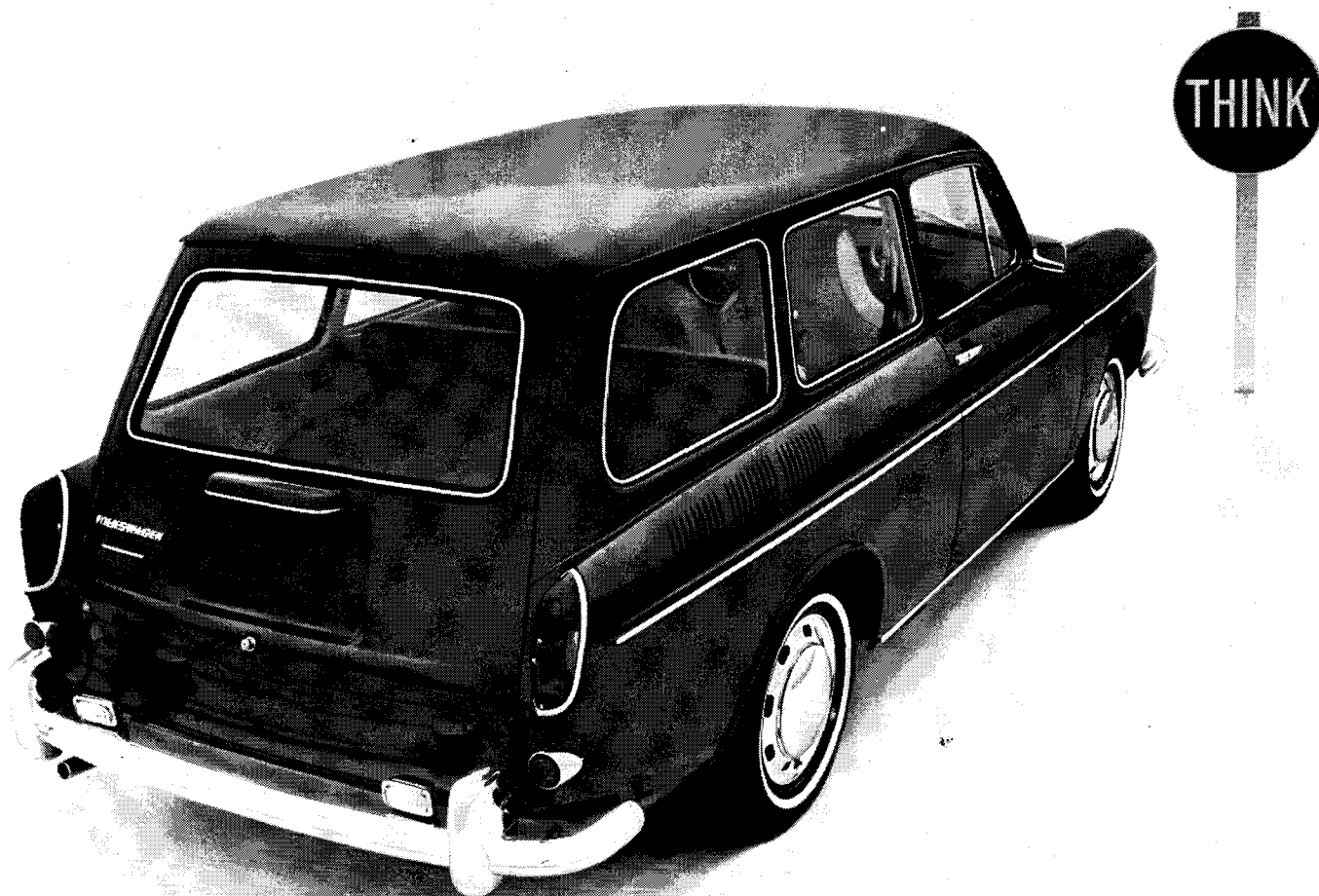
a part of their experience. These generations, however politically minded, do support a relaxation of Franco’s autocracy. Technicians, doctors, lawyers, businessmen, and teachers, they want a freer society. They have been nurtured on the economic boom of the past decade which has brought them cars (the ubiquitous little Spanish-built SEAT) and seaside holidays; they pay little attention to the regime’s obsession with the horrors of the past. They feel entitled to the economic freedom that other Europeans have, and a form of democracy seems to them the only mechanism that will bring it.

Francó’s position remains unchallenged. Though he has never been loved, he is respected, even among many who oppose his rule. Only the Communists and the impotent or exiled extremists talk today of toppling him. His support among the military, the affluent, and the church remains strong despite the young dissidents.

The issue in Spain is therefore not to change Franco, but to mold the post-Franco era. As the Caudillo envisions it, the future is to be much like the past. Parties will not be allowed, and all debate will be contained within the National Movement. The country will be run as in the past by a tight group of loyal Francoist ministers committed to keeping the faith, with a Chief of State at the summit of the authoritarian pyramid.

After Franco

The question remains, Who will succeed Franco? Since 1947, Spain has been officially a monarchy without a king. Candidates for the post abound, but the most serious are Don Juan de Borbón y Battenberg, the exiled pretender whose father, Alfonso XIII, was Spain’s last king, and Don Juan’s thirty-year-old son, Prince Juan Carlos. Don Juan is alienated from the regime because he is suspected of favoring a constitutional monarchy. Prince Juan Carlos, who for a long time was considered Franco’s preference by virtue of his more ambiguous political formation, has said that he will never oppose his father. Monarchists support Don Juan, while senior members of the administration have sup-



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Spain

ported Prince Juan Carlos, who has been educated under Franco's tutelage and now lives just down the road from his mentor's Pardo palace. But the prince is considered by many to be devoid of the dynamism and intelligence that would be needed to rule Spain. The less than inspiring role played by his brother-in-law King Constantine in Greece has also given rise to doubts about the wisdom of placing a young and inexperienced king on the throne.

The other possibility for Franco's succession is the appointment of a regent. Vice President Carrero Blanco and the tough Minister of Interior, General Camilo Alonso Vega, commander of the paramilitary police, are considered likely candidates for the regency should the anti-monarchists in the Cabinet and the Council of the Realm win out.

In either case the quest for Francoism after Franco would persist. If a military regency should in fact be established it could only maintain itself through the loyalty of the army, or of the powerful national police. The church and the affluent — those other foundations of Francoism — would probably fall away. Most observers feel a regency would give way to military nationalism and a form of Iberian Nasserism.

The great unknown

The army, of course, will be the key element in any post-Franco situation. Its sentiments, however, are the great unknown in Spanish politics. There are powerful Francoist elements, though they, like Franco, are aging. There is also a strong monarchist strain in the military establishment, but it too is split between Don Juan and his son. The young officer corps, and especially the colonels, are unknowns, and it is they who will ultimately be the arbiters of any changes in the present system.

A third possibility is the democratization advocated by the forces of the new Spain, but since the apparent checkmate of reform within the regime, it is unclear how this move would evolve if it could.

Quiet contacts have recently been taking place among powerful elements of the establishment, both within and outside the government,

to discuss the possibilities of setting up an alternative to Francoism. Administrators, military men, industrialists, and technocrats are actually exchanging views with certain key members of the intellectual opposition and the workers commissions. Although these contacts are embryonic, they could become a united liberal force, powerful enough to impose itself on the regime, including the military. In such a case, a parliamentary democracy might be in the offing, perhaps after a quiet post-Franco palace coup.

—Loren Jenkins

Jerusalem



Peace remains elusive in East Jerusalem and the West Bank of Jordan, conquered by Israel a year ago. The twentieth anniversary of Israel's birth and the end of the first year of its occupation of all of Palestine have passed. It has been a season of celebration, and the government has made every effort to feature its twin victories. But there is no peace.

On the bright side, the barbed wire is down in Jerusalem. It is exhilarating to move freely both ways — into the western side of the city, where modern Israeli buildings line the hills surrounding the core of central structures left by the mandate government, then back into East Jerusalem, where another new town has grown up outside the walled city under Jordan's rule since 1948.

There is much movement between the two sides today. But there are invisible barriers too. In spite of Israel's annexation of greater Jerusalem last June, and even with the best

efforts of Israeli Mayor Teddy Kollek to integrate the city's people, there is a gap. The atmosphere in the western city is that of Mediterranean Europe, with Eastern touches. The other side of the city remains a capital of the East, following the pace and rhythm of its natural Arab hinterland. Of 70,000 Arabs resident in this Jerusalem up to June, 1967, about 5000 have either left or were absent at the time of the Six-Day War. The rest remain, tentatively accepting Israeli control but regarding it as occupation rather than a natural condition of life.

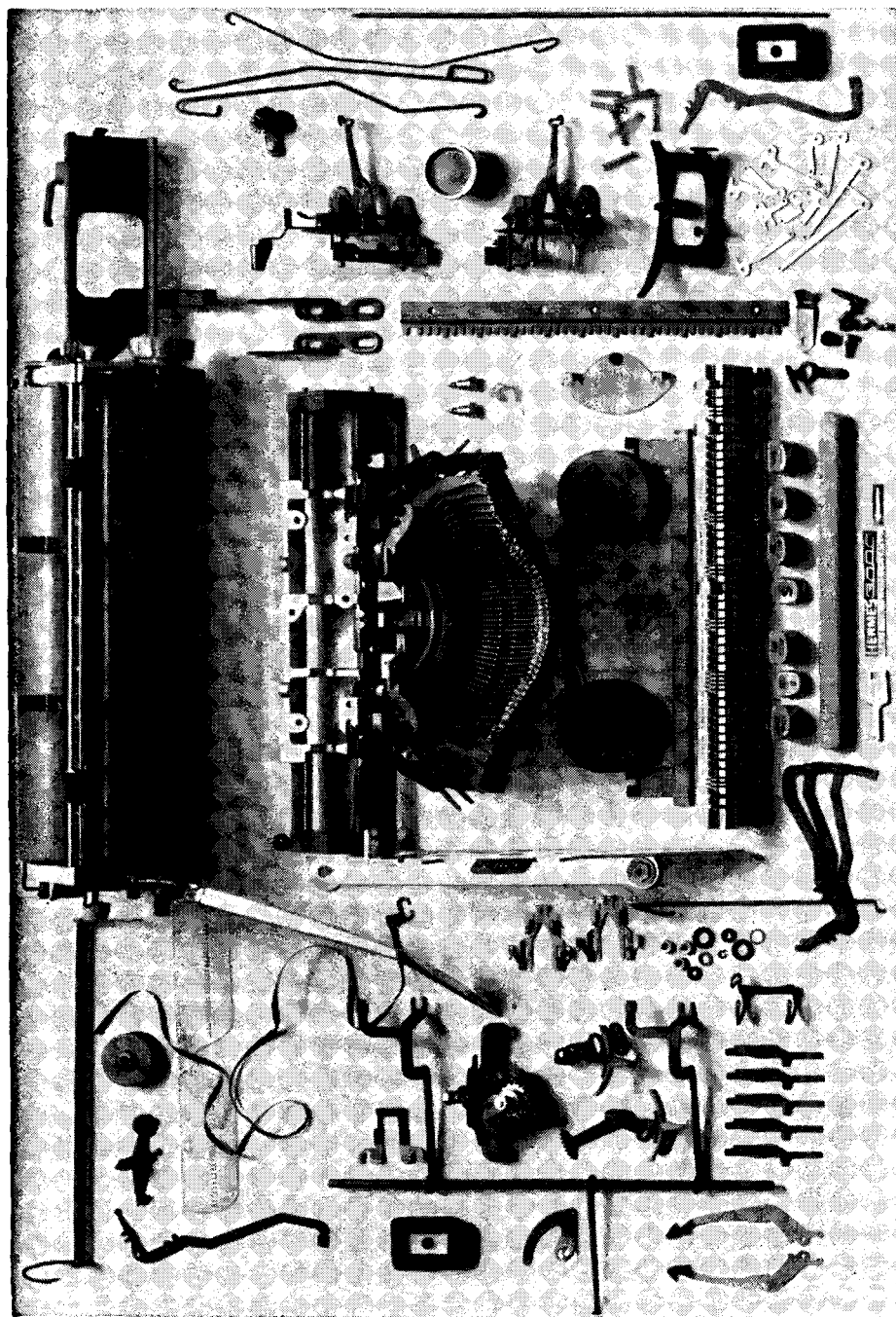
This view of themselves as passive guardians of their Jerusalem is sustained by repeated affirmations from both East and West, and from the United Nations, that unilateral Israeli measures cannot alter Jerusalem's international character. Each time the issue is put, the hopes of Jerusalem's Arabs rise. But they admit freely that this international interest is not very concrete and that they may have a long wait before resuming their position in the city as the representatives of Christianity and Islam.

Blueprints

Meanwhile, in the western city Israeli planners are speeding blueprints for new housing for Jewish settlers and putting some government functions into East Jerusalem. The Ministry of Police is being moved from Tel Aviv to the new Jordanian government hospital building. At the same time the Israelis have expropriated 838 acres of land owned by the Jordanian government and some private owners. This property runs from Mount Scopus to the former armistice line adjacent to the Sanhedrin sector of Jerusalem. Here 1000 housing units for Jews and 400 for Arabs removed from within the walled city last summer will be built.

The housing scheme was envisioned in a master plan for greater Jerusalem drawn up for the mandate government in the forties by Britain's Henry Kendall. Much of this plan has been followed by the Jordanian government in its own reconstruction and extension of the city since 1948. The result has been the harmonious pattern of housing extending almost to Ramallah, faced with or built with local stone, and kept at low heights to preserve the approaches to the city. The same

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Jerusalem

urban planning guided Jerusalem's last Arab mayor, Rouhi al-Khatib, in undertaking reconstruction at the Damascus Gate to the walled city. Excavation was completed before the Israeli take-over. The Kendall plan called for a parked, wide approach to the Old City. Here Mayor Kollek has indicated that he will follow the same general plan and extend it.

Mayor Kollek has suggested that an international rescue operation in the style of those carried out for Abu Simbel and the city of Florence should be begun for the Old City. He believes that the secular antiquities of Jerusalem deserve the same sort of worldwide support. Implicit in this appeal is the recognition that Jerusalem has great archaeological as well as religious significance. As Kollek points out, "The secular sites are part of the cultural inheritance of the whole world."

Exclusive

The Israeli government has not yet faced the full implications of its political annexation of all Jerusalem for world religious interests there. In the census taken late in 1967 it was found that there were 65,857 residents in East Jerusalem of whom almost a third lived inside the walls of the Old City. Of the total, 82 percent are Muslim, 17 percent Christian. It was one of the glaring mistakes of the Jordanian regime in Jerusalem that it excluded Jews from the Old City when it gained control in 1948. Today there is an effective exclusion by the Israeli conquerors of Muslim pilgrims. In the absence of peace treaties, no Muslim from the Arab world will be able to make his way to Islam's third most important shrine, the Mosque of Omar. There are many hurdles to peace between Arabs and Israelis already. The effective isolation of Islamic holy places adds another. The chorus of protest from Saudi Arabia and Pakistan has already begun.

Christians may find it easier now to make their pilgrimages to the holy places since they can enter without restriction from the Mediterranean side. The ecumenical movement, which has begun to bring some rapprochement between Christians and rabbis, may possibly further Christian acceptance of an

Israeli-controlled Holy City. But it is too soon to say; there are inauspicious signs. Christians did not flock to Jerusalem as usual last Christmas. Even the Easter celebration had a subdued flavor this year. The Vatican has not accepted the change, does not recognize Israel diplomatically, and has so far refused Israel's offer to cede to it control of all Christian shrines in Jerusalem and Bethlehem.

Two UN resolutions on Jerusalem in 1967 cloud Israel's title to Jerusalem. They called on Israel to rescind all measures taken to alter the city's status and specifically enjoined Israel from unilateral action. London and Washington have been equally opposed to foreclosing the situation in the city, which President Johnson has described as being "over and over a center of conflict. . . . Men of all religions will agree that we must now do better. The world must find an answer that is fair and recognized to be fair."

There is no real communication between Israel and the rest of the world on this matter. In the euphoria of victory a year ago all practical considerations were swept aside. By conquest Israel increased its territorial control in Jerusalem by two thirds. It acted at once to consolidate its rule by moving the High Rabbinical Court to East Jerusalem, assuming jurisdiction over Muslim religious courts and over the content of sermons in mosques. The Arab Municipal Council found itself dissolved. A customs barrier was set up for goods coming to the city from the West Bank. Arab families were uprooted from the former Jewish quarter of the Old City, as Jewish families had been in 1948. Many of these families were part of the early summer exodus to Jordan. They left knowing that they could not return, a condition for any Arab Jerusalemite today.

Business controls

By fall Israel had extended control to nearly all business throughout the city. Arab doctors could practice, but patients had no money to pay. Arab banks remain closed because Amman will not free them from connections with their home offices there. Arab hotels have a sprinkling of guests where formerly they were full. Distribution agencies for overseas goods have been taken over by Israeli firms. An inventory tax,



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Jerusalem

retroactive to June, 1967, was immediately imposed, along with licenses and taxes at rates prohibitive in Jordanian terms.

It was the abrupt imposition of such taxes and restrictions which made adjustment impossible for East Jerusalemites. Income tax rates hit everyone. The Israeli rate after the first I£ 800 goes up steeply to 60 percent. Thus a man with two children on a salary of I£ 1600 a month pays I£ 500 a month in income tax. Charitable institutions are likewise now subject to tax.

Inevitably some Jerusalem Arabs were driven out, moving to Amman, where they have access to their bank accounts even though employment prospects are dim. Once they leave Jerusalem they forfeit their real property, which is tagged as absentee and put under an official property custodian. There is no return to Jerusalem and no recapture of property once an owner leaves.

Those who remain face unemployment and uncertain status. They may now be offered Israeli citizenship, which means conforming strict-

ly to Israeli ways. Arab lawyers in Jerusalem, for example, must pass a bar examination in Hebrew within two years. This stipulation, plus the removal of their appeal courts from the city, has caused them to refuse to practice.

Grip

It is possible to interpret these measures as a sort of shock treatment to impress on the world Israel's unyielding grip on Jerusalem. But from the point of view of long-term relationships the Israeli take-over in Jerusalem raises many questions. Arab leaders there differentiate between a military occupation, such as that in the West Bank, with which they cooperate, and the civilian incorporation of their Palestinian capital city into Israeli Jerusalem. Their position was explained to the personal representative of UN Secretary-General U Thant last September when he visited Jerusalem. Ambassador Thalman reported that the Palestinian leaders regarded this incorporation into the Israeli state system as a violation of the acknowledged rule of international law. Under such law occupying powers are prohibited from changing the

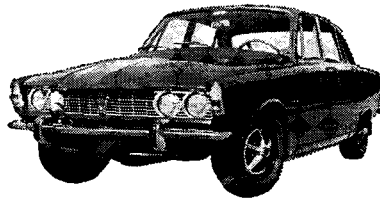
legal and administrative structure in occupied territory and they are required to respect private property and personal status. This reference to the Geneva Conventions on occupied lands has been repeated with increasing insistence as the months have passed and has been used in the latest protests from Washington against Israeli policy in Jerusalem.

Political debate within Israel reflects uncertainties in the government's position on overall occupation policy but little argument over shaping Jerusalem to Israel's desires. Only a rare leftist dissenter questions the annexation of the city and the drastic steps being taken to consolidate victory. But West Bank policy is a subject of frequent and troubled dispute.

It cannot be otherwise. For how shall Israel continue to assure its security within its greatly expanded borders and still deal with nearly a million Arab Palestinians now within its jurisdiction? Many approaches have been considered. One is a return to the partition idea of a Palestine entity on the Jordan River's west bank. But such a creation would have to be demilitarized and kept from returning to Amman's authority. Its possible role as a bridge to the Arab world appeals to many Israelis. But how can they be sure that it will not become a bridgehead for nationalist subversion directed against them? They cannot; and so the idea has been dropped. This leaves them with the conflict between territorial safety and demographic purity.

Territorial imperative

Looking at the map of Israel's conquests last year one sees the Jordan River as what Prime Minister Eshkol has recently called Israel's "natural border." To the north another conquest has put Israel in control of Jordan headwaters at Banyas and along the Yarmuk tributary where Jordan had the important Mukeibeh Dam under construction. Thus control of West Bank water resources is now in Israel's hands. It was access to this water, plus use of financial remittances from Palestinians abroad, which made possible the revolutionizing of agriculture in the Jordan Valley in recent years. Both the water increases and the remittances are suspended in this productive region while its status remains unsettled.



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Not to mention the kookaburra bird who laughs like a man. And the lyrebird who can imitate anything—even a pouring bottle of beer.

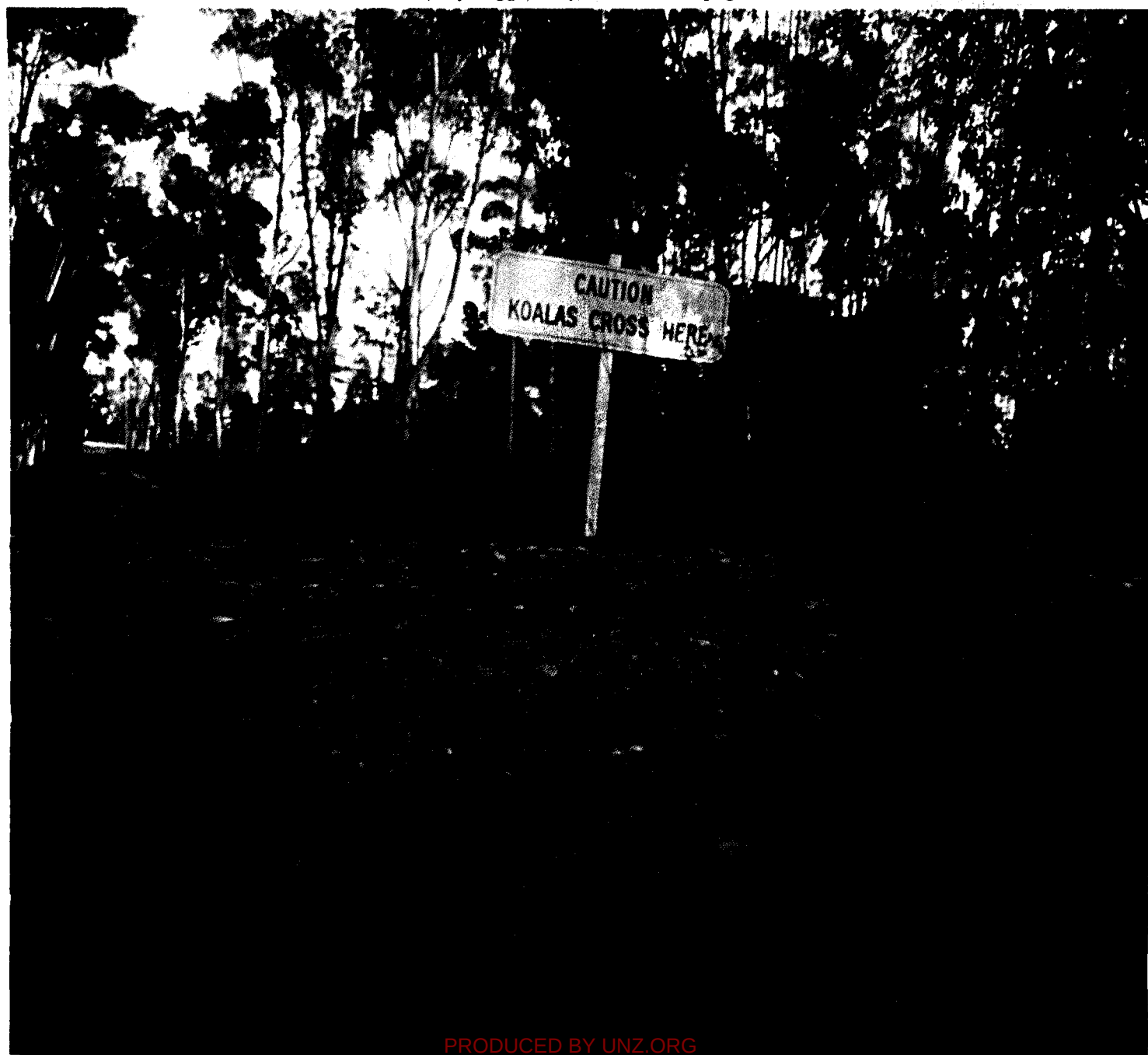
How about the platypus? You'd think it was designed by a committee—it's got a duck bill, a beaver tail, fur, webbed feet, claws, builds a nest in a tunnel, lays eggs,

suckles its young, and feeds at the bottom of a stream.

And beyond Alice Springs you can still spot wild camels plodding across the endless plains.

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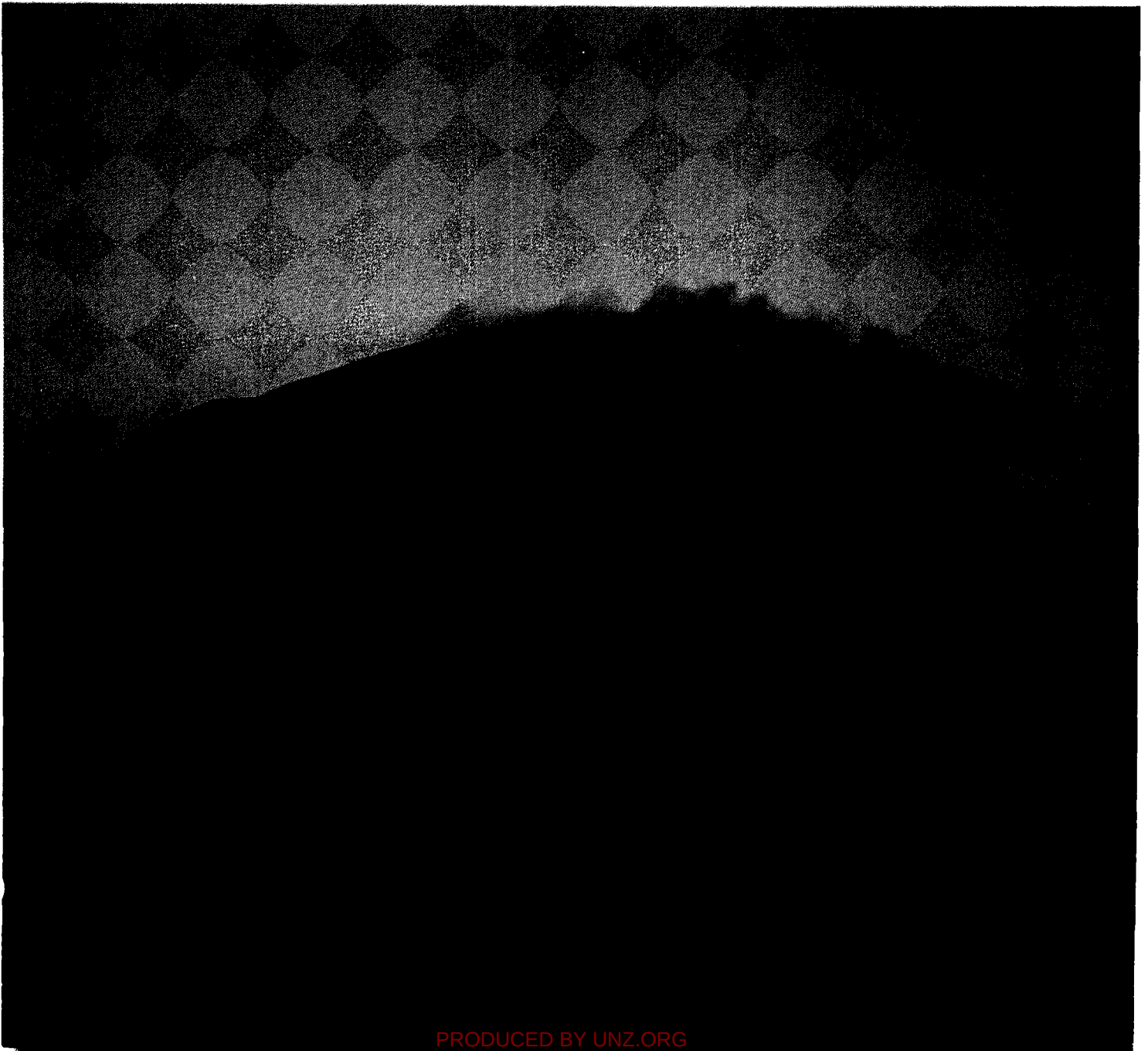
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Jerusalem

It does not reassure Jordan Valley farmers here to learn that Israel contemplates a five-year plan for West Bank agriculture designed to fit it into Israel's own production. This looks to them more like a prolonged occupation and eventual annexation.

Even while the political debate within Israel goes on, administrative changes indicate the popular view. When the status of the conquered areas was changed last February from "enemy territory" to "militarily occupied territory" and the old biblical names for Samaria and Judea came into official use, it looked in Arab capitals as though Israel had already chosen the territorial imperative and postponed the demographic problem. Perhaps the change was designed to spur the Arabs into peace talks. But it worked the other way, and the UN's Ambassador Gunnar Jarring, special representative of the Secretary-General, found his efforts to start negotiations blocked once more.

If even indirect talks cannot be achieved Israel will inevitably tighten its hold in occupied areas. This in turn will lead to further Arab resistance and possibly to the collapse of the Jordanian government. King Hussein can only survive now by tolerating the Arab commandos along the Jordan. It is held by many observers that it became impossible for Hussein to contain this raider movement after Israel's massive spring attacks in East Jordan. At best his government may be taken over by militant Palestinians (as Syria has long hoped). These leaders, with so little left to lose, could well agree to the Syrian proposition that only an Algerian-style struggle can finally free Palestine from its Israeli masters.

Fatalistic duel

Such a prospect explains the anxiousness of the great powers to put a damper on the guerrilla exchanges along the Jordan by the interposition once again of UN observers along the cease-fire line. Both Jordan and Israel object to this. Both seem to be opting for a fatalistic duel of wits and arms along the line. The dangers of this contest are obvious. Now that the young guerrillas have tasted action and found, as one of them put it, a

"purpose" in their lives, it will be doubly hard to hold them down. The Israeli Army and Air Force could simply take the East Bank, of course. But sane minds in Israel boggle at the prospect after that. King Hussein remains the key figure in this frightening tangle. He can still talk to East and West, and he remains a symbol to many Palestinians.

In all of this turmoil the civilian victims have once again had to retreat. Some 300,000 refugees from the West Bank and Gaza have moved farther and farther east. Among them are hundreds of youths from Gaza, unemployables made to order for guerrilla training. As the hopelessness of the refugee population increases, the pressures on Amman become crucial.

It would be tragically ironic if Israel, whose own commandos of the forties succeeded in driving the British from Palestine, should itself be confronted now with a concerted Arab activist movement. At the minimum such activists in occupied territories would disrupt civilian and economic life, frighten away tourists, and reduce all chances of reaching a modus vivendi in Jerusalem and the West Bank. It occurs to some Israelis now, and to some of their friends abroad, that one way to check this danger is to yield somewhere, to make the first peaceful gesture. Such a gesture would be hard for Israel to make. But it alone has the power to break the present impasse.

Israel is the only country in the region with any positive choices left. It could restore its aim of coming to terms with its bitter neighbors. It could still start in Jerusalem, with a fresh look at the condominium idea being put forth among church leaders. Or in the Jordan Valley, where most of the Palestinians are still in their "home" and only need to feel secure there.

REPORT CONTRIBUTORS

Elizabeth B. Drew writes regularly from Washington for the ATLANTIC. Loren Jenkins has been an American correspondent in Spain since 1966. In future issues, as in this one, some reports will be unsigned at the request of their authors. The ATLANTIC, of course, assumes responsibility for them.

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the mail

The mongoloid child

SIR: In the April issue of the *Atlantic* theologian Joseph Fletcher recommends death for a mongoloid child ("The Right to Die: A Theologian Comments") because, well, it is really only an embryonic anomaly, clinically tagged as Down's syndrome.

Any teacher of Christian ethics who imagines that Christ or his disciples would endorse euthanasia for mongoloid children has allowed his faith to cool and dwindle into a parody of itself. (And even his *obiter dicta* on the Hindu practice of suttee is obsolete.)

It is not unknown in the history of asceticism that Christians stood witness to their faith by picking up the cross sent to them by their God in the hope that through the cross they might find salvation. Thus, when a father of a mongoloid infant writes, "I prayed for my child's death, cursing and damning myself as I did," it does not occur to the theologian that in the economy of the divine plan the retarded boy had less need of his father than the father had for his son.

JOHN J. FOX
Brooklyn, N. Y.

SIR: I share Professor Fletcher's scorn for hypocritical distinctions between killing by choice and allowing death to happen by omission. However, I believe that the specific example of Down's syndrome as a life which is not good, deserving neither protection nor preservation, is a particularly unfortunate one.

I strongly disagree with Fletcher's statement that "a Down's is not a person" and assume that this judgment must be based on a narrow acquaintance with the problem.

There is a distribution of intelligence in children with Down's syndrome, and although the mean IQ is definitely retarded (around 35-40), there is a significant and growing number who approach or reach the lower limits of normal intel-

ligence. The recent publication in England of *The World of Nigel Hunt*, a diary written by a young man with Down's syndrome, is a dramatic illustration of what is possible, at least for a few.

When we look at the more typical mongoloid child and compare him against the standards for humanness set by Fletcher, I would say that he "passes" as "self-aware and consciously related to others," depending upon whether the ability to remember and follow directions constitutes "some initiative."

The idea that a mentally retarded child inevitably deprives other normal children suggests that there is a discrete amount of parental love available. While some parents remain in a state of chronic mourning, most parents work out of this with the support of the many community facilities now available to them. Some have gone so far as to say that making room for the "different" child has enriched their spiritual or emotional lives.

It is my impression that people want the child with Down's syndrome out of sight because he makes them feel uneasy. There is a basic anxiety aroused by the idea that someone has an irrevocable ceiling on his intellectual growth which has nothing to do with the human properties of the afflicted individual. It strikes at a universal fantasy that the "normal" human mind has limitless potential which can be realized through education and/or sufficient will. The mongoloid child makes us aware of our helplessness, and we don't like to be reminded.

JANE W. KESSLER
Director, Mental Development Center
Case Western Reserve University
Cleveland, Ohio

SIR: Professor Fletcher's thoughtful discussion was both stimulating and rewarding. Unfortunately, restrictions on space probably served to obscure some of Professor Fletcher's conclusions and assertions from their

relation to first principles. Thus his statements that (1) death is bad when prolonged, yet good when quick, (2) the only difference between intra-uterine and extra-uterine existence is the sheer ability of the neonate to obey the physical law of pressure differentials (that is, "breathe with its lungs"), and (3) a Down's is *not* a person may represent either philosophical distillation or mere simplistic assertions.

At any rate, his article's moral cogency has been a welcomed stimulus to re-evaluation of these issues.

JOHN J. MANTOS
Dartmouth Medical School
Hanover, N. H.

SIR: Dr. Fletcher errs in choosing Down's syndrome as a point of departure for his discussion of euthanasia rather than severe mental and physical handicap in general. He obviously does not know, for instance, that such children as the Down's who are of the mosaic type, having some normal cells, can have intelligence approaching the normal range. He is not considering either the fact that in most retarded children it is not until they are three or four that one can assess their potential with any reasonable certainty.

Professor Fletcher states, "In dealing with Down's cases, it is obvious that the end everybody wants is death." This is simply not so, and will undoubtedly bring intense pain to many parents of much loved girls and boys (and about a ton of angry letters to you).

ELIZABETH B. GEZON
Psychologist
Walter E. Fernald State School
Waltham, Mass.

SIR: I have a bright, active twelve-year-old son, and a two-year-old daughter who is afflicted with Down's syndrome and epilepsy. Each of these children has brought both joy and sorrow to our lives, and each has required our care and comfort. Contrary to Professor

Fletcher's statements, I could no more wish for the death of my beloved daughter than I could wish for the death of my son. Nor could I follow the professor's philosophy and teach my son a lesson in destruction and selfishness by letting his baby sister die so he could have her share of our time, affection, and money.

LESSIE M. SINCLAIR
Oklahoma City, Okla.

SIR: Thirty-five years ago this month I gave birth to a little mongoloid boy — like Bernard Bard's baby ("A Father Speaks"), a month premature. He is now a fine, healthy young man, and has never had a serious illness in spite of the fact that he was born well before the days of antibiotics. Like all mongoloids, he has a happy disposition, and a fondness for music and rhythm (not mentioned in the article).

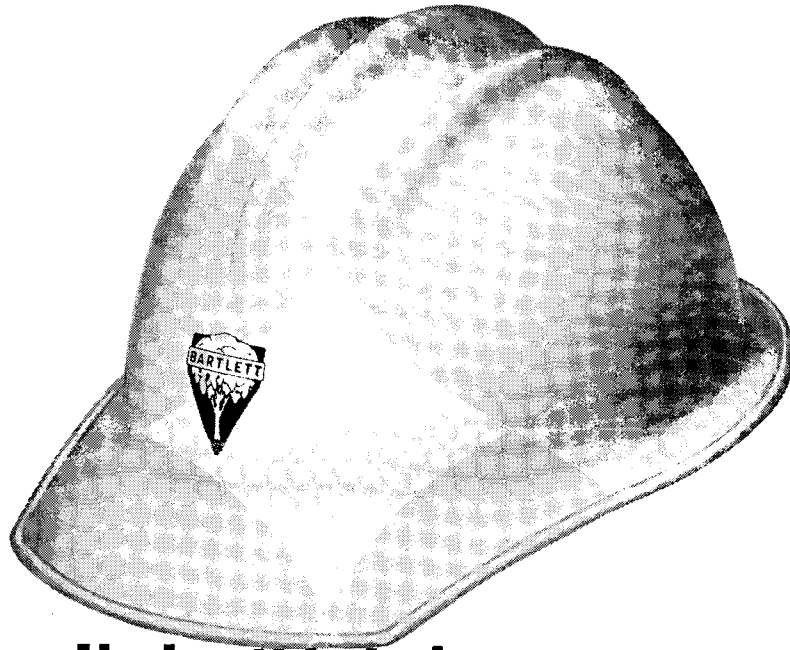
Mongoloids have different potentials mentally; our Bobby is rated as "middle class" at our fine state institution at Southbury, Connecticut, which has been his home for many years. He gets real satisfaction out of the simple tasks he can perform there, the various entertainments which he can attend, and the association with boys whose mental capacity is on a par with his. Our visits to him are happy occasions for him and for us.

JANET F. PETERSON
New London, Conn.

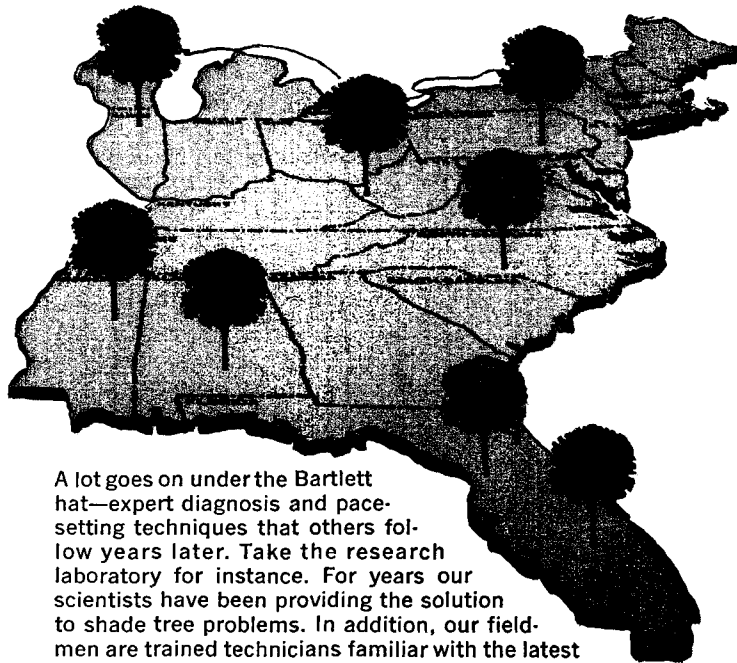
SIR: My twelve-year-old brother is a mongoloid whom my parents have raised along with six other children. My mother will say that her twins were more of a strain on her and the family than Billy ever was; but of course she did not put them away because of it.

Billy attends a public school class for trainable mentally handicapped children. At least half of his class are mongoloids. Most of them speak fluently, all have mastered social courtesies, not to mention control of bodily functions, which they learned long before entering school at age six or seven. They smile, they respond, they recognize people and call them by name. In fact the one outstanding characteristic of mongoloid youngsters, as anyone who has known those raised by people who cared enough to love them, is their tremendous warmth and enthusiasm.

Of course Mr. Bard saw listless,



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unresponsive children in the hospital he visited. How long would a normal child remain vital lying in a crib with no one to hold him in the first few months of life, but only an occasional bottle thrust into his mouth, an occasional cold hand changing his diaper on a round of duty?

JUDITH COLLINS
Lake Villa, Ill.

SIR: Raising a mongoloid child adds a new dimension of love to life's experience. Our child lived only five years, but as few as they were, the effect of those years of growth for us and uncomplicated joy in a very precious child will last our lifetime. We found facing the reality of her birth far less difficult than facing the reality of her sudden death. I fully understand Mr. Bard's anguish at the time of his son's birth; I am only sorry that he never knew the love of his "special" child.

CONSTANCE RILEY
Arlington, Va.

SIR: Thank you for publishing the articles by Mr. Bard and Dr. Fletcher.

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er. At last we have public dialogue on thoughts many hold in private. However, it would seem that present-day society demands these children live at any cost.

I have wrestled with this problem in the months since our mongoloid daughter was saved. When she was two days old, the young doctor on duty discovered an intestinal blockage and rushed her to Boston for an emergency operation. Four hours later he told me the operation was a success, and with words almost identical to those of Mr. Bard's pediatrician, told me the Boston doctors had confirmed his opinion that she was a mongoloid.

In my first shock, I screamed, "Why did you bother? How could you give that burden to an eleven-year-old boy? Shocking? I meant every word of it. The real tragedy is with our children, one who will never be a contributing member of society and the other who will be burdened with her when we are gone!

Dr. Fletcher speaks of a short life-span for these children. The doctors tell us that is no longer true. We have been assured that with extra medical attention and antibiotics, she can outlive her brother. Seven weeks in the hospital with many problems proved to us that this is the case.

Despite popular opinion, we finally decided to have this baby live elsewhere. In Massachusetts the institutions will not take mongoloid children until they are two, and finding a place became a real problem. After several months, we were able to place her in a nice home. We see her occasionally, not out of guilt, but interest and a feeling that her brother must not forget her because she will someday be his responsibility.

We are told time and again that we are blessed and chosen by God to care for this special child. We are told it is God's will that she live, but I still answer, "No, it is man's will."

In the light of our experience, I doubt that many will agree with the thesis of Mr. Bard and Mr. Fletcher, but I applaud their courage to state it.

LUCILE F. STURTEVANT
Medfield, Mass.

SIR: Reading "The Right to Die" was a saddening experience, like a page from the dark ages in the care of the mentally retarded. It is as

if the forward strides in medicine and education had failed utterly to seep through to this pediatrician, minister, and parent.

LUTHER W. STRINGHAM
Executive Director
National Association for Retarded Children
New York City

More on supernation

SIR: Dan Wakefield's account of the "Parents Meet the Hippies" Town Meeting was good reporting ("Supernation at Peace and War," *March Atlantic*). However, he neglected to mention the courtesy extended the loud opposition in the person of the "silver-haired taxpaying lady" Mrs. Schuyler, who demanded time, on the platform. I did not "huddle" with the panel members, but extended her the democratic right to be heard from the platform.

I did not invite anyone to "leave" as reported.

In the old tradition of a town meeting, there was wide permissiveness extended along with courtesy to the dissidents present in the audience.

We are continuing these dialogues between parents and the youth wherever we are invited. Nothing is gained by implementing the alienation of children from parents, an unhappy phenomenon in our society today.

LILY WIENER
Los Angeles, Calif.

SIR: I wish to comment on Mr. Wakefield's report on Sun City. I have never been there, but have seen such places in Florida, and speak as a widow of sixty-nine, retired, living alone and preferring it.

Those who live in the retirement communities are not compelled in any way to go there, and to spend a great deal of money to live there. They presumably had homes, and they chose to leave friends and go there.

I feel they are people of narrow horizons and poor initiative who expect the community in some way to make up for this.

My home is a poor thing by most standards, but it is debt-free and comfortable enough for one who knew few luxuries through the years. My children grew up and have their own families far from here. I visit, but have no wish to live with them. Who needs the raucous records of the teen-agers, the busy-busy parents



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who have little time for conversation? The generation gap is wide indeed these days, and try as she may, it is hard for grandmother to bridge it.

In the good old days when the old folks did stay with the children, it was often in their own homes or at least their communities. And they huddled, like as not, in the winter, wrapped in shawls in the chimney corner, no one wanting to take time with them then either. They often couldn't read because of poor glasses or none at all, had to eat the prevailing heavy diet with no proper teeth, and wore colorless gray clothes.

Now we can be independent, have our own social circles, and enjoy indulging our own tastes. Children often live in faraway places where climate, custom, and food are different. It does not lure.

The Sun Cities have their place. Many are happy there.

My advice is stay in your own place if you can. If health fails utterly, accept the nursing home as the best of a bad situation, and remember diligently with Milton, "The mind is its own place and in itself / Can make a heaven of hell, hell of heaven."

If it is not able to cope, no one can do it for you.

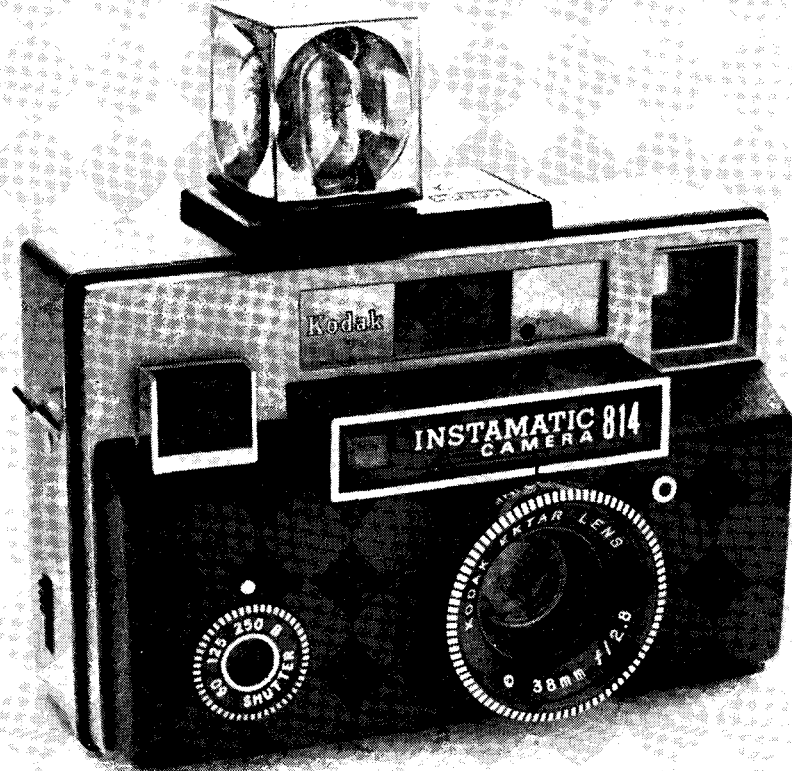
ROBINA BAGWELL
Spartanburg, S. C.

ymry am Byth!

RE: Kevin D'Arcy is a bit cross-read about the Free Welsh rmy (report on Wales and Scotland, March *Atlantic*), insofar as saying they are a "dozen disappointed scists." Though it is probable that one or two were at one time connected with the English right-wing extremists many years ago, the majority by far are Welshmen only too conscious of our country's struggle for survival through long, dark, bitter centuries against Roman, Viking, Dane, Saxon, Norman, and English. Our "War of National Liberation" has lasted, on and off, for twenty centuries, and our sons are scattered over all the earth. We have talked with the Saxon too many times to be confounded by him now. As for Europe, our brothers are everywhere else but in Europe (with the exception of Brittany, where live Celts of Welsh descent). There are more Welshmen in the United States than there

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are in Wales, so Uncle Sam had better pipe down, particularly as, since Madoc Gwynedd landed in Mobile Bay in 1170 A.D., we might decide to contest the Louisiana Purchase, once we have our independence again. As for the suppression of the Dragon's Tongue by Fat Henry, bloodthirsty scion of the turncoat House of Twdwr, well, it's still alive, which is more than can be said of him or any of his Saxon and Flemish mares.

Cymry am Byth!

TRISTAN JONES
Ibiza, Spain

SIR: The *Atlantic* deals sympathetically with Scottish nationalism but ascribes a purely English meaning to the word "nark." The "copper's nark," or police informer, is a creature of London and its environs. In Scotland "to nark" denotes to complain, in a querulous fashion. Certainly the Secretary of State for Scotland and Mrs. Ewing understood each other. Both referred to the kind of scolding which in a wife is known as "nagging." Complaining better describes Mrs. Ewing's intentions toward the august houses of Parliament than spying. The latter would be more appropriate in a strictly hostile nation than an annoyed vassal state.

THOMAS B. KING
Cambridge, Mass.

How could Vietnam happen?

SIR: James C. Thomson, Jr.'s "How Could Vietnam Happen?" (April *Atlantic*), with its telling postscript provided by W. S. Merwin's eight-line "After the War" ("And we will all enlist again"), is a most cogent and appalling summing up of American blunderings in Vietnam. To be sure, it underscores our good fortune in having no LBJ to worry about after January, 1969; but it also underscores how terribly difficult it will be to oust the many others in our government committed to those fateful Vietnam miscalculations as far back as Dienbienphu (1954) and before.

CARLTON F. WELLS
Ann Arbor, Mich.

SIR: What James Thomson now reveals does not shock so much as it confirms what millions of us have felt for some time — disgust. How many outrageous confessions of witless miscalculation must we be pre-

sented with before that bastion of ignorance at 1600 Pennsylvania Avenue is forced to hear its citizens.

GEORGE W. HEARNE
Walnut Creek, Calif.

SIR: I thought James Thomson's piece on the origins of the Vietnam policy was the best thing I have ever read on the subject, and you are certainly to be congratulated.

GEORGE J. W. GOODMAN
New York City

Advice and consent

SIR: It was a shock to me to read H. R. Catchpole's letter (April *Atlantic*) characterizing James Watson's account of the discovery of the structure of the double helix ("The Double Helix: The Discovery of the Structure of DNA," January and February *Atlantic*) as "ultimately tragic."

That Rosalind Franklin's data had been stolen was a fearful statement to have made. Before Max Perutz turned over to Crick and Watson the mimeographed report of what had recently been done at Randall's lab, Watson had himself visited Maurice Wilkins at his London laboratory. Watson's own account of this visit is as follows: "He revealed that with the help of his assistant, Wilson, he had quietly been duplicating some of Rosy's . . . X-ray work . . . since the middle of the summer Rosy had had evidence for a new three-dimensional form of DNA. . . . When I asked what the pattern was like, Maurice went into the adjacent room to pick up a print of the new form they called the 'B' structure."

When Perutz later showed the Randall mimeograph to Francis Crick and Watson, "Francis sensed with relief that following my return from King's [London] I had correctly reported to him the essential features of the B pattern."

This recital by Watson does not warrant your correspondent's implication that Miss Franklin's files had been tampered with.

WINFIELD H. WOODINGS, SR.
Portland, Conn.

SIR: Bernard Malamud's story "Man in the Drawer" (April *Atlantic*) will be read and remembered a long time. Its last words — "integrity," "heritage," "talent" — ought to replace as watchwords for writers Taine's famous "*la Race, le Milieu,*

le Moment" and even (hopefully) Joyce's "silence, exile, and cunning."

BROOKS A. JENKIN
Vancouver, Was.

SIR: Your April report on Egypt deals with the unsuccessful attempt to free the stranded vessels in the Suez Canal. The blame, in your reporter's view, is on Israel, which is "denying clearance for its own political reasons."

In August, 1967, Israel and Egypt undertook before the UN that neither would navigate the canal until an agreement to the contrary would be arrived at between them. This became an integral part of the cease-fire arrangement. Consequently, launching of vessels into the waterway by either party without the consent of the other constitutes a violation of the cease-fire.

On December 26, 1967, Ambassador Gunnar Jarring, Special Representative of the UN Secretary-General, proposed that Israel agree to the southward exit of the stranded ships as a one-time operation. The next day, Israel expressed its full consent. Israel also made it clear that any scheme to extend the clearing operation northward would require a new and separate agreement. However, on January 30, 1968, Egypt sought to go beyond the clear specifications of the agreement by launching its vessels in the northern part of the canal. The vessels were warned off. The Egyptian gun opened fire, following which the Egyptian government has gone back on its agreement to facilitate the exit of the stranded ships.

Egypt's provocative action was intended to establish political facts and to demonstrate its refusal to be bound by the conditions of the cease-fire arrangements.

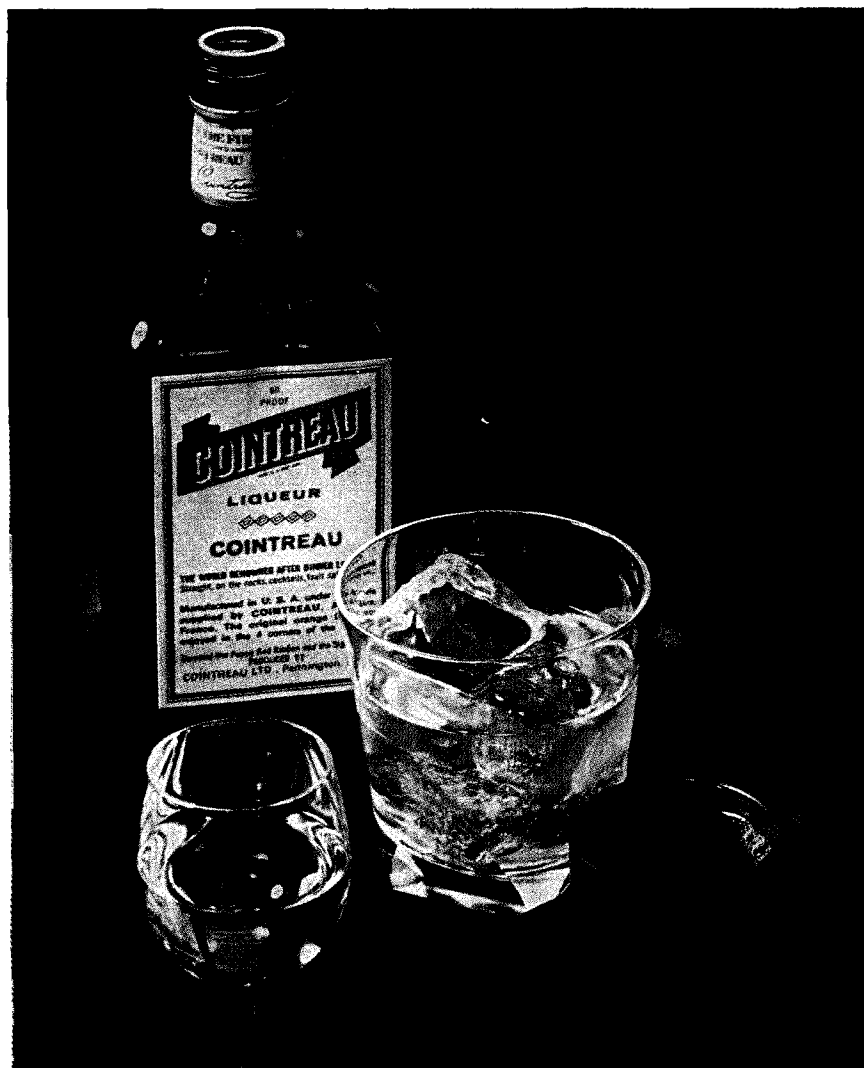
Israel's insistence upon strict compliance with the terms of the agreement is a matter of both principle and experience.

YOHANAN COHEN
*Consul General of Israel
Boston, Mass.*

The ATLANTIC welcomes communications from its readers, but can rarely accommodate letters in excess of 500 words. Light editing, for style and economy, is the rule rather than the exception, and we assume that any letter, unless otherwise stipulated, is free for publication in our monthly letters column.

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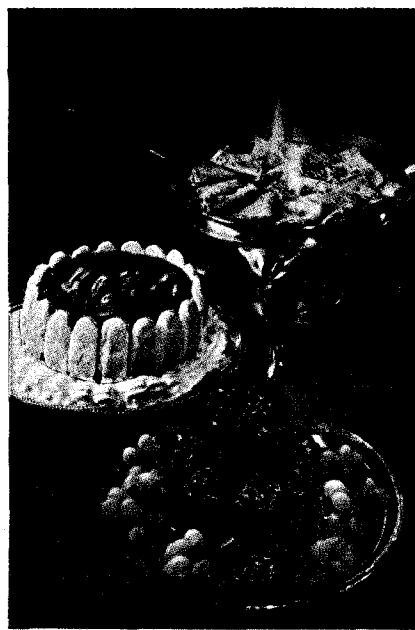
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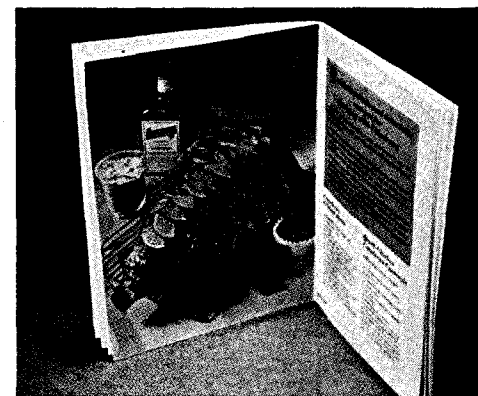
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THE MEDIA BARONS AND THE PUBLIC INTEREST

An FCC Commissioner's Warning

BY NICHOLAS JOHNSON

The message aside, the medium may be turning into a quadruple threat, argues Federal Communications Commissioner Johnson. Local monopolies, regional baronies, nationwide empires, and corporate conglomerates are more and more in control of the nation's communications media — newspapers, TV, radio, magazines, books, the electronic "knowledge industry." The commissioner offers a brief in protest against the trend and in favor of steps to stop it. At thirty-three, Mr. Johnson already has one spirited David-Goliath role behind him: the President named him head of the Maritime Administration in 1964, where he fought for shipping industry reforms over the protests of both management and labor. He became one of the seven members of the FCC in 1966.

BEFORE I came to the Federal Communications Commission my concerns about the ownership of broadcasting and publishing in America were about like those of any other generally educated person.

Most television programming from the three networks struck me as bland at best. I had taken courses dealing with propaganda and "thought control," bemoaned (while being entertained by) *Time* magazine's "slanted" reporting, understood that Hearst had something to do with the Spanish-American War, and was impressed with President Eisenhower's concern about "the military-industrial complex." The changing ownership of the old-line book publishers and the disappearance of some of our major newspapers made me vaguely uneasy.

I was philosophically wedded to the fundamental importance of "the marketplace of ideas" in a free society, and a year as law clerk to my idol, Supreme Court Justice Hugo L. Black, had done nothing to weaken that commitment.

But I didn't take much time to be reflective about the current significance of such matters. It all seemed beyond my ability to influence in any meaningful way. Then, in July, 1966, I became a member of the FCC. Here my interest in the mar-

ketplace of ideas could no longer remain a casual article of personal faith. The commitment was an implicit part of the oath I took on assuming the office of commissioner, and, I quickly learned, an everyday responsibility.

Threats to the free exchange of information and opinion in this country can come from various sources, many of them outside the power of the FCC to affect. Publishers and reporters are not alike in their ability, education, tolerance of diversity, and sense of responsibility. The hidden or overt pressures of advertisers have long been with us.

But one aspect of the problem is clearly within the purview of the FCC — the impact of *ownership* upon the content of the mass media. It is also a part of the responsibility of the Antitrust Division of the Justice Department. It has been the subject of recent congressional hearings. There are a number of significant trends in the ownership of the media worth examining — local and regional monopolies, growing concentration of control of the most profitable and powerful television stations in the major markets, broadcasting-publishing combines, and so forth. But let's begin with a look at the significance of media ownership by "conglomerate corporations" — holding companies

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that own, in addition to publishing and broadcasting enterprises, other major industrial corporations.

During my first month at the FCC I studied the cases and attended the meetings, but purposefully did not participate in voting on any items. One of the agenda items at the July 20 commissioners' meeting proposed two draft letters addressed to the presidents of International Telephone and Telegraph and the American Broadcasting Company, ITT and ABC, Messrs. Harold Geneen and Leonard Goldenson. We were asking them to supply "a statement specifying in further detail the manner in which the financial resources of ITT will enable ABC to improve its program services and thereby better to serve the public interest." This friendly inquiry was my first introduction to the proposed ITT-ABC merger, and the Commission majority's attitudes about it. It was to be a case that would occupy much of my attention over the next few months.

There wasn't much discussion of the letters that morning, but I read carefully the separate statements filed with the letter by my two responsible and experienced colleagues, Commissioners Robert T. Bartley and Kenneth A. Cox, men for whom I was already feeling a respect that was to grow over the following months.

Commissioner Bartley, a former broadcaster with the deep and earthy wisdom one would expect in a Texas-born relative of the late Speaker Sam Rayburn, wrote a long and thoughtful statement. He warned of "the probable far-reaching political, social and economic consequences for the public interest of the increasing control of broadcast facilities and broadcast service by large conglomerate corporations such as the applicants." Commissioner Cox, former lawyer, law professor, counsel to the Senate Commerce Committee, and chief of the FCC's Broadcast Bureau, characterized the proposed merger as "perhaps the most important in the agency's history." He said the issues were "so significant and far-reaching that we should proceed immediately to designate the matter for hearing."

Their concerns were well grounded in broadcasting's history and in the national debate preceding the 1934 Communications Act we were appointed to enforce. Precisely what Congress intended the FCC to do was not specified at the time or since. But no one has ever doubted Congress' great concern lest the ownership of broadcasting properties be permitted to fall into a few hands or to assume monopoly proportions.

The 1934 Act was preceded by the 1927 Radio Act and a series of industry Radio Conferences in the early 1920s. The conferences were called by then Secretary of Commerce Herbert C. Hoover.

Hoover expressed concern lest control over broadcasting "come under the arbitrary power of any person or group of persons." During the congressional debates on the 1927 Act a leading congressman, noting that "publicity is the most powerful weapon that can be wielded in a republic," warned of the domination of broadcasting by "a single selfish group." Should that happen, he said, "then woe be to those who dare to differ with them." The requirement that licenses not be transferred without Commission approval was intended, according to a sponsoring senator, "to prevent the concentration of broadcast facilities by a few." Thirty years later, in 1956, Senate Commerce Committee Chairman Warren G. Magnuson was still warning the Commission that it "should be on guard against the intrusion of big business and absentee ownership."

These concerns of Congress and my colleagues were to take on fuller meaning as the ITT-ABC case unfolded, a case which eventually turned into an FCC *cause célèbre*. It also demonstrated the enormity of the responsibility vested in this relatively small and little-known Commission, by virtue of its power to grant or withhold membership in the broadcast industry. On a personal level, the case shook into me the realization, for the first time in my life, of the dreadful significance of the ownership structure of the mass media in America.

THE ITT-ABC MERGER CASE

ITT is a sprawling international conglomerate of 433 separate boards of directors that derives about 60 percent of its income from its significant holdings in at least forty foreign countries. It is the ninth largest industrial corporation in the world in size of work force. In addition to its sale of electronic equipment to foreign governments, and operation of foreign countries' telephone systems, roughly half of its domestic income comes from U.S. Government defense and space contracts. But it is also in the business of consumer finance, life insurance, investment funds, small loan companies, car rentals (ITT Avis, Inc.), and book publishing.

This description of ITT's anatomy is taken (as is much of this ITT-ABC discussion) from opinions written by myself and Commissioners Bartley and Cox. We objected, vigorously, to the four-man majority's decision to approve the merger. So did some senators and congressmen, the Department of Justice, the Commission's own staff, the American Civil Liberties Union, a number of independent individuals and witnesses, and a belated but eventually insistent chorus of newspaper and magazine editorialists.

What did we find so ominous about the take-over of this radio and television network by a highly successful conglomerate organization?

In 1966, ABC owned 399 theaters in 34 states, 5 VHF television stations, 6 AM and 6 FM stations (all in the top 10 broadcasting markets), and, of course, one of the 3 major television networks and one of the 4 major radio networks in the world. Its 137 primary television network affiliates could reach 93 percent of the then 50 million television homes in the United States, and its radio network affiliates could reach 97 percent of the then 55 million homes with radio receivers. ABC had interests in, and affiliations with, stations in 25 other nations, known as the "Worldvision Group." These, together with ABC Films, made the parent corporation perhaps the world's largest distributor of filmed shows for theaters and television stations throughout this country and abroad. ABC was heavily involved in the record production and distribution business, and other subsidiaries published three farm papers.

The merger would have placed this accumulation of mass media, and one of the largest purveyors of news and opinion in America, under the control of one of the largest conglomerate corporations in the world. What's wrong with that? Potentially a number of things. For now, consider simply that the integrity of the news judgment of ABC might be affected by the economic interests of ITT — that ITT might simply view ABC's programming as a part of ITT's public relations, advertising, or political activities. This seemed to us a real threat in 1966, notwithstanding the character of the management of both companies, and their protestations that no possibility of abuse existed. By 1967 the potential threat had become reality.

ITT'S EMPIRE

ITT's continuing concern with political and economic developments in foreign countries as a result of its far-flung economic interests was fully documented in the hearing. It showed, as one might expect, ITT's recurrent concern with internal affairs in most major countries of the world, including rate problems, tax problems, and problems with nationalization and reimbursement, to say nothing of ordinary commercial dealing. Its involvement with the United States government, in addition to defense contracts, included the Agency for International Development's insurance of 5.8 percent of all ITT assets.

Testimony was offered on the fascinating story of intrigue surrounding "Operation Deep Freeze" (an underwater cable). It turned out that ITT officials, using high-level government contracts in England and Canada, had brought off a bit of profitable international diplomacy unknown to the United States State Department or the FCC, possibly in violation of law. Further inquiry

revealed that officers and directors of ITT's subsidiaries included two members of the British House of Lords, one in the French National Assembly, a former premier of Belgium, and several ministers of foreign governments and officials of government-owned companies.

As it seemed to Commissioners Bartley and Cox and to me when we dissented from the Commission's approval of the merger in June, 1967, a company whose daily activities require it to manipulate governments at the highest levels would face unending temptation to manipulate ABC news. Any public official, or officer of a large corporation, is necessarily clearly concerned with the appearance of some news stories, the absence of others, and the tone and character of all affecting his personal interests. That's what public relations firms and press secretaries are all about. We concluded, "We simply cannot find that the public interest of the American citizenry is served by turning over a major network to an international enterprise whose fortunes are tied to its political relations with the foreign officials whose actions it will be called upon to interpret to the world."

Even the highest degree of subjective integrity on the part of chief ITT officials could not ensure integrity in ABC's operations. To do an honest and impartial job of reporting the news is difficult enough for the most independent and conscientious of newsmen. Eric Sevareid has said of putting on a news program at a network relatively free of conglomerate control: "The ultimate sensation is the feeling of being bitten to death by ducks." And ABC newsmen could not help knowing that ITT had sensitive business relations in various foreign countries and at the highest levels of our government, and that reporting on any number of industries and economic developments would touch the interests of ITT. The mere awareness of these interests would make it impossible for those news officials, no matter how conscientious, to report news and develop documentaries objectively, in the way that they would do if ABC remained unaffiliated with ITT. They would advance within the news organization, or be fired, or become officers of ABC — perhaps even of ITT — or not, and no newsman would be able to erase from his mind the idea that his chances of doing so might be affected by his treatment of issues on which ITT is sensitive.

Only last year CBS was reportedly involved, almost Hearst-like, in a nightmarish planned armed invasion of Haiti. It was an exclusive, and would have made a very dramatic start-to-finish documentary but for the inglorious end: U.S. Customs wouldn't let them leave the United States. Imagine ITT, with its extensive interests in the Caribbean, engaged in such undertakings.

The likelihood of at least some compromising of ABC's integrity seemed inherent in the structure of the proposed new organization. What were the *probabilities* that these potentials for abuse would be exercised? We were soon to see the answer in the bizarre proceedings right before our eyes.

During the April, 1967, hearings, while this very issue was being debated, the *Wall Street Journal* broke the story that ITT was going to extraordinary lengths to obtain favorable press coverage of this hearing. Eventually three reporters were summoned before the examiner to relate for the official record the incidents that were described in the *Journal's* exposé.

An AP and a UPI reporter testified to several phone calls to their homes by ITT public relations men, variously asking them to change their stories and make inquiries for ITT with regard to stories by other reporters, and to use their influence as members of the press to obtain for ITT confidential information from the Department of Justice regarding its intentions. Even more serious were several encounters between ITT officials and a New York *Times* reporter.

On one of these occasions ITT's senior vice president in charge of public relations went to the reporter's office. After criticizing her dispatches to the *Times* about the case in a tone which she described as "accusatory and certainly nasty," he asked whether she had been following the price of ABC and ITT stock. When she indicated that she had not, he asked if she didn't feel she had a "responsibility to the shareholders who might lose money as a result of what" she wrote. She replied, "My responsibility is to find out the truth and print it."

He then asked if she was aware that I (as an FCC Commissioner) was working with a prominent senator on legislation that would forbid any newspaper from owning any broadcast property. (The New York *Times* owns station WQXR in New York.) In point of fact, the senator and I had never met, let alone collaborated, as was subsequently made clear in public statements. But the ITT senior vice president, according to the *Times* reporter, felt that this false information was something she "ought to pass on to [her] . . . publisher before [she wrote] . . . anything further" about the case. The obvious implication of this remark, she felt, was that since the *Times* owns a radio station, it would want to consider its economic interests in deciding what to publish about broadcasting in its newspaper.

To me, this conduct, in which at least three ITT officials, including a senior vice president, were involved, was a deeply unsettling experience. It demonstrated an abrasive self-righteousness in dealing with the press, insensitivity to its independence

and integrity, a willingness to spread false stories in furtherance of self-interest, contempt for government officials as well as the press, and an assumption that even as prestigious a news medium as the New York *Times* would, as a matter of course, want to present the news so as to serve best its own economic interests (as well as the economic interests of other large business corporations).

But for the brazen activities of ITT in this very proceeding, it would never have occurred to the three of us who dissented to suggest that the most probable threat to the integrity of ABC news could come from *overt* actions or written policy statements. After the hearing it was obvious that that was clearly possible. But even then we believed that the most substantial threat came from a far more subtle, almost unconscious, process: that the questionable story idea, or news coverage, would never even be proposed — whether for reasons of fear, insecurity, cynicism, realism, or unconscious avoidance.

CONCENTRATION OF CONTROL OVER THE MEDIA

Since the ITT-ABC case left the Commission I have not ceased to be troubled by the issues it raised — in many ways more serious (and certainly more prevalent) for wholly domestic corporations. Eventually the merger was aborted by ITT on New Year's Day of this year, while the Justice Department's appeal of the Commission's action was pending before the U.S. Court of Appeals. However, I ponder what the consequences might have been if ITT's apparent cynicism toward journalistic integrity had actually been able to harness the enormous social and propaganda power of a national television network to the service of a politically sensitive corporate conglomerate. More important, I have become concerned about the extent to which such forces *already* play upon important media of mass communication. Perhaps such attitudes are masked by more finesse than that displayed in the ITT-ABC case. Perhaps they are even embedded in the kind of sincere good intentions which caused former Defense Secretary (and former General Motors president) Charles Wilson to equate the interests of his company with those of the country.

I do not believe that most owners and managers of the mass media in the United States lack a sense of responsibility or lack tolerance for a diversity of views. I do not believe there is a small group of men who gather for breakfast every morning and decide what they will make the American people believe that day. Emotion often outruns the evidence of those who argue a conspiracy theory of propagandists' manipulation of the masses.

On the other hand, one reason evidence is so

hard to come by is that the media tend to give less publicity to their own abuses than, say, to those of politicians. The media operate as a check upon other institutional power centers in our country. There is, however, no check upon the media. Just as it is a mistake to overstate the existence and potential for abuse, so, in my judgment, is it a mistake to ignore the evidence that does exist.

In 1959, for example, it was reported that officials of the Trujillo regime in the Dominican Republic had paid \$750,000 to officers of the Mutual Radio Network to gain favorable propaganda disguised as news. (Ownership of the Mutual Radio Network changed hands once again last year without any review whatsoever by the FCC of old or new owners. The FCC does not regulate networks, only stations, and Mutual owns none.) RCA was once charged with using an NBC station to serve unfairly its broader corporate interests, including the coverage of RCA activities as "news," when others did not. There was speculation that after RCA acquired Random House, considerable pressure was put on the book publishing house's president, Bennett Cerf, to cease his Sunday evening service as a panelist on CBS's *What's My Line?* The Commission has occasionally found that individual stations have violated the "fairness doctrine" in advocating causes serving the station's economic self-interest, such as pay television.

Virtually every issue of the *Columbia Journalism Review* reports instances of such abuses by the print media. It has described a railroad-owned newspaper that refused to report railroad wrecks, a newspaper in debt to the Teamsters Union which gave exceedingly favorable coverage to Jimmy Hoffa, the repeated influence of the DuPont interests in the editorial functions of the Wilmington papers which it owned, and Anaconda Copper's use of its company-owned newspapers to support political candidates favorable to the company.

Edward P. Morgan left ABC last year to become the commentator on the Ford Foundation-funded Public Broadcasting Laboratory. He has always been straightforward, and he used his final news broadcast to be reflective about broadcasting itself. "Let's face it," he said. "We in this trade use this power more frequently to fix a traffic ticket or get a ticket to a ballgame than to keep the doors of an open society open and swinging. . . . The freest and most profitable press in the world, every major facet of it, not only ducks but pulls its punches to save a supermarket of commercialism or shield an ugly prejudice and is putting the life of the republic in jeopardy thereby."

Economic self-interest *does* influence the content of the media, and as the media tend to fall into the control of corporate conglomerates, the areas of information and opinion affecting those economic

interests become dangerously wide-ranging. What is happening to the ownership of American media today? What dangers does it pose? Taking a look at the structure of the media in the United States, I am not put at ease by what I see.

Most American communities have far less "dissemination of information from diverse and antagonistic sources" (to quote a famous description by the Supreme Court of the basic aim of the First Amendment) than is available nationally. Of the 1500 cities with daily newspapers, 96 percent are served by single-owner monopolies. Outside the top 50 to 200 markets there is a substantial dropping off in the number of competing radio and television signals. The FCC prohibits a single owner from controlling two AM radio, or two television, stations with overlapping signals. But it has only recently expressed any concern over common ownership of an AM radio station and an FM radio station and a television station in the same market. Indeed, such ownership is the rule rather than the exception and probably exists in your community. Most stations are today acquired by purchase. And the FCC has, in part because of congressional pressure, rarely disapproved a purchase of a station by a newspaper.

There are few statewide or regional "monopolies" — although some situations come close. But in a majority of our states — the least populous — there are few enough newspapers and television stations to begin with, and they are usually under the control of a small group. And most politicians find today, as Congress warned in 1926, "woe be to those who dare to differ with them." Most of our politics is still state and local in scope. And increasingly, in many states and local communities, congressmen and state and local officials are compelled to regard that handful of media owners (many of whom are out-of-state), rather than the electorate itself, as their effective constituency. Moreover, many mass media owners have a significant impact in more than one state. One case that came before the FCC, for example, involved an owner with AM-FM-TV combinations in Las Vegas and Reno, Nevada, along with four newspapers in that state, seven newspapers in Oklahoma, and two stations and two newspapers in Arkansas. Another involved ownership of ten stations in North Carolina and adjoining southern Virginia. You may never have heard of these owners, but I imagine the elected officials of their states return their phone calls promptly.

NATIONAL POWER

The principal national sources of news are the wire services, AP and UPI, and the broadcast networks. Each of the wire services serves on the

order of 1200 newspapers and 3000 radio and television stations. Most local newspapers and radio stations offer little more than wire service copy as far as national and international news is concerned. To that extent one can take little heart for "diversity" from the oft-proffered statistics on proliferating radio stations (now over 6000) and the remaining daily newspapers (1700). The networks, though themselves heavily reliant upon the wire services to find out what's worth filming, are another potent force.

The weekly newsmagazine field is dominated by *Time*, *Newsweek*, and *U.S. News*. (The first two also control substantial broadcast, newspaper, and book or publishing outlets. *Time* is also in movies (MGM) and is hungry for three or four newspapers.) Thus, even though there are thousands of general and specialized periodicals and program sources with significant national or regional impact, and certainly no "monopoly" exists, it is still possible for a single individual or corporation to have vast national influence.

What we sometimes fail to realize, moreover, is the political significance of the fact that we have become a nation of cities. Nearly half of the American people live in the six largest states: California, New York, Illinois, Pennsylvania, Texas, and Ohio. Those states, in turn, are substantially influenced (if not politically dominated) by their major population-industrial-financial-media centers, such as Los Angeles, New York City, Chicago, and Philadelphia — the nation's four largest metropolitan areas. Thus, to have a major newspaper or television station influence in *one* of these cities is to have significant national power. And the number of interests with influence in *more* than one of these markets is startling.

Most of the top fifty television markets (which serve approximately 75 percent of the nation's television homes) have three competing commercial VHF television stations. There are about 150 such VHF commercial stations in these markets. Less than 10 percent are today owned by entities that do not own other media interests. In 30 of the 50 markets at least one of the stations is owned by a major newspaper published in that market — a total of one third of these 150 stations. (In Dallas-Fort Worth *each* of the network affiliates is owned by a local newspaper, and the fourth, an unaffiliated station, is owned by Oklahoma newspapers.) Moreover, half of the newspaper-owned stations are controlled by seven groups — groups that also publish magazines as popular and diverse as *Time*, *Newsweek*, *Look*, *Parade*, *Harper's*, *TV Guide*, *Family Circle*, *Vogue*, *Good Housekeeping*, and *Popular Mechanics*. Twelve parties own more than one third of all the major-market stations.

In addition to the vast national impact of their

affiliates the three television networks each own VHF stations in all of the top three markets — New York, Los Angeles, and Chicago — and each has two more in other cities in the top ten. RKO and Metromedia each own stations in both New York City and Los Angeles. Metromedia also owns stations in Washington, D.C., and California's other major city, San Francisco — as well as Philadelphia, Baltimore, Cleveland, Kansas City, and Oakland. RKO also owns stations in Boston, San Francisco, Washington, Memphis, Hartford, and Windsor, Ontario — as well as the regional Yankee Network. Westinghouse owns stations in New York, Chicago, Philadelphia and Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, Boston, San Francisco, Baltimore, and Fort Wayne. These are but a few examples of today's media barons.

There are many implications of their power. Groups of stations are able to bargain with networks, advertisers, and talent in ways that put lesser stations at substantial economic disadvantage. Group ownership means, by definition, that few stations in major markets will be locally owned. (The FCC recently approved the transfer of the last available station in San Francisco to the absentee ownership of Metromedia. The only commercial station locally owned today is controlled by the San Francisco *Chronicle*.) But the basic point is simply that the national political power involved in ownership of a group of major VHF television stations in, say, New York, Los Angeles, Philadelphia, and Washington, D.C., is greater than a democracy should unthinkingly repose in one man or corporation.

CONGLOMERATE CORPORATIONS

For a variety of reasons, an increasing number of communications media are turning up on the organization charts of conglomerate companies. And the incredible profits generated by broadcast stations in the major markets (television broadcasters *average* a 90 to 100 percent return on tangible investment annually) have given FCC licensees, particularly owners of multiple television stations like the networks, Metromedia, Storer Broadcasting, and others, the extra capital with which to buy the New York Yankees (CBS), Random House (RCA), or Northeast Airlines (Storer). Established or up-and-coming conglomerates regard communications acquisitions as prestigious, profitable, and often a useful or even a necessary complement to present operations and projected exploitation of technological change.

The national problem of conglomerate ownership of communications media was well illustrated by the ITT-ABC case. But the conglomerate problem need not involve something as large as ITT-ABC

or RCA-NBC. Among the national group owners of television stations are General Tire (RKO), Avco, Westinghouse, Rust Craft, Chris Craft, Kaiser, and Kerr-McGee. The problem of *local* conglomerates was forcefully posed for the FCC in another case earlier this year. Howard Hughes, through Hughes Tool Company, wanted to acquire one of Las Vegas' three major television stations. He had recently acquired \$125 million worth of Las Vegas real estate, including hotels, gambling casinos, and an airport. These investments supplemented 27,000 acres previously acquired. The Commission majority blithely approved the television acquisition without a hearing, overlooking FCC precedents which suggested that a closer examination was in order. In each of these instances the potential threat is similar to that in the ITT-ABC case — that personal economic interests may dominate or bias otherwise independent media.

CONCENTRATION AND TECHNOLOGICAL CHANGE

The problem posed by conglomerate acquisitions of communications outlets is given a special but very important twist by the pendency of sweeping technological changes which have already begun to unsettle the structure of the industry.

President Johnson has appointed a distinguished task force to evaluate our national communications policy and chart a course for realization of these technological promises in a manner consistent with the public interest. But private interests have already begun to implement their own plans on how to deal with the revolution in communications technology.

General Sarnoff of RCA has hailed the appearance of "the knowledge industry" — corporate casserole dishes blending radio and television stations, networks, and programming; films, movie houses, and record companies; newspaper, magazine, and book publishing; advertising agencies; sports or other entertainment companies; and teaching machines and other profitable appurtenances of the \$50 billion "education biz."

And everybody's in "cable television" — networks, book publishers, newspapers. Cable television is a system for building the best TV antenna in town and then wiring it into everybody's television set — for a fee. It improves signal quality and number of channels, and has proved popular. But the new technology is such that it has broadcasters and newspaper publishers worried. For the same cable that can bring off-the-air television into the home can also bring programming from the cable operator's studio, or an "electronic newspaper" printed in the home by a facsimile process. Books can be delivered (between libraries, or to the home) over "television" by using the

station's signal during an invisible pause. So everybody's hedging their bets — including the telephone company. Indeed, about all the vested interests can agree upon is that none of them want us to have direct, satellite-to-home radio and television. But at this point it is not at all clear who will have his hand on the switch that controls what comes to the American people over their "telephone wire" a few years hence.

WHAT IS TO BE DONE?

It would be foolish to expect any extensive restructuring of the media in the United States, even if it were considered desirable. Technological change can bring change in structure, but it is as likely to be change to even greater concentration as to wider diversity. In the short run at least, economics seems to render essentially intractable such problems as local monopolies in daily newspapers, or the small number of outlets for national news through wire services, newsmagazines, and the television networks. Indeed, to a certain extent the very high technical quality of the performance rendered by these news-gathering organizations is aided by their concentration of resources into large units and the financial cushions of oligopoly profits.

Nevertheless, it seems clear to me that the risks of concentration are grave.

Chairman Philip Hart of the Senate Antitrust and Monopoly Subcommittee remarked by way of introduction to his antitrust subcommittee's recent hearings about the newspaper industry, "The products of newspapers, opinion and information, are essential to the kind of society that we undertake to make successful here." If we are serious about the kind of society we have undertaken, it is clear to me that we simply must not tolerate concentration of media ownership — except where concentration creates actual countervailing social benefits. These benefits cannot be merely speculative. They must be identifiable, demonstrable, and genuinely weighty enough to offset the dangers inherent in concentration.

This guideline is a simple prescription. The problem is to design and build machinery to fill it. And to keep the machinery from rusting and rotting. And to replace it when it becomes obsolete.

America does have available governmental machinery which is capable of scotching undue accumulations of power over the mass media, at least in theory and to some extent. The Department of Justice has authority under the antitrust laws to break up combinations which "restrain trade" or which "tend to lessen competition." These laws apply to the media as they do to any other industry.

But the antitrust laws simply do not get to where the problems are. They grant authority to block

concentration only when it threatens *economic* competition in a particular economic market. Generally, in the case of the media, the relevant market is the market for advertising. Unfortunately, relatively vigorous advertising competition can be maintained in situations where competition in the marketplace of ideas is severely threatened. In such cases, the Justice Department has little inclination to act.

Look at the Chicago *Tribune's* recent purchase of that city's most popular and most successful FM radio station. The *Tribune* already controlled two Chicago newspapers, one (clear channel) AM radio station, and the city's only independent VHF television station. It controls numerous broadcast, CATV, and newspaper interests outside Chicago (in terms of circulation, the nation's largest newspaper chain). But, after an investigation, the Anti-trust Division let this combination go through. The new FM may be a needless addition to the *Tribune's* already impressive battery of influential media; it could well produce an unsound level of concentration in the production and supply of what Chicagoans see, read, and hear about affairs in their community, in the nation, and in the world. But it did not threaten the level of competition for advertising money in any identifiable advertising market. So, it was felt, the acquisition was not the business of the Justice Department.

Only the FCC is directly empowered to keep media ownership patterns compatible with a democracy's need for diversified sources of opinion and information.

In earlier times, the Commission took this responsibility very seriously. In 1941, the FCC ordered NBC to divest itself of one of its two radio networks (which then became ABC), barring any single network from affiliating with more than one outlet in a given city. (The Commission has recently waived this prohibition for, ironically, ABC's four new national radio networks.) In 1941 the Commission also established its power to set absolute limits on the total number of broadcast licenses any individual may hold, and to limit the number of stations any individual can operate in a particular service area.

The American people are indebted to the much maligned FCC for establishing these rules. Imagine, for example, what the structure of political power in this country might look like if two or three companies owned substantially all of the broadcast media in our major cities.

But since the New Deal generation left the command posts of the FCC, this agency has lost much of its zeal for combating concentration. Atrophy has reached so advanced a state that the public has of late witnessed the bizarre spectacle of the Justice Department, with its relatively narrow mandate, intervening in FCC proceedings, such as

ITT-ABC, to create court cases with names like *The United States vs. The FCC*.

This history is an unhappy one on the whole. It forces one to question whether government can ever realistically be expected to sustain a vigilant posture over an industry which controls the very access of government officials themselves to the electorate.

I fear that we have already reached the point in this country where the media, our greatest check on other accumulations of power, may themselves be beyond the reach of any other institution: the Congress, the President, or the Federal Communications Commission, not to mention governors, mayors, state legislators, and city councilmen. Congressional hearings are begun and then quietly dropped. Whenever the FCC stirs fitfully as if in wakefulness, the broadcasting industry scurries up the Hill for a congressional bludgeon. And the fact that roughly 60 percent of all campaign expenses go to radio and television time gives but a glimmer of the power of broadcasting in the lives of senators and congressmen.

However, the picture at this moment has its more hopeful aspect. There does seem to be an exceptional flurry of official concern. Even the FCC has its proposed rulemaking outstanding. The Department of Justice, having broken into the communications field via its dramatic intervention before the FCC in the ITT-ABC merger case, has also been pressing a campaign to force the dissolution of joint operating agreements between separately owned newspapers in individual cities, and opposed a recent application for broadcasting properties by newspaper interests in Beaumont, Texas. It has been scrutinizing cross-media combinations linking broadcasting, newspaper, and cable television outlets. On Capitol Hill, Senator Phil Hart's Antitrust and Monopoly Subcommittee and Chairman Harley Staggers' House Interstate and Foreign Commerce Committee have both summoned the Federal Communications Commission to appear before them in recent months, to acquaint the Commission with the committees' concern about FCC-approved increases in broadcast holdings by single individuals and companies, and about cross-ownership of newspapers, CATV systems, and broadcast stations. Representatives John Dingell, John Moss, and Richard Ottinger have introduced legislation which would proscribe network ownership of any nonbroadcast interests. And as I previously mentioned, President Johnson has appointed a task force to undertake a comprehensive review of national communications policy.

Twenty years ago Robert M. Hutchins, then chancellor of the University of Chicago, was named chairman of the "Commission on Freedom of the

Press.” It produced a thoughtful report, full of recommendations largely applicable today — including “the establishment of a new and independent [nongovernmental] agency to appraise and report annually upon the performance of the press,” and urged “that the members of the press engage in vigorous mutual criticism.” Its proposals are once again being dusted off and reread.

What is needed now, more than anything else, is to keep this flurry of interest alive, and to channel it toward constructive reforms. What this means, in practical fact, is that concern for media concentration must find an institutional home.

The Department of Justice has already illustrated the value of participation by an external institution in FCC decision-making. The developing concept of a special consumers’ representative offers a potentially broader base for similar action.

But the proper place to lodge continuing responsibility for promoting diversity in the mass media is neither the FCC nor the Justice Department nor a congressional committee. The initiative must come from private sources. Plucky Nader-like crusaders such as John Banzhaf (who single-handedly induced the FCC to apply the “fairness” doctrine to cigarette commercials) have shown how responsive government can be to the skillful and vigorous efforts of even a lone individual. But there are more adequately staffed and funded private organizations which could play a more effective role in policy formation than a single individual. Even the FCC, where the public interest gets entirely too little representation from private sources, has felt the impact of the United Church of Christ, with its interest in the influence of broadcasting on race relations and in the programming responsibility of licensees, and of the American Civil Liberties Union, which submitted a brief in the ITT-ABC case.

Ideally, however, the resources for a sustained attack on concentration might be centered in a single institution, equipped to look after this cause with the kind of determination and intelligence that the Ford Foundation and the Carnegie Corporation, for example, have brought to bear in behalf of the cause of public broadcasting and domestic satellites. The law schools and their law reviews, as an institution, have performed well in this way for the courts, but have virtually abdicated responsibility for the agencies.

Such an organization could devote itself to research as well as representation. For at present any public body like the FCC, which has to make

determinations about acceptable levels of media concentration, has to do so largely on the basis of hunch. In addition, private interest in problems of concentration would encourage the Justice Department to sustain its present vigilance in this area. It could stimulate renewed vigilance on the part of the FCC, through participation in Commission proceedings. And it could consider whether new legislation might be appropriate to reach the problem of newspaper-magazine-book publishing combinations.

If changes are to be made (or now dormant standards are to be enforced) the most pressing political question is whether to apply the standards prospectively only, or to require divestiture. It is highly unlikely, to say the least, that legislation requiring massive divestiture of multiple station ownership, or newspaper ownership of stations, would ever pass through Congress. Given the number of station sales every year, however, even prospective standards could have some impact over ten years or so.

In general, I would urge the minimal standard that no accumulation of media should be permitted without a specific and convincing showing of a continuing countervailing social benefit. For no one has a higher calling in an increasingly complex free society bent on self-government than he who informs and moves the people. Personal prejudice, ignorance, social pressure, and advertiser pressure are in large measure inevitable. But a nation that has, in Learned Hand’s phrase, “staked its all” upon the rational dialogue of an informed electorate simply cannot take any unnecessary risk of polluting the stream of information and opinion that sustains it. At the very least, the burden of proving the social utility of doing otherwise should be upon him who seeks the power and profit which will result.

Whatever may be the outcome, the wave of renewed interest in the impact of ownership on the role of the media in our society is healthy. All will gain from intelligent inquiry by Congress, the Executive, the regulatory commissions — and especially the academic community, the American people generally, and the media themselves. For, as the Supreme Court has noted, nothing is more important in a free society than “the widest possible dissemination of information from diverse and antagonistic sources.” And if we are unwilling to discuss *this* issue fully today we may find ourselves discussing none that matter very much tomorrow.

(In a subsequent issue, the ATLANTIC will offer an electronic-age Burke’s Peerage of some of the more interesting media barons, ranging westward from such nationwide corpulents as Time Inc. and the NEWSWEEK-WASHINGTON POST empire to a lesser-known Ponderosa spread which gives the Mormon Church dominion of the media in the Rocky Mountain region.)

THE AEROSPACE BONUS BOYS

by Bob Elliott and Ray Goulding

In growing numbers, the space-age talent hunters comb the campuses — and each other's laboratories — in search of brains. Bob and Ray, creators of "Mr. Trace, Keener Than Most Persons" and "Jack Headstrong, All-American American," follow up their fantasy about the proposed National Data Center ("The Day the Computers Got Waldon Ashenfeller," in the November ATLANTIC) with a guide to co-option, presented in all its military-scientific-industrial complexity.

OUR nation's political and economic structures have undergone considerable change since the days when the simple credo "the business of America is business" provided an adequate picture of whatever we were muddling through. Currently, a more accurate appraisal of the situation in industry might be expressed by another equally thought-provoking homily: "The business of America is the business of recruiting enough fresh, young scientific talent to latch onto the business to stay in business."

Beyond doubt, a whole new pattern of events underlies much of the frenzied activity that now takes place behind the bland facade of belching smokestacks. In many industries, survival depends upon a steady inflow of government contracts, which, for reasons that are far from obvious, seems to depend, in turn, upon a steady inflow of new college graduates steeped in the gobbledygook of space-age technology.

As often occurs when demand outruns supply, matters quickly get out of hand, and the law of the jungle tends to prevail. The annual epidemic of "brain recruiting" by big business on college campuses is living proof of this newest form of laissez-faire run wild.

However, the increasingly familiar sight of the scurrying recruiter on campus creates a false pic-

ture of purposelessness. Behind closed doors at every home office, strategic thinkers have laid careful plans that touch off the apparent frenzy. Day and night, dedicated men with the single-minded goal of building a winner are charting their course at just such gargantuan corporations as Complicated Aerospace Stuff, Inc.

Fade-in:

Interior — executive conference room — Complicated Aerospace Stuff, Inc. (The large walnut-paneled room is dominated by a long walnut-paneled conference table, around which are a dozen or so high-backed chairs upholstered in lush imitation domestic Naugahyde. There is a motion-picture screen at one end of the room and a projector at the other. On a side wall hangs an ornately framed color photograph of a transistorized component, resplendent in a jumble of red, blue, green, and yellow wiring, all tastefully arranged to create the impression that the item is functional. A bronze plate at the bottom of the frame identifies the component as "our very first one ever." At the open, the room is unoccupied except for Warren L. ("Buzz") Bodenhume, director of personnel manipulation for Complicated Aerospace Stuff, and Melville Sternbaum, by-lined columnist for "Diode Data, the Integral Devices Weekly." Bodenhume is clad in a sincere dark business suit and wears a nickel-plated whistle on a string around his neck. Sternbaum, clutching a notebook and pencil, wears an inexpensive necktie loosened at

the collar, a soiled felt hat, with the brim turned up in front, and phosphorescent suede shoes. Both men are positioned informally, with Bodenhume crouched on his hunkers atop one of the conference chairs, while Sternbaum sprawls in repose across three others.)

STERNBAUM: Well, it just figures that you'll be beating the bushes for new talent this spring, Buzz. After all, you finished a distant third in '67 behind Scientific Interplanetary Hardware and Unlimited Germanium Creations because you never displayed that front-line push to charge in there and pick off those government subcontracts when you needed them.

BODENHUME: Yes. But I've got a hunch this is going to be a season when you can throw the past-performance charts right out the window, Mel. Our rookie engineers can blitz the Pentagon with a lot more good, meaningless technical jargon in tight situations now. And, of course, Von Kleg-schmidt was on the sauce last year and only saw limited action. But the reports I get from the clinic indicate that he'll be back in top form for the opening of this season's government contracting.

STERNBAUM: Well, we've all seen how much territory a Nobel Prize hopeful like Von Kleg-schmidt can cover in Washington when he's sober. But some of the Pentagon procurement boys think it was bad strategy for you to let three veteran flow-charters go during the off-season in exchange for an untried utility physicist.

BODENHUME: Well, the way we look at it, a senile flow-charter can hurt team morale and cause you to wind up making the wrong product and all like that. The aerospace game's like anything else. If you start out to build a youthful organization, your best bet is to do it with young people.

STERNBAUM (scribbling hastily in his notebook): That's a concept in personnel I'm sure the whole industry will want to analyze, Buzz. And you see this rookie physicist playing a key role in your development program for the future, do you?

BODENHUME: That's right. He still hasn't got all the sophisticated moves you need for grabbing off those juicy defense contracts. But for a kid whose I.Q. will go maybe 210 or 215, he's real good at talking around in circles without saying anything that means much.

STERNBAUM: And, of course, when it comes to outlining proposals for government work, that's a big plus factor.

BODENHUME: Oh, absolutely. You can get in there with that low bid nine times out of ten if you never come right out and commit yourself to produce what the job calls for.

(The door opens, and the balance of Complicated Aerospace Stuff's top echelon tactical staff enters. The group is led by the firm's president, Newcomb N. Dibbleman, a silver-thatched veteran of the Electronic Thingumajig

Industry whose stately bearing attests that he still feels pride in having gotten his start wiring faulty dirigible instrument panels in an abandoned interurban depot. He takes his place at the head of the table, carefully guarding the file folders jammed with papers that he carries. Following a respectful distance behind Dibbleman are his somewhat trustworthy, but otherwise useless, assistants, Lucas Blethert, Orville Quillenthal, Jr., and Knute L. Fratch. All three wear inoffensive gray suits and vacant facial expressions.)

STERNBAUM (ignoring the others and continuing his interview with Bodenhume): But to make a smokescreen technique effective, you still need that forward wall of Ph.D.'s.

BODENHUME: Yes. The Washington brass always puts a lot of stock in counting those advanced degrees on your roster, especially when it gets down to a toss-up decision on doling out the loot. But nobody pays any attention to a guy's field of graduate study. That's how come we've already signed four new Ph.D.'s in Portuguese literature. We can only use them as file clerks, but they look good on paper.

STERNBAUM: Uh-huh. And I suppose you hope to beef up the team even more by recruiting some of this year's graduates who are still free agents.

BODENHUME (angrily): We don't go in for recruiting around here, fellah. We just offer career opportunities with rapid advancement incentives and liberal fringe benefits.

STERNBAUM: Well, I certainly didn't mean to imply —

DIBBLEMAN (bellows): Get that clown out of here, Bodenhume! You know we don't let outsiders eavesdrop when we're going over scouting reports from the recruiters.

BODENHUME: Right, N.N.

(Bodenhume beckons Quillenthal and Fratch as Sternbaum cringes in dread anticipation, clutching his pencil and notebook to his bosom. Quillenthal pries the notebook out of his clenched hand. Then the three assist him to exit in a graceful leap through the door, and all then take their assigned seats, with the exception of Dibbleman, who remains standing for reasons that he would rather not discuss.)

DIBBLEMAN: I don't suppose I need to recap the problems we're having with the J-27-dash-5 program. You all know we're completely tooled up for production, but we still don't have a first-rate man in research who can tell us why a solid-state gizmo like that with a crank on the side is a vital component in a space capsule.

BLETHERT (haltingly): The answer must be there someplace, N.N. Integral Dynamics turns out funny-looking things a lot like the J-27-dash-5, and NASA's been grabbing them up at \$38,000 a throw like they were going out of style.

(Dibbleman glares menacingly at Blethert as Quillenthal

stares hard at a coffee stain on the carpet in an effort to appear alert without seeming to pay too much attention.)

DIBBLEMAN: I don't need to be reminded that Integral Dynamics is displaying the kind of fancy footwork that could push us out of the running, Blethert. And I hope you don't have to be reminded that they're doing it with the brains they recruited right under your nose at Carnegie Tech last year.

FRATCH: But you know the unethical tactics they threw at us there, N.N. Integral Dynamics never told those kids that the Edward Teller in their research department is just some old coot with the same name who hoses down the lab.

DIBBLEMAN (icily): That happens to be the type of inventive strategy that picks off the plums, Fratch. Only you didn't think of it first.

QUILLENTHAL: Excellent point, N.N. You can take your run-of-the-mill punk fresh out of engineering school, offer him twenty-five grand a year, and he'll jump at it. But it's the idea of rubbing elbows with an all-time great that hooks the whiz kids. Now, I've just found this osteopath in Cincinnati named Doctor Oppenheimer, and I thought —

DIBBLEMAN: Forget it. Might still be a little stigma attached there.

BODENHUME: Right! And any hint of controversy can kill you. The type of boy we're after is a clean-cut, loyal American who's just looking for a challenging career and money under the table.

FRATCH: True, but not such a loyal American that our essential-industry draft-deferment pitch won't have a strong appeal.

BODENHUME: Don't start splitting hairs over terminology, Fratch. When I say loyal, we all know I'm not talking about some kind of flag-waving fanatic.

(Dibbleman glares at Fratch as Fratch glares at Boden-

hume as Bodenhume looks to Quillenthal for support as Quillenthal grabs a phone and begins dialing the recorded weather forecast number to indicate his firmly neutral position regarding all matters on which Dibbleman has not yet made his feelings abundantly clear.)

DIBBLEMAN: I wish all of you would stop wasting my time with chatter when we've got a pile of scouting reports to check out here.

(Quillenthal hangs up the phone with a sigh of relief.)

QUILLENTHAL: I think we should all stop wasting N.N.'s time with chatter when we've got so many scouting reports to check out.

(The others all stare at Quillenthal, who reacts by nervously picking up the phone and dialing for another weather forecast. Dibbleman takes a sheaf of papers from the table and begins flipping through them in a haphazard but businesslike fashion.)

DIBBLEMAN: Now, I think we all know why we hit the skids in Washington during the last fiscal year. Soft landings on the moon were the big thing, and Scientific Interplanetary Hardware was three-deep in retro-rocket component specialists. The only man we had to throw into the contracting fight was that nut from the branch plant who thought a rocket would soft land up there if you kept it attached to the earth with a long piece of string.

FRATCH: I've had my eye on a kid who shows a lot of promise in little retro-rocketry doodads, N.N. He'll be picking up his doctorate at Utah State this summer and —

DIBBLEMAN: Utah State! Fratch, you don't win the big ones in this league with untried kids from Utah State.

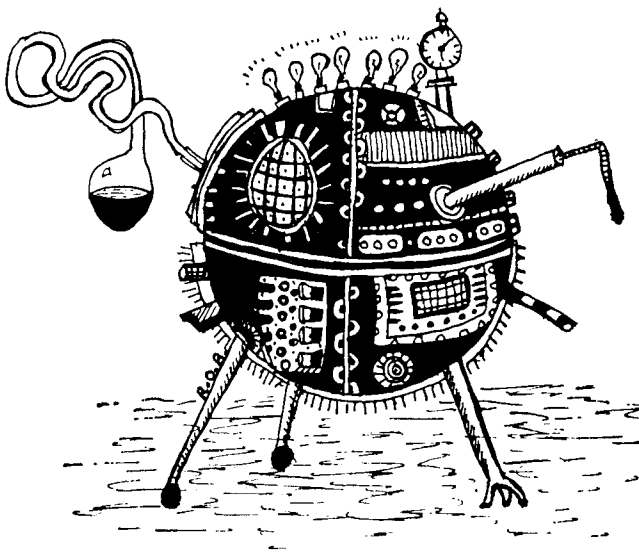
FRATCH: Well, his diction could pass for Ivy League. And I know he could figure out how to attach some of that old junk we've got in the warehouse onto retro-rockets and —

DIBBLEMAN: Forget it. If he was just going into the general Ph.D. pool, it might be OK. But for this job, a man's got to be able to name-drop an alma mater that'll open some important doors. Anything in this year's crop at M.I.T. or Cal Tech, Bodenhume?

BODENHUME: Well, most of Cal Tech's current strength is in civil engineering. I never saw so damned many experts on sewer-pipe seepage in my life. At M.I.T., we're still dickering with a young squirt who's number two in his class. But he's already got a \$30,000 offer from Micro Intricate, and he wants us to match that and throw in a '68 Toronado and a carpeted office with color TV.

DIBBLEMAN: Hmmm. Well, I suppose we could open a spot on the roster by bouncing that guy who has the big corner suite on the third floor. I've never figured out what he does around here anyway.

QUILLENTHAL: I don't think we ought to mess



THE J-27-DASH-5

with him, N.N. He's got an old picture of himself on his desk presenting Lady Bird with her first FCC television license in Austin.

DIBBLEMAN: Oh, is he the one? Well, then I remember how he got that corner suite and why we have to keep him. Any chance of making a trade for a retro-rocketry man, Fratch?

FRATCH: Well, I've put out some feelers to Scientific Interplanetary Hardware, but they only want to talk a deal for Haversham. And, of course, we can't give him up. He holds the patents on almost everything we make.

BODENHUME: I've been looking over a young professor at Michigan who's got a lot of style, N.N. I think it would be worth your time to see the action films we have on him.

DIBBLEMAN: Oh, all right. But those ivory-tower creeps never seem to get with it. They just sit around cooking up advanced theories to better mankind. And that kind of nonsense can disrupt a team's whole operation.

(Bodenhume crosses to position himself at the movie projector as Quillenthal rushes to draw the drapes.)

BODENHUME: I feel every bit as strongly about troublemakers as you do, N.N. But I'm sure this man would shape up fast. He's got a great little wife nagging him to jump to industry where the big money is. And his undergrad minor in political science is bound to give us a lift in the Washington game. He can move to his right or move to his left, all depending on how things go in November. Just catch this.

(Bodenhume flicks on the projector. Squiggly lines and upside-down numbers flash on the screen for a few seconds, prompting Quillenthal, Fratch, and Blethert to cough impatiently in a mass gesture of empathy with Dibbleman, who is notorious for his lack of patience in regard to squiggly lines and upside-down numbers on movie screens. The coughing subsides when a grainy image of a young man scrawling a mathematical formula on a classroom blackboard comes into semi-focus.)

DIBBLEMAN (thoughtfully): Maybe. Maybe not.

QUILLENTHAL: I don't like to make snap judgments, but that's the same intuitive reaction I get.

BODENHUME (defensively): Well, of course, he was just engaging in a light workout when we shot this footage. But notice how he's sprinkling all those Greek letters and square-root signs through that equation. Scribbles fast, too. Almost makes you think he's got a quick mind, if you don't notice he comes out with the wrong answer.

(The figure on the screen turns from the blackboard and faces the camera with an arrogant smile, tossing the chalk casually in one hand as he utilizes the index finger of the other to punch emphatically at various undecipherable symbols on the board.)

DIBBLEMAN (contemptuously): Nobody cares about that. But, for Chrisake, look at his bush-

league summation style. He's right down to the nitty-gritty, and he's not even using a chrome-plated pointer to make his hard-sell pitch.

BODENHUME: Well, you understand we're seeing him in a low-budget operation here, and —

BLETHERT: But double-talking his way through scientific mishmash with no attention grabber but his finger?! He'd put a Pentagon contracting session to sleep, Buzz.

DIBBLEMAN: Or worse yet, show his inexperience in handling a pointer by fumbling it and blowing the ball game. No dice.

(Accepting defeat, Bodenhume switches off the projector just as the figure on the screen is preparing to demonstrate his agility in erasing blackboard equations before their accuracy can be challenged. Fratch reopens the drapes as Quillenthal clears his throat in a nervous manner which he hopes will be interpreted as a gesture of righteous indignation by Dibbleman and of understanding sympathy by Bodenhume. After a moment, Blethert rises and spreads his palms flat on the table with a studied air of confidence that is betrayed only by an unconfident quaver in his voice as he speaks.)

BLETHERT: Boys, I hadn't planned to take the wraps off the greatest little deep thinker since Von Braun at this session because I know N.N. doesn't like to get in on the contract haggling with a kid who's playing holdout. But since he's virtually hooked, there's no reason why I should keep the good news to myself.

DIBBLEMAN (coldly): Blethert, I think you used the same identical buildup last year to sell me that bonus baby from Princeton. And if I'm not mistaken, he's now working out his option at \$40,000 a year keeping track of our toggle-switch inventory in the Des Moines warehouse.

(Blethert appears outwardly unmoved except for his knuckles, which whiten.)

BLETHERT: Well, maybe he wasn't quite ready. But this boy's got greatness written all over him. Built an IBM 360 out of empty beer cans for his junior high science project, and he's been going like that ever since. They're giving him his Ph.D. at the University of Chicago next month, and from the dope sheet I've got, I'd say they're doing it because nobody can understand the thesis he turned in.

BODENHUME: Sounds good, N.N. It could mean he's got that inborn talent for being ambiguous. You can't teach a thing like that to a scientist. If the spark isn't there, he'll keep slipping back into saying something specific just when it can do you the most harm.

BLETHERT (with renewed spirit): Right. But this kid's shift; a natural broken-field talker. Now, I've had him flown out here for the weekend to look over our operation with his dad, and I figure if we all go to work on 'em —

DIBBLEMAN (explodes): You let him bring his father with him! Blethert, you know what that can get us into. The old man's probably a frustrated semi-pro scientist himself with all kinds of wild dreams of glory for the kid.

BLETHERT: Now take it easy, N.N. The old guy's a stiff. Knows from nothing. Just let me call them in, and I promise you our troubles in retro-rocketry are over.

DIBBLEMAN: All right, but I don't like the setup.

(Blethert moves hurriedly to the door and exits to the adjoining V.I.P. lounge and topless Whoopie Room.)

QUILLENTHAL: Personally, with the old man hanging around to kibitz, I don't like the setup.

(Blethert re-enters accompanied by Bruno Coskichek-wicz, a sullen youth clad in a University of Chicago letter sweater, emblematic of his four seasons of stardom in classified nuclear events under the football stadium. Bruno's father, Vladimir, follows a pace behind. He wears a traditional coal miner's cap, even though it is obvious that his lamp has been out for a number of years. Blethert introduces the pair to his colleagues, and half-hearted greetings are ad-libbed by all.)

DIBBLEMAN (feigning human warmth): Well, Bruno, Mr. Blethert tells me you may be trying out for a berth here at Complicated Aerospace. What do you think of our sprawling, multimillion-dollar little place?

VLADIMIR (truculent and with too much of an accent to be possible): He seen plenty better. How you fix, Bruno got to park car in middle of hot sun like anybody else. Even got to come up in same elevator with dumb people don't make much money. All very bad for fine boy with like what Bruno got inside his head.

(Dibbleman glares at Blethert, who looks beseechingly at Bodenhume, who shoots a sidelong glance to catch Quillenthal's reaction only to discover that Quillenthal is reacting by getting sick on the rug.)

BODENHUME: Well, of course, we're chiefly concerned with blazing new trails to the future here. The twenty-first century lies just over the horizon, Bruno, and Complicated Aerospace has its feet planted firmly at the frontier of tomorrow —

BRUNO (cutting in): Sure, sure. And at least four other outfits are right there with you, giving me the same pep talk word for word. So let's change the subject. I figure thirty big ones a year will do for openers so I don't get killed taxwise. Now, Complicated Aero closed on the big board Friday at 62½, so let's say options to pick up 1000 shares a year at 15. That makes a neat package without giving me those high-bracket blues.

DIBBLEMAN (enraged): It does more than that, Sonny. It also enables you to avoid being hired here. Even our top executives don't have stock arrangements like that.

VLADIMIR (mutters): *Drajna mirich zvdoga.*

DIBBLEMAN (to Bruno): What was that all about?

BRUNO: Nothing you don't already know. He just said that top executives are a dime a dozen, but you ain't got a single retro-rocket genius in this whole glassed-in birdcage. And once I walk out of here, you won't be seeing another one in a long, long time, Bubalah.

(Dibbleman, apparently undecided whether to strangle Bruno with his bare hands or merely have him bush-whacked near the front gate, thoughtlessly pulls a pilot model of the J-27-dash-5 component from his coat pocket and fingers it angrily for a moment. Then, in frustration, he slams it on the table and begins stomping back and forth across the room as Bodenhume, Fratch, Quillenthal, and Blethert look on with accumulating terror. Meantime, Vladimir brings forth a Hubbard squash from his overalls and calmly peels it with his pocketknife as Bruno picks up the J-27-dash-5 component and examines it with mild interest.)

BRUNO (to no one in particular): Not bad. Needs a set screw next to the diode for a lead-in wire. But otherwise, it could do the trick.

(Dibbleman stops pacing and gallops to Bruno's side as Bodenhume, Fratch, Quillenthal, and Blethert rise out of their chairs and instinctively crawl across the conference table toward the center of activity in a move reminiscent of that of Wilson, Lloyd George, Clemenceau, and Orlando during the momentous final session at Versailles.)

DIBBLEMAN: Do what trick? What trick is that? What can it do?

BRUNO: Well, nothing really — unless the last retro doesn't fire, and radio contact with J.P.L. is broken, too. That's a million-to-one shot, but if Uncle wants to throw away 40,000 bucks apiece on trinkets like this to backstop the main system, it ain't my worry.

DIBBLEMAN (staring vacantly at the J-27-dash-5): How much does it cost us to make these things?

BODENHUME: It depends. Like when we stamped out the pilot models on the Sunday graveyard shift and had to pay everybody double-double overtime, they ran us to almost six dollars and a quarter apiece.

(Dibbleman nods to Bodenhume with what appears to be a stunned inability to comprehend the magnitude of it all. Then, head high though ashen, he crosses to the wall safe and begins removing bundles of currency and stock certificates which, with the assistance of Bodenhume, Quillenthal, Blethert, and Fratch, he stacks in neat piles on the table in front of Bruno. Meanwhile, Vladimir, with one efficient sweep of his forearm, brushes the Hubbard squash peelings onto the carpet, and then carefully cleans his knife blade by rubbing it across a sooty trouser leg. The air of proud stoicism that has served him well through long years of misunderstanding born of abject confusion remains unbroken as he contemplates the sheer uselessness of a peeled raw squash.)

Fade-out.



WE COULDN'T SWING WITH IT

THE "INTREPID FOUR"

by Robert Stone "You're just one person against a whole system. And you think, what can I do?" The young man who said that, and three fellow crewmen of the U.S.S. INTREPID, deserted the U.S. Navy last fall and fled by way of Russia to Sweden. Former Navy man and novelist Robert Stone here tells their story, one which reflects "the values, moral responses, and alienation of a sizable proportion of American youth today."

THE four young men sit around a casually furnished room, sipping wine. The eaves of the ancient house, the cobbled streets below are deeply covered with snow. On the apartment walls are poster pictures of Bertrand Russell, Groucho Marx, and W. C. Fields. A Beatles record is on the machine.

"One thing really got to me," one of the young men says, turning the music down. "I picked up a *Fortune* magazine, and it said that in 1966 the five hundred major American companies had their biggest year. That was a year of war, that biggest year. And we're supposed to be a peace-loving society, we're supposed to be pursuing peace. But the biggest companies make their biggest profits when there's a war on."

"At the expense of American soldiers," a second young man says. He has a small trimmed goatee and a necklace of beads. "And at the expense of the Vietnamese." His speech is soft, Southern.

A third youth lights a cigarette and smiles bitterly. He is dark-eyed, intense. "Did you read *his* State of the Union Message? I mean that was the epitome of all the damn hypocrisy about the war, the same hypocrisy that's all over everything in the States. *He* uses words like Freedom and Democracy and Justice — the words are cool, they sound great. Everybody knows what those words mean, right? If people just sit back and listen and they don't know anything about what's going on, it all sounds real nice. But if you just look around, man, at the war and at the way things are in the

States now, you can't do anything but throw that damn piece of paper down. The hypocrisy of it slaps you right in the face."

"It ain't any cowboy can throw words around like that, though," the Southerner says. "He must have some staff. I mean they must be real cool, that staff he's got."

"I can't read the magazines anymore," the fourth says. "I can't read any of it. Johnson, Romney, Reagan — It's too sickening."

"I don't know," the dark youth says. "What's it gonna take to wake the eight-to-five deadheads up? You get a feeling watching it," he goes on, "a feeling of — what's the word? — of when you see something happening and you've got to do something to make it stop. But, like, you're just one person against a whole system. And you think, what can I do?"

The names of the four young men are Craig Anderson, Richard Bailey, John Barilla, and Michael Lindner. Until October 23, 1967, they were Airmen of the United States Navy, serving aboard the giant aircraft carrier U.S.S. *Intrepid* in the waters off North Vietnam. On that day, while their ship was in port near Yokohama, Japan, they deserted, subsequently destroying their identification cards and their uniforms. The act of desertion, all four affirm, was intended as an act of nonviolent protest against their country's intervention in Vietnam.

The events that followed their action have since entered the literature of the cold war. To the

Photo courtesy of Wide World Photos. Seated are Michael Lindner and Craig Anderson; standing, Richard Bailey and John Barilla.

propaganda mills of the Communist world, their lonely gesture was a gift to be exploited; to American apologists, a shameful, embarrassing piece of willfulness to be explained away into inconsequence.

Yet for all the exploitation and explanation, Americans are confronted with a disturbing fact. Four of their young countrymen from quite average backgrounds, who differed little from millions of their contemporaries at home, chose to invite prison, exile, and disgrace for themselves and their families in order to disassociate themselves from a war which their society declared to be a crusade. Like so many other incidents of the Vietnam War, it is unfamiliar, confusing, disheartening to most Americans. We cannot help wondering what moved these young men, what view of the world led them into a public act of defiance. For those concerned with exploring the values, the moral responses, the alienation of a sizable proportion of American youth today, their story is worth examining.

BAILEY, Barilla, and Lindner were members of the ship's company, assigned to duty on the flight deck as part of a catapult crew. Anderson was an Airman serving with VA-145, a jet fighter-bomber squadron.

They came to know each other in the course of the *Intrepid's* long voyage from Norfolk, Virginia, to the Tonkin Gulf. By the time the ship had settled into its tense wartime routine, launching daily sorties against the cities and factories of North Vietnam, they were part of a group of crewmen of about their own age (all were under twenty-one) who met regularly after working hours to listen to rock music, occasionally to smoke pot (a pastime which has become hardly less common among young servicemen in the war zone than it is among university students), and above all, to engage in long nightly bull sessions.

The topics they talked about were the usual concerns of their age group, girls, cars, music — meaning the Beatles, Ravi Shankar, and especially Bob Dylan — and, of course, the war. Quite a few among the *Intrepid's* crewmen, particularly the younger ones, had become aware that the action in which they were engaged was regarded as a moral wrong in quarters to which they looked for a sort of inspiration. One of the four deserters recalls listening to the chaplain's evening prayer and thinking of the Dylan anti-war ballad "God on Our Side."

"The ship was pretty much of a cross section of American society," John Barilla says, "at least of young guys. There were maybe 20 percent who thought the war was absolutely right and felt a lot

about it and maybe about the same who had questions in their minds. The rest I don't think thought much about it. They were just acting like they were told."

Barilla, twenty years old, comes from Baltimore. His father is a rigger with Bethlehem Steel; his two brothers work for a supermarket chain. When he left high school in Baltimore, he spent a few months wandering in Florida indulging his hobby of skin diving. Why did he join the Navy?

"I accepted military service just like all the other kids I went to high school with did. I had the same choice they had, college or the service. I didn't think college was my forte — there wasn't any academic subject I was really interested in, and I wasn't out to make a million dollars. Going into the service after high school is traditional in the society, at least where I come from. You don't fight it.

"You go along with anything until something happens that opens your eyes. You know, when you're young you tend to be a romanticist about things. It takes you a while to find out the difference between the way things are supposed to be and the way they really are. You go along accepting things for no other reason than that you're born into the system. I didn't think much about the military system, the war system, before I went in. Every once in a while it would occur to me — what a waste of time it is, what a waste of lives. But when I got out there and I was in it, part of it, the hypocrisy of the whole deal got to me — I couldn't dodge it.

"Every day we were out there getting the planes off, the pilots went out and dropped their bombs on those people, and every night at prayer time the chaplain told them how when they were up there doing the bombing they were close to God. I'll admit that chaplain looked like he was dead a lot of the time.

"But a time came when it was either go on swinging with the system or do something about it. And for us, the only thing to do about it was desert."

Michael Lindner, nineteen, is slightly built, bespectacled, cool of speech. If he had done his time and come home, he thinks, he would have gone on to college. He comes from Mount Pocono, Pennsylvania; his upbringing was Lutheran, and his parents, he says without sarcasm, are "righteous Christians." His father is employed as a technician at the Tobyhanna, Pennsylvania, army depot where he works with radioactive matter.

Lindner also joined the Navy to fulfill his national service obligation. He had been in for only nine months when he deserted in Japan.

"There were bombs everywhere," Lindner tells it now. "They were stowed in every available space. You saw them when you went to chow,

and you saw them the first thing in the morning. You couldn't get away from the sight of them. Sometimes you could go out on deck and see explosions on the coast, mountains burning, tremendous fires going up. You think, we're killing an awful lot of people over there. And how do they know the difference between a Communist and a farmer?

"It was just being out there with all the time to think that did it. None of us found the Navy unbearable or anything. I mean, we were doing fine — we had hot meals and hot showers. We didn't have it anything like the troops on the line or the Vietnamese. But once we'd thought about it a lot and talked it over, we couldn't see things in the old ways, we couldn't go on swinging with it."

Richard Bailey, also nineteen, had written poetry while in high school in Jacksonville, Florida, and continued to write some in the Navy. When he joined in the desertion, he left unread the last fifty pages of *Crime and Punishment*. ("I'll get back to it when I get some time.")

Bailey's father is the Jacksonville branch manager of a national insurance company and a commander in the naval reserve. Bailey joined the Navy after graduation; he had not done particularly well in high school. When he signed up, he says, he had not considered the "moral aspects" of the war.

"When the time came," he says, "it was as easy for me as walking out of a room. It wasn't that the Navy was so bad — the Navy's just an extension of the society. But at a certain point while we were in Tonkin Gulf, the whole scene became intolerable. It's one thing to go along with a war when it doesn't touch you, but it's something else when you're part of it every day.

"Let's say we're supposed to be fighting for the American presence in Asia — well, just look at Subic Bay in the Philippines. There's an American presence there — it's five-year-old kids pimping for their sisters, bumming cigarettes in the street. I've talked to guys who've been in Saigon, and it's the same.

"One of the Marines I talked to aboard the *Intrepid* was in combat in Vietnam; he talked about how it was. Those guys are told to shoot anything that moves — don't trust anybody — even a little kid can kill you! No one fighting over there regards the Vietnamese as human. But that's not their fault. They haven't got the time.

"But what the hell are we supposed to be saving those people from that's any worse than what we're giving them?"

Craig Anderson, a tall, extremely quiet spoken Californian, was almost twenty-one when he went over, eldest of the four and the only one whose

attitudes toward American society and the war were set before his entry into service.

The son of a widowed secretary in San Jose, Anderson had spent a year at West Valley College, majoring in law enforcement.

"I wanted to see what the prospective police-types were like," he says.

Living within fifty miles of San Francisco, Anderson had spent some time on the fringes of the "hippie scene" in the Haight-Ashbury section there. He seems to have been more an observer than a participant in the action; he is not, in manner or speech, a hippie type.

"I joined the Navy because I thought — incorrectly, as it turned out — that the Navy would be the easiest service to get a discharge from. I didn't intend to fulfill my so-called military obligation. I felt I rejected American society on the basis of conditions in the United States, and the military in my view is just a sick extension of a sick social structure. When I was in boot camp, I stated my position to a psychiatrist there, and I was recommended for discharge. The recommendation was overruled.

"So my position wasn't something that just popped up, or came to me in the Tonkin Gulf. Out there, I felt as though I'd become a cog in the machinery, completely helpless. But feeling as I did, and having the time to think that I had, I decided that I was going to have to do something. I met Mike Lindner while we were both on mess cook duty, and later I met John and Dick Bailey. We discovered that we had essentially the same ideas about a lot of things, but we didn't find out how much we thought alike until we'd been out in the gulf for quite a while."

Lindner, Bailey, and Barilla agree that Anderson had the "most to lose" of all of them. While the other three still had years to do in the Navy, Anderson had only another month of service in Vietnamese waters and only six months more in the Navy. As the eldest, the most convinced in his rejection of America and the war, did he persuade them?

No, the others say.

"The situation was intolerable for all of us. Remember we worked on the flight deck. I don't even remember who brought up the idea of deserting first. We decided on it together."

DURING the long weeks in the Gulf of Tonkin, with the ship operating on wartime routine, all four had brushes with their immediate superiors.

"We'd stay up late at night, drinking coffee, bullshitting," John Barilla says. "Sometimes we'd talk and listen to music all night, we'd go nights without sleeping. Not only the four of us, but a

bunch of guys who more or less thought the way we did and were interested in what we were interested in. We talked about what we did before we went in, about our girls, about the war.

"We pissed a lot of people off, of course. Sometimes when we went into a crew's lounge, the old-timers, the lifers, would get up and walk out. We were all a little wigged out, I think. Like I'd sit on the mess deck at night and tell fortunes.

"There was a lot of grass being blown on the *Intrepid*, and they'd have locker inspections all the time to look for it. Now and then they'd find some in some cat's locker and he'd go up to the Man. Naturally, they suspected us. We'd be sitting around listening to Ravi Shankar, and the masters-at-arms would come in and roust us. *You know* what Ravi Shankar did to their minds. But they never caught us with grass. Sure, we burned some sometimes, no more than plenty of other people aboard who didn't mind the war at all.

"I got on to their shit list, of course. They were bugged at me because I went to Electronic Technician School and decided I didn't want to be an E.T., that was one thing. And they didn't like my friends — I'd get lectures, warning, you know. They'd give me very simple boring jobs as punishment, like watching fuel gauges. They knew we were staying up late, listening to music and like that, so one day I was sent up to the Air Boss [the Senior Flight Officer], and that man showed me pictures of what happened to people who got in accidents on the flight deck. I asked them if they had pictures of what happened to people who had napalm dropped on them.

"Sometimes they argued with me. They didn't want trouble, they wanted you to think like they did. I told this First Class that I was for life, and that I wasn't going to be for death, for killing people. The First Class got very shook, he said, no, he was for life — he was for defending the freedom of the people in Vietnam. But I don't think he really believed that himself. He wanted to feel good about it, but he couldn't."

Richard Bailey, a middle-class white boy from Florida, ran afoul of the race issue, which he says is one of his special concerns.

"One of the things I want to get with," Bailey says, "is soul music, the whole soul thing. I had a few friends among the Negro guys aboard. I used to hang with them sometimes to listen to music and just talk about how it is.

"One day a petty officer in my division took me aside and said, 'In this division we don't hang around with niggers.'"

There was a vogue aboard the *Intrepid* for carved belt buckles; sailors would chisel into their fatigue belts monograms, pictures, or names of girls, varieties of tattoo art. Shortly after the carrier took

up Station Yankee, Michael Lindner chiseled into his buckle the encircled, inverted Y which the international peace movement takes as a symbol.

He was promptly ordered to efface it. "It's not Navy," his superiors informed him — which was true enough.

"It was just a reaction to all the jive going on," Lindner says.

Anderson, the committed pacifist, refused to work on the flight deck at all. With him, as with the others, the authorities aboard employed a cautious reasonableness.

"I had a long talk with one of the division petty officers," he says. "I told him what I thought about the war and that I wasn't going to work on the planes. When he left, he looked like he was ready to cry."

Presumably in the interest of not rocking the boat, Anderson's superiors assigned him below-decks as the squadron's compartment cleaner, in which capacity he wielded nothing more lethal than Clorox.

But when the *Intrepid* steamed north from its combat station for liberty calls on Hong Kong and Japan, Anderson, Bailey, Barilla, and Lindner had "pretty much decided to desert."

"We thought about doing it in Hong Kong," Barilla says, "but we figured that wasn't a good idea. It meant that even if we could get away from the American military — which we didn't think was very likely — there wouldn't be anyplace for us to run to except Red China. And you can dig we didn't want any part of those people."

In Japan, they decided that the day had come. On the afternoon of October 23, when liberty commenced for the nonduty sections, the four presented their liberty cards to the officer of the deck, saluted the colors, and walked out of the lives they had lived for nineteen and twenty years. (Two other sailors who had intended to go with them decided against it at the last minute.)

"We meant it as a gesture of protest against the war," Anderson said. "We knew that we didn't have much of a chance to stay free in a country as saturated with the American military presence as Japan. You could say we expected to be apprehended. For myself, I didn't look forward to fifteen years in a federal prison. But I was ready to do it as an act against war."

As soon as they were able to change into their civilian clothes, they destroyed their military identity cards and their uniforms. In military jurisprudence, these actions define the difference between desertion and absence without leave, a much less serious offense. Once they destroyed their uniforms, there was no chance for them to "cop a plea" and plead guilty to the lesser offense at a court-martial.

"We went up to Tokyo, and we told every Japanese person that talked to us that we were American sailors and we deserted because of the war. We thought the S.P.'s were coming any minute," Richard Bailey tells it.

"But a funny thing happened. In all our wandering around coming on to people, we didn't meet a single Japanese person that wasn't against the war. Everybody—everybody that we spoke to—was for us. We had no idea that people in Japan felt that way. We assumed they were as brainwashed as Americans, because they've got a pro U.S. government that supports the war. But we weren't especially trying to contact peace groups. We were just trying to talk to as many people as we could."

One of the people that the boys talked to put them in touch with representatives of Bahrein, a youth-oriented, Marxist-influenced peace group which American authorities regard as Communist-run. In the meantime, the alarm had gone off. With Shore Patrol and Military Police searching the streets of Tokyo for them, the four gave a taped interview to a Japanese television producer who had sought them out. The brief interview, shown later on U.S. and Canadian television, was the first look that Americans at home got of the "Intrepid Four." Like most of the subsequent media interviews given out by the four, it was not counted impressive. They have tended to "freeze" decidedly when faced with cameras and microphones.

After the interview, American military authorities intensified their search. But while the Armed Forces Police canvassed the customary haunts of deserters, the beer joints and geisha houses along Japan's many "Fleet Streets," the four were being passed from house to house, sleeping each night at the home of a different sympathizer. A great many people in Tokyo, Japanese of quite varying political allegiances, and even some Americans, assisted in their concealment.

After several days, a member of Bahrein brought the boys into contact with the Russian Embassy in Tokyo, and at that point they entered into the overripe world of international intrigue and propaganda. Their story became, for a while, part of the literature of the cold war.

The involvement of Soviet diplomacy in this act of desertion brought a kind of comfort to the orthodox evangelists of both East and West. For the Russians, the propaganda points to be scored were obvious—the boys were true international proletarians, who refused to fight their Red brothers in an imperialistic war.

U.S. spokesmen were in a position to explain events in terms of Soviet intrigue—these men were "defectors," "turncoats," pawns of the Comintern apparatus.

As it happened, neither side drew the sustenance expected from subsequent events; the Russians, in terms of their investment, might have reason to feel particularly shortchanged.

"There was only one thing we wanted at that point," Barilla says, "and that was passage to a neutral country. We decided on Sweden; what we'd heard about it made it seem like the right place. Now, we couldn't get there by way of the United States, that was sure. We couldn't go by way of Vietnam. We weren't going to walk into Red China. When we were put in touch with the Russians, we decided to ask them for passage through."

"A lot of people have the idea from the press," Anderson says, "that we defected to the Soviet Union and then changed our minds. But there wasn't any question of that. We made it clear to the Russians from the beginning that we only wanted safe conduct. We aren't politicians, we aren't Marxists. We had no desire to change from one war-gear society to another war-gear society."

THROUGH the offices of Bahrein, the four sailors spoke with a Russian official at the Soviet Embassy. They were told that a Russian freighter would be taking on cargo in Yokohama within a few days. The official then presented them with visitor's passes which would enable them to board the vessel.

"That was it," says Richard Bailey. "They gave us the passes and let us go at that. It was like the rest was up to us. We went aboard and cooled it, and when we were sure we were outside Japanese territorial waters, we turned ourselves over to the Russian captain. He looked pretty shook. I don't know whether he was surprised or not." The ship, the S.S. *Baikal*, took them to the port of Nahodka on the Soviet Pacific Coast. There they were met by functionaries they understood to be representatives of the Soviet Red Cross.

"The people that met us at Nahodka were the weirdest people I've ever seen in my life. I mean, we didn't know anything about Russia, we didn't have any idea of what to expect; and these cats really freaked us. They sent us by train to another city where we were supposed to get an aircraft for Moscow, and they were all right along. If they offered you a cigarette or tea or vodka, you couldn't tell them no. They wouldn't hear no. You had to take it. They were like an American movie idea of Russian agents, you know?"

"The aircraft was like a flying houseboat. When we were taxiing into takeoff I couldn't believe the thing would ever get off the ground. And inside, it was divided into compartments like a European train. The flight to Moscow took over twelve

hours; we just sat up straight in our upholstered seats with these weird guys in the compartment with us. I'll never forget the smell of Russian cigarettes. They really stink."

The boys were lodged in a Moscow apartment. Delegations from the officially sponsored Soviet peace organizations visited them. There were official receptions and guided tours of the city and its surroundings.

A few days after their arrival, Moscow radio and television broadcast interviews with them, together with their statements. According to Craig Anderson, they were not coached or fed material, no effort was made by Russian broadcasters to bring their position into line with Communist policy. They feel that Radio Moscow treated them more impartially than the Western media to whom they later gave interviews.

Very shortly, however, the Byzantine-cum-Victorian splendor of their Moscow suite, the huge vodka-laced meals, the piety and occasional evasiveness of their guides began to rankle their cool adolescent sensibilities.

"They were so straight, you couldn't believe it," Bailey relates. "And at that point we'd already done our thing, we didn't give a damn. We started putting them on a lot."

Statues and images of Lenin abounded in the streets of Moscow. "Who's that?" the boys would ask innocently. They asked the question fifty times a day.

"Lenin," they were told solemnly each time, and Lenin's place in history was patiently re-explained to them.

"John Lennon?" (Ho, ho. Hollow laughter and stylized handshakes exchanged among the four. Simmering silence from the guide.)

"John? No, no. Not John. Nicolai —" and so forth.

"What kind of car is that?" Mike Lindner, mild teen-aged car freak, would inquire.

"That is a Volga."

"And what kind of car is that?"

"That is a Volga."

They inquired regularly about the make of passing cars. The cars always turned out to be Volgas. If the Soviet authorities in charge of this curious state visit experienced a flash of identification with the officers of U.S.S. *Intrepid*, they did not betray it.

"We were breaking their minds," Barilla says, "but they kept cool. They were extremely up tight. We began to want them to do something human, break a little — but they never did."

Mike Lindner occasionally pressed his embarrassed translators into service on his forays to pick up girls on the boulevards. Dick Bailey took to breaking down the formal rigor of haute cuisine

with such un-kulturny practices as spooning shrimp into his soup.

"I admit it was sort of stupid," he says. "But we kept feeling like we had to do something to loosen up the atmosphere."

John Barilla attended the Bolshoi Ballet wearing mismatching shoes, his jacket inside out, puffing furiously from a Russian cigarette in imitation of a Central European villain from a silent movie. He caused his hosts even more embarrassment by raising unpleasant questions. Why did they put writers in jail? How long did they put them in jail for? What had they written?

"We never got to see Lenin's tomb," Barilla says. "I guess they were afraid to take us there."

They were, however, taken for a flying tour of several Soviet regions, including the Caucasian Republics (on the tours they were generally not exposed to the "masses"), and presented with \$500 each as a parting gift from the Soviet Peace Union.

"We had a pretty good relationship with a few people there," Bailey recalls. "Some of the writers we talked to were nice guys. One of the official cats was all right too. Just before we left we'd been giving him a hard time and he sort of shrugged his shoulders and said, 'I don't know — I'm just a simple Communist.' The people who we had something going with were sorry to see us go, I think, and we were sort of sorry to leave them. They got a little emotional at the airport. You know, Russians are like that."

Had anyone there tried to persuade them to remain in the Soviet Union?

They laugh the question away. No, they say, the subject never came up. It had been understood from the start that their destination was Sweden.

"If we stayed there, we'd have been in jail in six months," John Barilla says. "It was a good feeling to go aboard that SAS jet for Stockholm. You know, a normal-type aircraft with a cool-looking stewardess, all that —"

ONCE in Sweden, they were looked after and lodged by a number of sympathetic Swedish intellectuals. They decided to split up to avoid forming what they called "an American enclave." Bailey and Lindner settled finally at the home of one of Sweden's leading actors, Gösta Eckmann. Eckmann and his wife, an attractive Ethiopian girl adopted in infancy and reared in Sweden, have a beautiful suburban house in the fir forest that surrounds Stockholm.

Anderson and Barilla took up residence at the Jakobsberg Folk School, an institution famous throughout Scandinavia for its experimental methods in adult education and sociological research.

After a week or two of seeming hesitation, the Swedish Foreign Ministry announced that the "Intrepid Four" were being granted permission to settle in the country. The decision was consistent with Sweden's traditional attitude toward fugitives from military justice and seems to have satisfied public and press opinion there. If there are any sections of the Swedish public who support America's Vietnam position, they are not in evidence.

Before the four arrived from Russia, two U.S. servicemen had already sought and received asylum in Sweden, and during the past winter the number of deserters has increased. Over twenty servicemen, mainly soldiers stationed in West Germany, have settled in and around Stockholm after deserting — nominally at least — over the war in Vietnam.

Many of the deserters there now have committed themselves to the violent destruction of the society they rejected. The more militant are in close touch with an ultraleft student organization which calls itself the NLF, after the National Liberation Front of Vietnam. Although the four sailors from the *Intrepid* have cordial relations with their fellow deserters, their brand of radicalism, inchoate and half-formed as it may be, is quite a different thing from that of NLF.

Craig Anderson spoke for all four when he told the Swedish Broadcasting Company that he and his friends rejected both the American and Soviet systems and all other systems "based on war."

"What we believe in," he said, "is reconciliation. We believe that what's poisoning the world now is ignorance. The force of ignorance is still so strong that man isn't ready to live in the technological society he's built for himself. The only thing worth doing is to try and work the ignorance out of both sides."

Bailey, who speaks occasionally of visiting India, has been reading Spofford Sibley's book *The Quiet Battle*, a work on the power of nonviolence. The book was given him by a Swedish pacifist family with whom he stayed on his arrival, and he intends now to read as much as he can on the application of "positive nonviolence" to social concerns. His desertion as well as that of his friends was a moral act, he says, not a political one.

The pacifist attitude, to which each of the "Intrepid Four" subscribes — perhaps an echo of the so-called "love revolution" among college-aged youth in America — is their principal expressed motivation. The answer, as in Bob Dylan's song, is blowing in the wind.

If they have not reasoned out the implications of this dream, they have yet held to it in the course of their wanderings with considerable strong-mindedness. Undoubtedly, they could have assured themselves a more cordial reception in Moscow and among the young revolutionaries of Stockholm

if they had professed militancy of a less idealistic sort.

All four agree that the war is not over for them; they intend to engage what they conceive as the forces of war in their own way. They talk about the possibility of a "supermovement," but they were disappointed by the small response they received from pacifists in the States.

Life in Stockholm is not unpleasant for twenty-year-olds. The loveliness and liberality of Swedish girls are well known (although Mike Lindner says that he and his friends haven't formed any close feminine attachments yet. "They took us around to a lot of parties, and we were kind of a curiosity. We have to wait until things settle to get anything human going"). In the streets of the Old City, there are discotheques and poster shops displaying the latest groove from San Francisco. Stockholm has hookahs and mandalas and hash. (The Animals were in town while I was there; Jimi Hendrix was due.)

Eric Hammerquist, headmaster of the Jakobsberg Folk School, expects them to do well. "They will be very busy here," he says. "If they learn the language sufficiently they may be in a position to go on to a university. They are quite intelligent."

A quietly jovial man, the very image of a Northern scholar, Hammerquist makes no secret of his delight in giving aid and comfort to opponents of the Vietnam War. "I think we may advertise abroad," he says dryly. "Special Summer Courses for American deserters. We may pose our prettiest girls in posters that say 'I Want You,' like Uncle Sam."

But exile, after all, must be lived by the day. What about the price, one asks, the forsaking of home, of parents?

They speak soberly about their families and about the hopelessness of making them understand. There is no rancor in what they say, only regret. They take comfort in a letter written them by an American pacifist woman who told them that it is the turn of their generation to provide answers.

Anderson, Bailey, and Lindner have all had mail from home — it expressed, for the most part, anxiety and incomprehension.

John Barilla has not heard a word from his parents since the day he went over the hill.

They express no regret over the loss of America.

Anderson says he misses San Francisco sometimes — "that's it."

Dick Bailey tells of hearing a record of Frank Sinatra's, "Strangers in the Night," in a restaurant; it made him miss nights in Florida, he says. "But then you think of the States and how everything is supposed to be that great and then you think — what? What is there really? Shit, the rewards aren't that great."

I saw the "Intrepid Four" for the last time at a party attended by students and faculty of the Folk School. It was, as they say, a wild scene — the students, a mixed bag of radicals, sociologists, and delinquents, were reacting to their beer in the customary Swedish fashion. The Rolling Stones were on the machine, there was dancing, a roaring fire against the subzero cold outside; the girls were gorgeous.

The sailors had skillfully separated girls from the general doings and were holding a semiprivate gathering of their own in Anderson and Barilla's living quarters.

They were using a drinking glass as an ashtray because the student in the room adjoining theirs

had broken their ashtray earlier to prove a revolutionary point. A dedicated revolutionary, their neighbor had also broken the huge windows of the United States Embassy during an anti-war demonstration.

"He wanted to know what our position was," Barilla told me. "He doesn't pick up on non-violence. I told him — all right, I'm a nihilist. He said, OK, if you're a nihilist then I can do anything I like. So he stepped on the ashtray."

Barilla smiled warily. "We'll do it our way, if we can," he said. "We didn't change the world by what we did, but it was a nonviolent act. It accomplished something. I mean, we don't pretend to know all the answers."

THE PRINCE MOURNS HIS LOVE

BY JOHN L'HEUREUX

Kissing the dragon good-night
three years ago, I was amused
to note it turned into a Princess.

Come alive, I sang, you're
in the Pepsi Generation. She
was annoyed. A hundred years

in scales does the disposition
little good. She wanted not a song
but love. Love of a true Prince

had made her once again a Princess;
she maintained, and she was right.
I loved her. But I loved her

as the dragon she had been. I
was amused: the transformation
seemed unlikely to persist.

She raged. It made her mad
I loved the Princess less than
the enchanted dragon. She wished

the dragon's death. Because
she was again a true Princess,
she had her wish. The dragon died.

Days spun by upon her flaxen wheel
while she wept because I loved her
for her truest self. Three times

from violets to varnished leaves,
three times the disenchantment
of her humbled generation. Come

alive no more. The brass green
fire of her furious eyes grew dim.
She died upon my kiss in disbelief.

SOREL'S UNFAMILIAR QUOTATIONS



My country white or wrong.



Speak softly and carry a big clique.



Klanliness is next to godliness.



They also serve who only wait to stand.



PAX by Christopher Logue

R_{AT}
pearl,
onion,
honey:
these colors came before the sun
lifted above the ocean
bringing light
alike to mortals and immortals.

And through this falling brightness
through the by now
mosque,
eucalyptus,
utter blue,
came Thetis,
gliding across the azimuth,
with armor the color of moonlight laid on Her forearms,
palms upturned toward the sun,
hovering above the fleet,
Her skyish face toward her son,

Achilles,
gripping the body of Patroklos naked and dead against his own,
weeping terribly,
while Thetis spoke:
“Son . . .”
The soldiers looking on;
looking away from it; remembering their own:
“Grieving will not change what Heaven has done.
Suppose you throw your hate after Patroklos’ soul,
Who besides Troy will be the gainers?
See what I’ve brought.”

And as she laid the moonlit armor on the sand
it chimed;

and the sounds that came from it,
followed the light that came from it,
like sighing,

saying,
Made In Heaven.

And those who had the neck to watch Achilles weep
could not look now. Nobody looked. They were afraid.

Except Achilles. Looked,
lifted a piece of it between his hands; turned it;
tested the weight of it; then,
spun the holy tungsten like a star between his knees,
slitting his eyes against the flare, some said,
but others thought the hatred shuttered by his lids,
made him protect the metal.

His eyes like furnace doors ajar.

When he had got its weight
and let its industry console his grief a bit,
“I’ll fight”
he said. Simple as that. “I’ll fight.”

And so Troy fell.

“But while I fight what will become of this” —
Patroklos — “Mother?

“Inside an hour a thousand slimy things will burrow.
And if the fight drags on his flesh will swarm like water boiling.”

And She:
“Son, while you fight
Nothing shall taint him,
Sun will not touch him,
Nor the slimy things.”

Promising this she slid
rare ickors in the seven born openings of Patroklos’ head,
making his carrion radiant.
And her Achilles went to make amends,
walking alone beside the broken lace that hung
over the sea’s green fist.

The sea that is always counting.

*Ever since men began in time, time and
Time again they met in parliaments,*

*Where, in due turn, letting the next man speak,
With mouthfuls of soft air they tried to stop
Themselves from ravening their talking throats;
Hoping enunciated airs would fall
With verisimilitude in different minds,
And bring some concord to those minds, soft air
Between the hatred dying animals
Monotonously bear toward themselves,
Only soft air to underwrite the in-
Built violence of being and meld it to
Something more civil, rarer than true forgiveness.
No work was lovelier in history;
And nothing failed so often: knowing this
The Army came to hear Achilles say:
"Pax, Agamemnon." And Agamemnon's "Pax."*

Now I must ask you to concede reality,
to be a momentary bird above those men
and to watch their filings gather round
the rumor of a conference until
magnetic grapevines bind them close.

From a low angle the Army looks oval, whitish centered,
split at one end, prized slightly open, and,
opposite to the opening, Achilles
(whom they had come to hear) with hard-faced veterans
on either side, lance-butts struck down,
and here and there a flag. Even the chariot mechanics,
cooks, priests, helmsmen, heralds, and whores came up
to hear the Lords say pax.

And as men will, they came, the limping Kings;
Odysseus first, chatting to Diomedes, into the ring,
sitting them down; and after them, a trifle slow
but coming all the same, doomed Agamemnon,
King of Kings, his elbow gummed with blood,
walking as if he'd got five legs,
and sitting — rather wearily — beside Odysseus.

The ring is shut. Enormous quiet.
King Agamemnon and Achilles face each other
as different as polygon and circle.

Somebody coughs.

ACHILLES: "King,
I have been a fool.
The arid bliss self-righteousness provokes
addled my heart."
Odysseus nods.

“Remembering how I took her City,
and how its women offered me their bodies,
like simple creatures looking for a passage to the sea,
it would have been much better for us both
if Artemis had pinned her to the gates.
And as their mouths filled up with dust
doubtless the Greeks who died for our black amnesty
remembered me re-creating my exalted grudge each morning.

Yet I’m a man; I like my own.
And if another man — my King, what’s more —
takes what is mine and lets the Army know it,
what are they both to do?

Kings can admit so little.
Kings know, what damages their principality endangers everyone.

If he is inconsiderate,
he is the King; if greedy, greedy King;
aoi! . . . if at noon the King says: *It is night*,
behold, the stars!

What if he damages the man on whom his principality depends?
He’s still the King. His war goes on. The man must give.

But if the man in question cannot give
because the god in him that makes the King his chief dependent
is part and parcel of the god that cries revenge when he is wronged —
what happens then?

Stamp on my foot, my heart is stunned;
I cannot help it; it is stunned; it rankles —
here,” touching his chest.

“I am not angry anymore.
My heart is broken. Done is done, it says.
And yet the pain can only mask my rancor.
So let pride serve.

When all is said and done — I am Achilles.”

And the Army love their darling,
and they cry
“Achil! Achil! Achil!”
louder than any counting sea,
and sentries on the eastern walls of Troy
sweat by their spears.

King Agamemnon waits

And waits

Then,

AGAMEMNON: “Heroes . . .
I do not think your zeal will be injured
if those who are the furthest off stand still and listen,

and those close to stop muttering among themselves.”

Bad start.

“Everyone can’t hear everything, of course.”

Gulls cry.

“However, even clear-voiced heralds,
accustomed as they are to public speaking,
can lose their audience if inattention makes them feel
they are indifferent to his message.”

Gulls.

“In fact, the things I have to say are, in a sense,
meant for Achilles’ ears alone.
But if the Army and his peers witness our settlement”
his voice gets hard “my purpose will be better served.”

“Like him, I am a man.

But I am also King. His King. Your King.

As such I have received

what most of you have not unwillingly agreed was mine:
the best part of the blame.”

He has them now.

“BUT I AM NOT TO BLAME!”

And now.

“Undoubtedly I took, unfairly, pulling rank,
the girl Achilles won.

I tell you it was not my wish.

Between my thought and action Até fell;

God’s eldest girl, contentious Até! . . . O,

soft are her footsteps but her performance keeps no day;

nor does she walk upon the ground, but drifts

into our human wishes like the sticky flecks of down

touching our lips in endless summertimes;

and with her episodes comes misery.”

“Let me remind you how God walked
across the courtyards of the sun and told his smiling cabinet:

Rejoice with me,

For unto men this day a child is born

Whose blood is royal with my eminence,

And who, all in good time, will be

A King called Hercules.

And Hera, looking at her fingers, said

We have been taken in before.

Still, if You swear that any child of Yours

Who will be born today . . .”

God swore — and Até sat between his eyes.

No sooner was the oath beyond his mythic lips

than Hera went as quick as that from Heaven to Greece

and with her right hand masked the womb

swaddling Hercules, and with her left

parted the body of another girl whose child was divine,

but only seven months gone, and held it up, and jeered

See what your oath has done!

God made the early boy his King and Hercules a serf,
and wept as men weep.

“If you will lead the Greeks, Achilles,
I will give Briseis back.
And we may be forgiven.”

The sun is smaller now.

Achilles says: “Let us fight now — *at once* — ”

“Wait” — slipping the word in like a bolt —

“marvelous boy,” Odysseus says,

“you can do what you like with us except make men fight hungry.

Well . . . you could do that too, but . . .”

turning away from him, toward the moving ranks

“Wait!

The King will keep his promise now.

Young lords will fetch his penal gifts

for everyone to see and be amazed.

Everyone knows that men who get

angry without good reason,

conciliate without free gifts.

Therefore Achilles gladly takes

everything Agamemnon gives.

And he who gives steps free of blame

even as he adopts the wrong.

God bless them both.”

And squatting by Achilles says:

“Boy — you are the best of us. Your strength is fabulous.

But in my way I know some things you don’t.

In any case, I’m old; be patient with me.

“What we have got to do is not embroidery;

for you the battle may be gold,

the men will go through it like needles,

breaking or broken, but either way emerging naked as they went.

Think of the moment when they see the usual loot,

gold, horses, women, tin, is missing from this fight —

although the usual risks are not.

They do not own the swords with which they fight,

nor the ships that brought them here;

orders are handed down in words they barely understand;

frankly, they do not care a whit who fucks soft Helen.

Ithaca’s mine; Pythia yours; but what are they defending?

They love you? Yes. They do. They also loved Patroklos;

and he is dead, they say; bury the dead, they say;

a hundred of us singing angels died for every knock

Patroklos took — so why the fuss? — that's war, they say,
who came to eat in Troy and not to prove how much
dear friends are missed.

“Certainly, they are fools.
But they are right. Fools often are. Bury the dead,
and I will help you pitch Troy in the sea.”

* * *

Cobalt in heaven,
and below it
polar blue;
the body of the air is lapis, and
where it falls
behind the soft horizon,
the light turns back to Heaven.

A soldier pisses by a chariot;
another
sweetens his ax blade on a soapy stone,
and up between the dunes
with ribbons, tambourines, and little drums,
come twelve white horses led by seven women,
Briseis in their midst,
her breasts so lovely that they envy one another;
and they pass by . . .
and after them young lords escorting
twenty ewers of bright silver, each in a polished trivet,
their shining cheeks engraved by silversmiths
with files of long-nosed soldiers on the march;
and they pass by . . .
and after them a sledge
piled with twelve lots of Asian gold,
carefully weighed, worth a small city;
and they pass by . . .
and last of all, Talbythius, Chief Herald of Greece,
guarding a sacred hog,
passed by into the center of the ring.

Yellow mist over Ida.
The hog lowers its gilded tusks.
Is still.

By Agamemnon's feet Talbythius sprinkles barley,
snips a tuft from the hog's nape,
waits until a breeze nudges it off his palm
into the fire that burns between the Army and its King.

Haze covers Ida.
Sand falls down sand.
Even the gods are listless.

And Agamemnon spreads his arms,
raises his face toward the zenith, cries:

“GOD
be my witness,
EARTH
my witness,
SUN, SKY, WATER, WIND,
be my witness.
I have not fucked
or fondled
or in any way
tampered with her
I took unjustly from Achilles.”

And drags his knife across the hog’s silk throat.

Mists over Ida.
Slaves throw the dead hog in the sea.
The Army like a thousand yellow stones.

Achilles says:
“So be it. Eat and prepare to fight.”

And took Briseis to his ship.

Under the curve the keel makes
where it sweeps upward to the colored beak,
Achilles’ troops had spread their oars along the sand
and laid six thwarts across them.
Upon this table they had stretched their winter fleeces,
amid whose stirring naps Patroklos lay,
the damaged statue of a Prince awaiting transportation.
Near it Achilles sat, Odysseus beside,
and women brought them food.
“Patroklos liked to eat,” Achilles said,
“and you cooked well, Patroklos, didn’t you?
Particularly well that summer when
the Royal cuckold, crown in hand, came visiting from Argos,
saying *wife* and *theft* and *war* and *please* and
what is this *eat* of yours, Odysseus?
Say you were telling me: He’s dead, you’re father; well . . .
I might eat a bit, troubled, it’s true, but
eat like any fool who came God knows how many mist

and danger mixed sea miles to salvage Helen.
Oh, I know you, Odysseus. You reckon
Achilles will fight better if he's fed.
Don't be so sure.
Everyone knows you tried to dodge King Agamemnon's fatal draft.
I do not care about his gifts. I do not care, Odysseus,
can't you see it? — do not *care!*
Patroklos was my life's sole love;
the only living thing that called love out of me.
At night I used to dream of how, when he came home to Greece,
he'd tell them how I died — for I must die — and showed my son
this house, for instance, or that stone beside the stream,
my long green meadows stretching out into the light,
so clear it seems to magnify. . . .”

And here Achilles falls asleep beside his dead,
Odysseus goes off as close to tears
as he will ever be,
and,
at a window of the closed stone capital,
Helen wipes the sweat from under her big breasts.
Aoi! . . . she is beautiful.

But there is something obscene about her, too.

Achilles wakes.

*Those who have slept with sorrow in their hearts
Know all too well how short but sweet
The instant of their coming-to can be;
The heart is strong, as if it never sorrowed,
The mind's dear clarity intact; and then
The vast, unhappy stone from yesterday
Rolls down these vital units to the bottom of oneself.*

Achilles saw his armor in that instant,
and its ominous radiance flooded his heart.

Bright pads with toggles crossed behind the knees,
bodice of fitted tungsten, wide, pliable straps;
a shield as round as rich and big as moons in spring;
the sword's haft parked between sheaves of gray obsidian,
from which a lucid blade ran out, leaf shaped, adorned
with running spirals.

And for his head a welded cortex, yes,
though it is noon the helmet screams against the light,
scratches the eye, so violent it can be seen
across three thousand years.

Achilles stands; stretches; turns on his heel,

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This mechanical engineer is trying to decipher the mysteries of blood circulation.

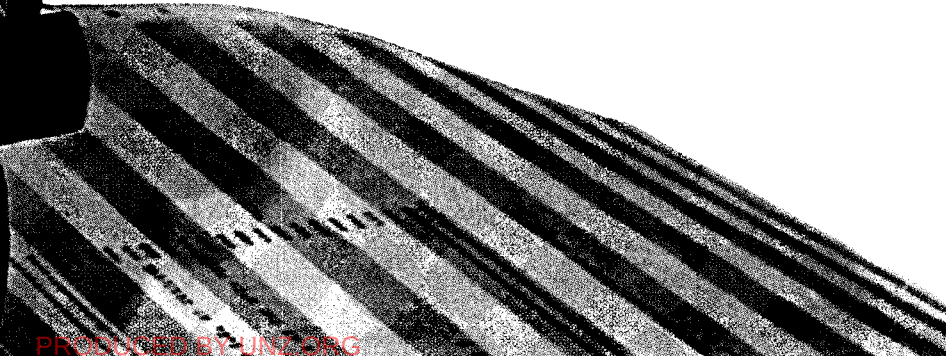
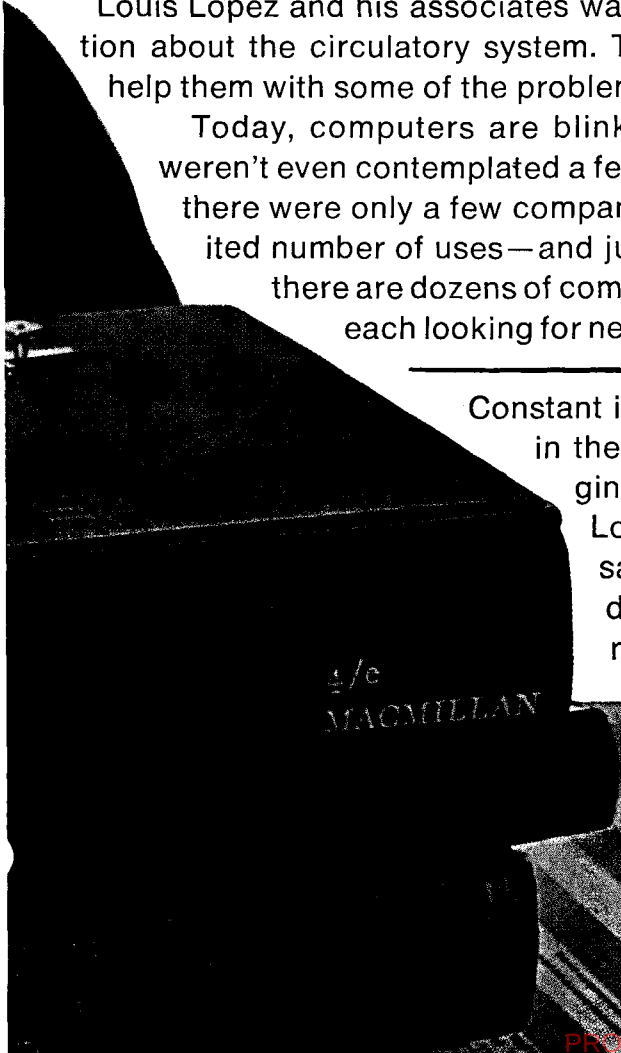
Who'd guess he's in the computer business?

"Medical research may seem an odd field for a man in the computer business," says IBM's Louis Lopez, "let alone for a mechanical engineer. But we're applying engineering techniques to a study of the bloodstream."

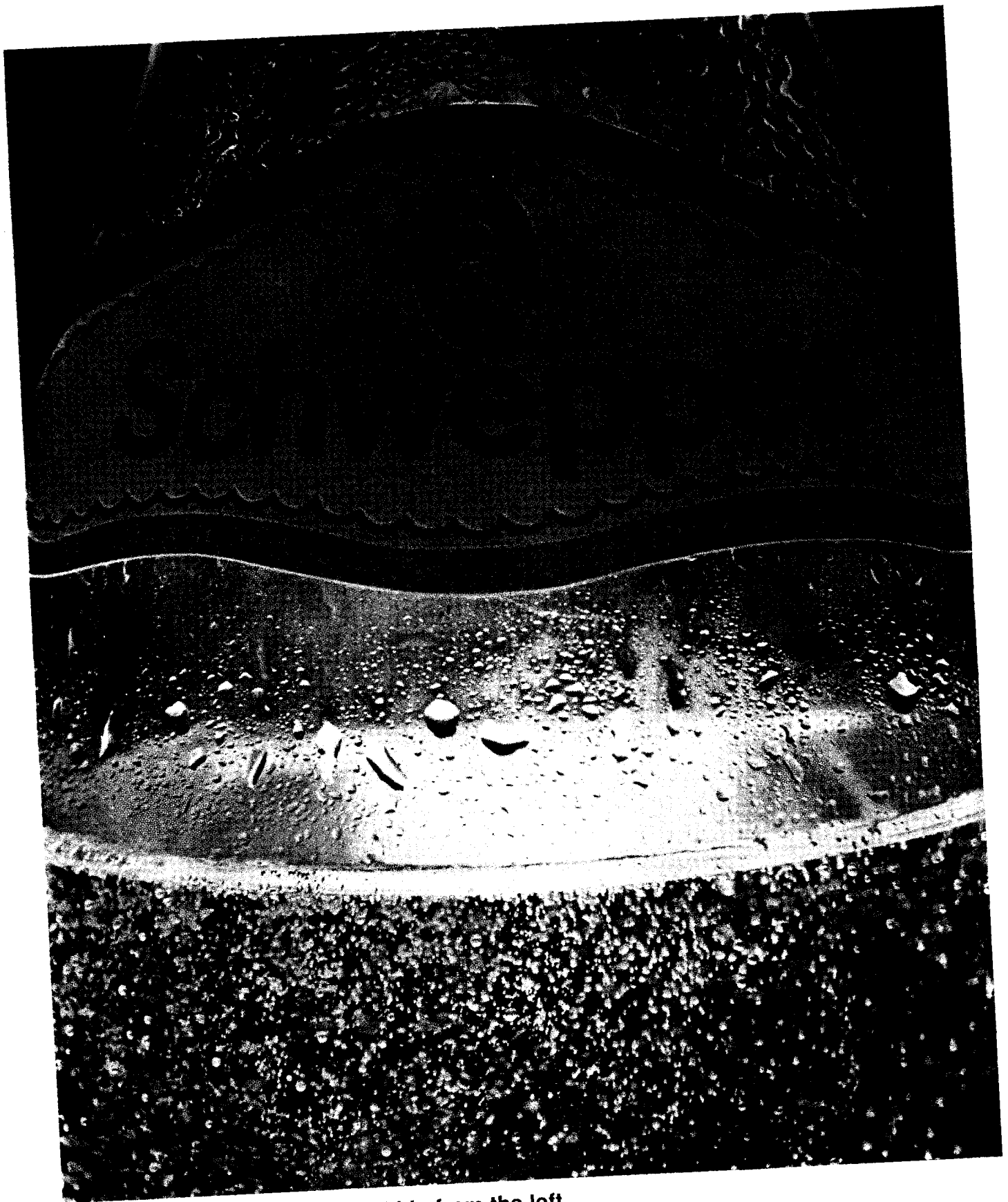
"In some aspects the human circulatory system resembles a hydraulic system. It has a pump, valves and fluid in motion. We're trying to express its mechanics in precise mathematical equations. This requires millions of calculations. Without computers, we couldn't do it."

Louis Lopez and his associates want to give doctors more information about the circulatory system. The kind of information that will help them with some of the problems of blood and heart disease.

Today, computers are blinking away on assignments that weren't even contemplated a few years ago. As recently as 1953, there were only a few companies making computers for a limited number of uses—and just a handful of customers. Now, there are dozens of competitors and thousands of users—each looking for new ways to put computers to work.

**IBM**[®]

Constant innovation has been a way of life in the computer business from its beginning less than two decades ago. Louis Lopez is typical of the thousands of men and women in the industry who continually search for new ways to use computers.



**The twelfth bubble from the left
is an excellent example of Schweppervescence.**

So is the one almost dead center. They're all rather good, actually. From the top of the bottle to the bottom. From first sip to last. Set a good example. Serve Schweppes Tonic. *Unique* taste. Curiously refreshing. In one way bottles, naturally.
Schweppes—a lively English tradition.

punches the sunlight, bends, then — jumps! . . .
and lets the world turn fractionally beneath his feet.

Noon.
In the foothills melons roll out of their green hidings.
Heat.

He walks toward the chariot.
Greece waits.

Over the wells in Troy mosquitoes hover.

Beside the chariot.
Soothing the perfect horses; watching his driver cinch,
shake out the reins, fold, lay them across the rail;
dapple and white the horses are, perfect they are,
sneezing to clear their cool black muzzles.

He mounts.

The chariot's basket dips. The whip
fires in between the horses' ears,
and as in dreams or at Cape Kennedy they rise,
slowly it seems, their chests like royals, yet,
behind them in a double plume the sand curls up
a yellow canopy,
is barely dented by their flying hooves
and wheels that barely touch the world,
and the wind slams shut behind them.

"Fast as you are," Achilles says,
"when twilight makes the armistice,
take care you don't leave me behind
as you left my Patroklos."

And as he ran the white horse turned its tall face back
and said:

"Prince,
This time we will, this time we must, but this time cannot last.
And when we leave you not for dead, but dead,
God will not call us negligent as you have done."

And Achilles, shaken, says:
"I know I will not make old bones."

And lays his scourge along their racing flanks.

Someone has left a spear stuck in the sand.

SHAME

A Story by JOYCE CAROL OATES

MUCH change here? No, not much. He had been worried about that but really there was little sign of change. Things were older, houses looked meeker, stores were crowded absurdly together along this familiar block. He felt a little perplexed, coming back here, as if he had been presented a gift he could not understand.

At one time this neighborhood had been his entire world, bounded on the north by the tire factory and its great, dangerous parking lots, and on the east by Grand Boulevard, and on the west by Lincoln Park; the southern end of the neighborhood just dwindled off into a twilight of street after street of ordinary shabby houses. Much of the neighborhood was now occupied by Negro families, but still things looked the same. He stood on the sidewalk where the bus had left him, staring with a foolish fondness at the old grocery store. Its interior looked murky as always, but detailed and promising, and "Salada Tea" on the window had the same trim white letters as always, the word "Salada" arranged in a semicircle above the word "Tea."

He seemed at first to see no people at all, only the street and the buildings. But gradually, as if awakening, he noticed crowds of schoolchildren and women with babies and men in baggy trousers, old men who were a sign of big cities: they wandered along the sidewalks to Lincoln Park, where they played cards all day long, arguing with one another in languages — Polish? Hungarian? —

no one else could understand. The schoolchildren were in a hurry and noisy. They reminded him of his classmates years ago, who had always seemed to know where they were going, who had the noise and bustle of adults. He glanced at the young women with their babies, wondering if they were the girls of his childhood now grown-up and married and, like him, committed to another life; he was a little shy before their smiles. Smiles were frequent in his life not because anyone recognized him but because he was a priest. Wearing the collar and the black suit did it, it was a complete transformation, and it pleased him because he was able to learn tenderness from the smiles of such people, and that was good. His name was Andrew Rollins, but he was called Father Rollins, and sometimes just "Father," which was a magical name. His life was a clutter of events that had somehow marked him for success in the competitive life he had chosen. This neighborhood looked untouched by complications. Time must have rushed through it, generations after generations, and yet the buildings still faced one another in that resigned, hunched way, and the thirteen-year-old girls with long swinging hair who passed giggling by him seemed the same girls he had known twenty years before.

The address he wanted was not far from the corner. After ringing the doorbell a few times, he knocked. The curtain at the door window was moved suspiciously aside, and a woman of about

forty squinted out at him. Then she opened the door quickly. "Yes, hello?" she said. She stood flat-footed in bedroom slippers, a messy, hopeful woman. "What did you want, Father?"

"Does Frank Taylor live here? I have this address . . ."

"Frank Taylor, oh, him — they moved away — I mean she moved away, his wife . . ." The woman stared at Andrew with a look of alarm and pity. She was very confused. "I'm terrible sorry to tell you this, Father, if you're a friend of his or a relative or something, but Frank is dead. I mean, he died, he had a accident, he's dead . . ."

"Dead?"

"Yes, dead. He died," she said, shaking her head.

Andrew stepped back. "But when did it happen? I hadn't heard about it . . ."

"Oh, a few months ago, I don't know, it was real terrible — the two of them like that — I'm a friend of her mother's, I mean Frank's wife, her mother. I'm a friend of her mother's, and I moved right in here when Toni — that's the wife, you know her — when she didn't want to stay here — I moved in, it was real convenient for me —"

"He's dead?"

"I'm awful sorry, Father, were you a friend of his?"

"Yes, but we were out of touch . . ."

"He was a real nice boy, I'm sorry. I just don't know what to say," she said, looking up at him as if he had to think of something, had to make things right. As a priest he was always being tossed things, even in the midst of his own private grief; burdened with clumsiness and pain he had to make right through magic words.

"I'm sorry to have troubled you," he said shakily.

"If you want Toni's address it's right down the street here . . ."

He had never met Frank's wife, and her name offended him. "Toni" was a name that made death seem cheap.

"I don't want to bother her."

"Oh, it's no bother, she'd like to talk to you. I know she'd like to talk to you, Father. It would be good for her," the woman said with a sharp downward twist of her lips, which Andrew interpreted as: the girl has stopped going to church. Or the girl is getting into trouble. "Her mother don't live up here now, and she'd be real glad if you went. I know that."

"How did Frank die?"

The question was too blunt, and he regretted

asking it. The woman, confused, muttered something about a car accident, two cars. She flinched away from that topic and latched onto the female topic, the wife, who was just down the street. And so he finally agreed to see the wife.

OUT on the sidewalk he was in the midst of a sudden gang of children. They rushed around him, on either side, and ran past and did not touch him. Their hard stamping feet and their cries mixed with the clamor in his head.

Frank had died?

Frank was his own age and had been his closest friend for many years, at a time in Andrew's life when he had needed a friend and had not understood what his life was to be. They had been friends as children and as young teen-agers, and in a way they were closer than brothers; Andrew was sure that he had loved Frank more than he would have loved any brother of his own.

Disturbed, he walked down the street. His legs felt weak. The neighborhood did not seem so familiar and friendly now. It was a great shock to him that Frank was dead. The fact that he would not see Frank but only hear of him from other people, from strangers, was a puzzling fact. He felt a surge of anger, as if he had been cheated.

He arrived at the old mustard-yellow apartment building and stood out front for a while, thinking, a tall, lean priest with a look of being lost. This apartment building was a familiar landmark; he remembered its ugly bulk from childhood. He did not want to see this wife of Frank's, this widow — he had never met her, knew nothing about her — but he had to go in, for he never let himself off easily. He climbed up the three flights of stairs, sensing how fatally he was being drawn back to this neighborhood, back to the smells and noises and faces he had left behind.

The door was opened quickly upon his knock, and a woman stared out at him, not speaking. He said, "I was a friend of Frank's. Your husband?"

Despite the gentleness of his voice the woman looked frightened. A blast of music behind her must have confused her thoughts. She said finally, "You heard what happened?"

"I was just told that he had died. Just now."

"You want to come in?"

She was thin and banally pretty; her voice had no depth to it but sounded like another voice from the radio. She stood aside awkwardly and he entered, prepared for the cramped living room and its bargain-basement furniture, the quilt fixed primly over the back of the sofa, the remnant rugs in doorways to protect the ugly brown rug be-

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neath. Familiar, familiar. Andrew felt absurdly sorry for both himself and this woman.

"So you were Frank's friend? You're Andrew?" she said nervously. "He talked about you a lot, he liked you." She paused and shot a shy, inquisitive look at him. "What kind of priest are you? — I can't remember."

"A Jesuit. I teach in Chicago."

"Yeah, what do you teach?"

"History."

She sucked her lower lip and considered this. She was a daughter of this neighborhood, from her painted nails to her plucked eyebrows and the long smooth naked expanse of her legs beneath a house dress, but this hesitation belonged to a new generation; she read the newspapers, she had opinions. "Yeah, do you like that?"

"Very much."

Her eyebrows rose in an expression of agreement. She was a rather tall woman. Andrew himself felt ungainly and coarse and suddenly dirty. His hands felt dirty; perhaps he had touched the railing outside. "Would you like to sit down or something?" she said. She was probably as tall as Frank had been. Her hair was a bright chestnut color, puffed up on the crown of her head so that she looked even taller than she was. She looked as if she had half-prepared to go somewhere, doing her face and her hair and then losing interest, slipping into a shapeless dress, slipping into worn-out shoes. She said shyly, "I'm sorry it's so messy in here . . ."

With a gesture of his hand he dispelled the clutter. He smiled and sat, and the girl wavered above him. She said, "Would you like some coffee or something? Or maybe some beer? What time is it?"

"About five thirty."

"Well — would you like anything?"

"Thank you, no. I won't be staying long."

She hadn't the shrewdness to disguise her relief at these words. She sat facing him on a footstool, the sort of odd piece of furniture Andrew remembered as a *hassock* — how strange that such things had disappeared forever from his life! In the living room of his parents' tiny home and in the homes of his friends' parents there had been big squat shiny hassocks, usually red, often ripped, and they were a symbol of something but he had no idea what. He wanted to laugh. This hassock was a gay orange-brown.

He did not laugh, but a pain shot up into his head. He said apologetically, "I wouldn't mind a glass of water."

She jumped up, eager to serve him. He was accustomed to this mechanical jumping-up and running-out from women. Service like that was a way of not quite seeing him, as a priest, not listening

to him or dealing with him; he supposed that he understood. The sight of a clerical collar had often disheartened him, himself. The girl went to the kitchen, and in his range of vision, selected an especially clean glass from the cupboard and let the water run to get cold and filled the glass and returned to him, like a handmaiden. She had a very light, lithe step, probably exaggerated.

"I sometimes get headaches when I travel. I carry a few aspirin," he said, explaining as he took out a small folded tissue and opened it and finished off three aspirins. The girl watched seriously. "Thank you," he said, returning the glass.

She set the glass absentmindedly on a coffee table between them. Andrew wanted to protest that it would stain the table, thinking of the expensive furniture at his seminary. He did not want to look at the table to see if there were other stains on it, and he did not want to look at the girl's rather distraught face. The jazzy music rose from the other room, and he thought wildly that he had to get out of this place.

The girl jumped up. "I better turn that off, that's just junk," she said, explaining, and she snapped off the radio. He could see the radio above the sink — red plastic. It occupied a position of importance in the kitchen. The girl returned to him again, and his eyesight weakened, the repetition of her going out, coming back unnerving him. He was not accustomed to women in such informal situations. There was something naturally jerky and alarming about women, particularly this kind of woman; his college students were rather different. This woman leaned over him and said, "You're sure your headache's all right? You feel all right?"

"Yes, thank you. Your name is Toni, isn't it?"

"Yes, it's kind of a silly name, I don't know where I got it from," she said, pleased and embarrassed.

Now it was too quiet between them, with the radio off. He said gently, "Your husband and I were very good friends at one time. I hope you don't mind talking about him."

"I don't know. I guess not," she said. "I talked about it an awful lot with my family and people and things like that; I mean, we talked about it, but that didn't do any good. What good does it do?" This was a long speech for her, but she spoke slowly and languidly, as if she were in a trance. Her face was rather pretty. Then she did a strange thing: she yawned. It was a small surprising yawn which she tried to hide with her hand.

"How long were you married?" Andrew said.

"Oh, three years."

"I'm afraid that Frank and I lost touch in the

last five or six years. I don't know why. I was always sorry about it."

"Oh, he showed me your letters, he saved them and was real proud of them," she said. "I've still got them. I used to read them, they were . . . interesting . . . He didn't know what to write back to you, but he liked your letters. Oh, I remember one letter," she said sadly, as if the letters of her husband's friend were the real sorrow in her life, "I remember you talking about Italy, describing some place . . ."

"Florence? The Vatican?"

"The Vatican, yes," she said, repeating the word exactly as he had given it, blinking, "that was very interesting, it was like we were there ourselves. But didn't everybody there speak Italian?"

"Some speak English."

"They do, why?"

Andrew smiled a quick, annoyed smile. "Languages are important to Europeans; they study many languages."

She nodded, but her expression showed that he had not answered her question. "Well, it was a vivid letter. It was vivid. It was nice to read a letter like that, from a priest and everything. I told Frank he should write you back, but he was afraid you'd laugh at his spelling or something. He thought a lot of you."

"Do you go over to the cathedral, or where?"

This was a priestly shaft, and he used it deliberately, innocently. The girl said, a little nervously, "Sometimes I go to the cathedral, yes. But you know it isn't safe there anymore — a woman was attacked at the six-thirty Mass last week, on her way to it. What do you think of that?"

"I'm sorry to hear about it."

"The priest himself says we should be careful. Someone else, a Negro, was stabbed not around church but a few blocks away. It's terrible to be alone down here."

She had an ordinary doll-like face, and most of her lipstick had worn off. But this pronouncement was almost tragic; Andrew frowned and wondered when he would begin to pity her. He said softly, "Are you all alone here now?"

"Well, yeah, my family went back to West Virginia. They got fed up here."

"Oh, you're from West Virginia?"

"Sort of. I was born there. But I'm really from right here; I mean, I'm not a hillbilly."

"Where did you meet Frank?"

"I don't know, at a dance. A blind date or something."

"Was he in the Navy then?"

"Oh, no," she said, shaking her head emphatically to set him right. "No, he was out of that for a long time. He was twenty-nine when he got married, that's pretty old for a man."

He felt that she had somehow accused him of being old and unmarried; he was Frank's exact age. But the girl was looking blankly down at her ballerina-type shoes, flat black shoes with pointed toes and worn-down heels. How like the girls of his childhood! The same wistful plucked look, the same thin, sloping shoulders which were carried without grace and yet without any clumsiness, the way a bird hops from one branch to another.

"I'd be real pleased if you stayed for supper. It's stew that I got on the stove; there's enough for you," she said suddenly.

"I really should be leaving."

"Are you visiting your parents here?"

"No, my parents are dead." He paused. "They did live here, though, a few blocks away. But I should be leaving anyway . . ."

"But I wanted to ask you something . . ."

"Please ask me anything. It's just that I don't want to bother you, and you probably have something to do . . ."

"You're not bothering me," she said in a faintly accusing voice, as if he had said something preposterous. She moved the toe of one foot in a little circle on the rug. "It's sort of funny that you and Frank were friends; I mean, you're sort of different."

"What do you mean?"

"Oh, he quit school and everything, he didn't like books . . ."

"He shouldn't have quit school."

"That's what his mother said. She told me that," the girl said quickly. Between them the image of Frank seemed to rise, a muscular, dark, blunt-jawed man of about five feet eight, sometimes suspicious, sometimes quick to smile . . . "She always said she tried to talk him out of it, but I don't believe that. Was that the truth?"

"I think his parents wanted him to quit. They wanted him to work."

"Ah. Sure," the girl said, nodding.

"He didn't like reading, but he liked math. He was good at math."

"Was he?"

"Yes."

She stared at him. Her face was so young and thin that he was distressed, seeing that look upon it. "You think he could have done better than he did? I mean, you think he was smart enough?"

"Yes. I do."

He wondered how old she was. He had been wrong in dismissing her as an ordinary girl; she was solemn, dazed, pathetic, and only the cheapness of her plucked eyebrows and dress was ordinary. Her sorrow was not ordinary.

"I should have given you notice before coming here," Andrew said. "I don't want to make you unhappy."

"Oh, no! Please, no, it's just wonderful that you came," she said, staring at him. A minute passed in silence. He was afraid that she would cry and that her tears, unlike those of other women who cried in his presence, would be inexhaustible. "You sure you don't want to stay to supper? I got this stew all ready; I start it on Monday and have it every other day . . ."

"But I don't want to inconvenience you."

"No, please stay. It's no inconvenience."

So he agreed and had to wince as she jumped up again, set for the kitchen. She said breathlessly, "I have to make biscuits. I have to set the oven."

SHE talked to him from the tiny kitchen as if anxious to let him know what she was up to, anxious lest he might sneak out. He glanced around the living room. The coffee table had a formica top and of course could not be stained; there was no question of damaging it. The same was true of the other furniture, which was made of synthetic materials — an easy chair, the sofa on which he sat, the hassock, a table, a few lamps — all of it anonymous and sad. There was no hint of any man having lived here, and he realized suddenly that Frank had never lived here. He felt a vague curiosity about the rest of the apartment.

"Why did you move here?" he said.

She came back into the living room, at his service. "After the accident I didn't want to stay in the other place. It cost too much. And anyway you know our boy was killed too —"

"No, what? What boy?"

"Our boy. Our boy was killed with him, in the car. They were both killed together," she said in a flat, embarrassed voice. "His name was Robert, Robin. Sometimes we called him Robin. On the birth certificate it was Robert, of course. He was two. They were both killed in the crash; I thought you knew that."

"I didn't know you had a son."

"Oh, yes, a son, that was Robert," she said vaguely, as if listening for something behind her, "and so . . . so I didn't want to stay there, so I moved over here where a girl friend of mine is . . . We both work downtown."

"Oh, do you work?" he said. He was trembling. For her sake he wanted to get this conversation going in another direction. What sorrow this girl had had to bear! He felt like a coward, he felt shame for himself, his achievement and his security and his adulthood — it was shameful that he sit here so divorced from her, unable to take any of her suffering onto himself. The girl smiled slowly. "Yes, I like to work. It's in Millicent's, a women's store. I always liked to work . . ."

"I'm glad you like to work . . ."

"Let me get something; I almost forgot," she muttered, and turned. He sat there with a foolish strained look, waiting for her to return. When she did return carrying two glasses and a bottle of wine, he felt immense relief.

"I bought this yesterday, isn't that lucky? Do you like this kind of wine?"

She showed him the label and it, too, was familiar. Now he never drank anything so cheap. But he smiled with a sincere delight and said, "That's wonderful, thank you," and she poured them both some wine with a self-conscious, elegant movement. They drank. The girl stared down at her long, angular foot and moved uncomfortably. "It's just a regular stew, nothing special," she said.

"It smells good."

"Does it?"

She looked at him quickly and critically. It was a meaningless look. The girl seemed to be listening to another conversation, or perhaps to sounds or utterances that were beneath hearing, and her talk with him was a surface affair that sometimes distracted her. She said in her rather sleepy, sad voice, "I like this apartment because it has a side porch. Just a little porch, and I can stand out there and let my hair dry or anything. It's funny that Frank never saw it, because now it's a place I go all the time and stand there and, you know, think about things . . . Off to the side there's a bird's nest on the railing, with some eggs in it. I didn't want to scare the mother bird away but for two days she's been gone; I felt sort of bad about that . . ."

"That's nice, I mean about the porch."

"It is nice," she said, nodding. Her eyes were large. There were slight hollows about them, and he wondered again how old she was — twenty-six? — because there was something tired and ageless and familiar about her, even the slope of her shoulders. He could see the faint vaccination scar on her upper arm and how familiar, also, that seemed to him . . . He drank the wine and thought of people of his childhood, packed in so closely in houses that were divided and subdivided into apartments, packed in at school, packed in at church, and he, a child of ten or eleven, distracting himself from the solemn business of the Holy Mass by staring at the uncovered upper arm of a girl, in warm weather, at the faint white vaccination scars that were like symbols of a secret he could not understand and did not want to understand; something frightening and treacherous.

The girl was speaking. She sounded sleepy, as if the wine had rushed to her head. "It's funny how the birds do that, I mean, they fly south and then they fly back north, and they never make a mistake. Did you ever think about that?"

"Yes."

"And they can't help it? And they make nests, like the one outside, and they can't help any of it?"

"It is strange, yes."

"I wouldn't want to be like that," she said seriously.

"But it's the same thing that makes them live."

"What is?"

He didn't want to get tangled in any foolish conversation, but it was impossible to back out. So he said, as if speaking to an especially slow student, "I mean that the principle that makes them migrate also makes them live — it's the same principle, the life force itself. It's all the same instinct."

She stared at him, and he seemed to hear, replayed, his own words in her brain.

"What I wanted least of all was to upset you," he said. With the bottle of wine safely between them he felt more at ease; perhaps he could handle a more personal and yet more impersonal attack. "But it was a great shock to hear of Frank's death, and a woman down the street —"

"Oh, Thelma," the girl said flatly, as if she didn't think much of Thelma.

"She said I should talk to you. I had no idea about the other — about the child."

"Yes," the girl said, finishing her glass of wine, "that was sad. That was very sad. I don't know what to say about it."

"Do you have any pictures of them?"

"No, I don't," she said arrogantly. "His mother wanted them all so she could cry over them, so I said take them, go ahead and take them, and she did. She wanted back some goddamn old dish she gave us for a wedding present. It was tarnished anyway. I gave that back and good riddance and I don't see any of them, I mean his family."

"That's too bad," Andrew said, alarmed.

"Oh, the hell with them."

"But it's too bad —"

"It was a big goddamn dish made of silver or something, with a vine in it. A design. You were supposed to put meat on it or fish, I don't know, whoever in hell uses stuff like that? I think she won it at a bingo game. I don't think she bought it with money. Or else she got it with yellow stamps. Every time she came over to see us she'd ask me about the dish, and I had to show it to her and she always said, *Why don't you polish it?* For Christ's sake, why didn't I sit around night after night while he went out bowling or whatever he did and polish that goddamn bowl! Why didn't I!" She rose unsteadily. She said, "I'll be right back."

ANDREW had the idea that she was going to get the dish to show him, but she went instead into

another room. He was glad to be alone. He poured himself more wine, making a face. It was an intolerable situation, but here he was; in an hour or two he would be free. He could bear it. And she needed someone to talk to, obviously; it was a shame for a woman like that to be alone; she was a fairly attractive woman. He heard water running in another room. It was an intimate sound, and the feeling of the apartment, now that it was twilight, was intimate and pleasant. It was strange to think that Frank knew nothing about it. Time had passed over Frank, who was as old as Andrew and yet dead, mysteriously dead. Did Frank dominate their thoughts in spite of being dead, or had they hardly thought of him at all? When the girl returned, Andrew saw that she looked prettier. Embarrassed, awkward, she stood in the doorway on thin stork's legs and said, "Nobody wants to hear me talk about him anymore, I don't blame them. It's a bore. That's why I was glad when you came, but I don't want you to feel bad or anything . . ."

She sat again and dawdled over her glass of wine. Andrew was hungry; he wondered about supper. If they ate, it would be something to do with their mouths that did not involve words. He finished his glass of wine and felt a stab of hunger.

The girl said sleepily, "You and Frank had some hobbies together, didn't you? You collected some stuff?"

"Stamps. Just cheap stamps, and seashells."

"Oh, seashells?" she said, pleased. "Where did you get them?"

He talked. His memory blossomed as the sound of the sea blossoms magically in a shell, and he recalled for her the gritty November days and the dark afternoons after school and the hopeless Saturday mornings, when for him even to go outside was a risk — no use explaining that to his parents — and he and Frank would spend hours with their collections and their spiritless rehearsals of what revenge they would get upon the older boys who bothered them. It was an amazing fact that they had been struck and tripped and chased for years, and now he, Father Rollins, sat and discussed it all objectively, fairly, and his colleague in such shame was dead, and it was all over, the terrible arena of their boyhood through which they had passed and which, itself, had not changed. Did its horrors exist for other boys, still? The exhaust and smoke of the great city were heavier than ever, heavy like the clouds that drifted languidly across the sky from the great lakes, clouds that looked as if they must reek with filth. Very strange.

"I was very fortunate to survive this neighborhood," he said solemnly.

"Tell me more about it, you and him. In high school," she said. She leaned toward him greedily, her large eyes fixed and commanding. And so

he talked. He talked about things he had not thought of for years, things he had nearly forgotten. Then he said, breaking off, "You know, it's strange that Frank was never here, in this apartment."

"Yes, I think about that too."

"Do you have any plans for the future?"

"What plans?"

She gazed at him blankly. He could not decide whether she was stupid, or only dazed from her grief. What if Frank were watching them through the window, listening? What if Frank somehow wanted to return but could not, just as he, Andrew, sometimes wanted to wake from nightmares but could not, although he understood he was sleeping and needed only to wake himself in order to be free . . . ?

"No, no plans," she said.

THEY ate in the kitchen. He liked eating here; it was artless and direct. At the residence hall, of course, he ate in a large dining room with the other Jesuits, and the only artlessness was in seeming not to avoid certain boring people; they could not always be avoided. In the past he had always eaten in kitchens. He was not one of those Jesuits who came from good families; he had never disguised his background.

"It's funny," said the girl, "but I'd swear that Frank's mother wrote to you. She said she was going to."

"No. I wish she had."

"I'm pretty sure she said so." It was not clear to Andrew whether he, or the mother-in-law, was being accused. But the girl went on, "That old bitch always wanted to make trouble. She thought we had to get married, but that wasn't true. She went around telling everybody that."

"She must be a very unhappy woman."

"Yes, unhappy, she's a miserable bitch. That's true," the girl said, agreeably. She ate thoughtfully, but Andrew ate quickly. He hadn't remembered to have lunch. Distrustful of his appetite, of most physical demands, he often forgot to eat and then the power of hunger was terrible in him, a kind of revenge for his having ignored it. It was very strange. He felt both heavy and light-headed, from the shock of Frank's death, from the wine; heavy from the meal and the relentless conversation and light-headed from the occasional bursts of absurdity in their talk — the girl's offhand reference to Frank's mother — and the two sensations, heavy and light, passed back and forth dizzily in his mind. The stew was good. It was thick with potatoes and carrots and the meat was scant, but of course meat was expensive, and where did this girl get money? She worked at a poor-paying

job. It was evil of him to take food from her, mouthful after mouthful, and yet his hunger was prodigious.

"It's awful when somebody dies," she said, laying down her fork, "it's like it was torn out of you — you know — like a bandage ripped off with the skin in it — something like that —"

For an instant he imagined Frank in the doorway, watching them.

"I'm very sorry that you're alone," he said.

"Well, I got some friends."

"You wouldn't want to join your family?"

"Back there? Hell, no. No, I don't have to go with them now."

"It's a comfort to be with somebody at certain times . . ."

"I like it here, on my own. Except for how things are, I mean how dangerous it's getting . . . I was coming back from work once, and a man followed me from the bus, a white man, he walked right after me, he had a funny look . . . it was like he was asleep and walking in his sleep . . . Oh, that was awful, that was awful," she said, and sucked in her breath and covered her eyes with her hands. Andrew stared at her. Then, after a moment, she lowered her hands again and sat dry-eyed, though faintly astonished.

It was a peculiar moment.

They went back into the living room, and she poured more wine, and he thought of how he must leave soon and how he would be leaving her alone, and how empty this apartment would seem. He spoke to comfort her and was not sure of where his words would lead: "Every one of us goes through periods of unhappiness, sometimes of depression, and the only way we get through is by holding onto some words. In order to be Catholic you must understand that: hang onto the words even when you don't believe, and then the belief will return to you. It will return."

"Was Frank a good Catholic when you knew him?" she said curiously.

"When I knew him."

"He made me turn Catholic, you know. Then he sort of forgot about it."

"He was a good Catholic then, back then," Andrew said emphatically. "We both got scholarships to the Jesuit high school across town. It was a wonderful opportunity for boys like us, and I went from the high school right into the seminary. It was terrible that Frank had to quit . . ."

"He might have got fed up with it, too. That's how I felt."

"But it was different with us. Our school. It was an excellent school. Frank should have continued . . ."

"You really think he was smart?"

"Yes, certainly."

She let her head rest against the back of the easy chair. She looked listlessly at him. "Well, I don't know. I don't know how smart he was."

"Why do you say that?" Andrew said, startled.

She made a noncommittal gesture, turning her hand idly one way in a half-circle, then turning it back. Yes, an eloquent gesture. Andrew stared at her hand and saw in it an old gesture of Frank's that had always annoyed him.

"He was smart in some ways. Some certain ways," she said. "But in other ways, I don't know." She yawned, and opened her eyes wide in a look of ingenuous sorrow. "You know, he couldn't get ahead at work, and he used to yell at the kid . . . He used to go out every night, and I went with him; I knew enough to tag along because there were some women who wouldn't mind him, I knew that, but he never figured out why I came with him. He thought it was because I loved him so much."

"But what do you mean?" Andrew said, his face suddenly warm.

"I don't know," she said groggily. She reached around and found some cigarettes on the floor by her chair. "I used to tell myself when I was a kid that people aren't much good to each other. They're really better apart, not together, like my mother and father were always fighting, and out of them being together all us kids were born . . . what's the point of it?"

"Haven't you ever experienced any happiness in your life?"

"What?" she said. He felt a strange panic. His knees were weak. The girl watched him levelly and said, "You said that when you're unhappy or something you keep yourself going by some words. Why do you do that?"

"We have to keep ourselves going."

"But you're a priest, you believe all sorts of things. You don't have to worry about things, or work."

He laughed. "I teach school. It took me five years to get my Ph.D."

"Yes, I mean, but . . . but it isn't the same because you can't fail and can't fall out, the way Frank did; you know he fell out of things and could never get ahead, he was sort of a bum . . ." Seeing Andrew's look of alarm, she said quickly, "Oh, he was a nice guy, I know that, but he couldn't catch onto things the way you do, a man like you, you know how to talk and be polite, but he didn't. And a priest has things he doesn't have to think about, that he believes."

"Priests certainly think about their religion. Of all people priests experience doubt."

"But does it mean anything?"

"Why wouldn't it?"

"Because you're a priest," she said sleepily, "and it's all set, you . . . you have that black suit you

wear, and I'd like something like that, something I could hide in and wouldn't have to worry; it's like a big black bird; nuns always reminded me of birds. Penguins."

Andrew laughed in surprise. "You don't have the right idea. It isn't unbelievers who doubt, but believers. It's believers who doubt."

"I never doubt anything. I know how things are," the girl said simply. "But when I was Catholic I worried about things, yes, that's right, about sins and things. I doubted things, and then I stopped believing and didn't have any doubt left, I was free; now I know how things are and don't think about it, but it's about the same. I mean, I feel about the same. Whether you're Catholic or not doesn't make much difference."

"That's true."

He felt that his body had become quite warm and heavy. He was perspiring, nervous before the girl's relentless impersonal sorrow, which was brittle and glib as the sorrow of medieval madonnas on museum canvases. Strange girl! The dazed look of her face, the way her skin seemed stretched tight across her girlish skull, made him feel uneasy.

"Loneliness is dangerous. It's bad for you to be alone, to be lonely, because if aloneness does not lead to God, it leads to the devil. It leads to the self. Thinking too much." He spoke hypnotically. The girl exhaled a cloud of smoke. "The aim of the religious life is not to be conscious of oneself as an individual but to experience the universe, to feel its fragments unifying in us . . . That experience is God."

She frowned in thought. She balanced one foot atop the other, and the shoe of the higher foot would have fallen off, but she caught it on her toe. Her toenails were painted pink like her fingernails.

"Sometimes, when I'm very lucky, I can achieve this feeling," he said. His voice was rising with something like passion. "I wish I could explain it to you, I wish I had time . . ."

"You have time. You can stay all you want, nobody's coming over tonight."

" . . . at these times I feel that by merely looking at a person I can reconstruct his past life, or her past life, I feel that I enter into his life as a lover, someone who loves . . . and sometimes I feel that just by glancing at a photograph, in a magazine perhaps, a photograph of mountains or a foreign country . . . I somehow enter into the mystical life of that world, into its reality; I can imagine a gigantic world beyond it, its history, an entire civilization running up to that photograph which is presented to my view . . ."

She put out the cigarette and folded her arms across her stomach, staring at him. "Did you always want to be a priest?" she said.

Something seemed to have gone out of her voice.

He said, "No, I didn't. I found my vocation through the guidance of a priest at my school. There was nothing simple about it. And Frank, too, Frank might have considered —"

"Oh, the hell with Frank," she said.

He stared at her, and his heart began to pound.

"Why do you say that?"

"Look, you don't know him. Maybe you knew him once, but it wasn't the same guy I knew. Look, the reason he cracked up the car, the reason it happened was he was drunk. He was always drunk. He was a loser, and he had to take the kid out for a ride, and that's that. The hell with him."

"But why did that happen? Why did he choose that kind of life?"

"Why, why what? Who chooses what?"

"Certainly people make choices —"

"Look, where are you staying tonight?"

"At a residence in town here."

"Why are you here?"

"I'm on my way to Cleveland. I wanted to see Frank."

"After so many years?"

"I've wanted to see him often, but my time isn't my own."

"You sure his mother didn't write to you?"

"Yes, of course," he said impatiently, "of course."

She got to her feet and stretched. She was wearing a yellow dress. "I guess I have to go to bed. I have to work tomorrow," she said.

He got to his feet at once, embarrassed. "I shouldn't have stayed so long . . ."

"You want me to show you my porch? Here, it's over here."

She led him to the other room, and he followed obediently. She opened a door and stepped out on a small porch; it was just as she said. Across the way was another old apartment building, its many windows lit in the darkness, and down on the ground were uncertain shapes half in shadow and half in light. Andrew saw something move down there. "What's that?"

"Where?"

He smelled something faintly lemony about her, probably her hair. He was not thinking about her at all. It was a deliberate avoidance of thought, which he had learned as a young seminarian, and it had never failed him. She went over to one side of the little porch and felt for something and laughed.

"What's wrong?" he said.

"Nothing." She led him back to the living room, and now the way seemed clearer. Once back it was obviously time for him to leave; there would be no awkwardness about it. The girl smiled up at him, pleased. He said a few final things, she said a few things, there is no telling what people about to part can discover to talk of! — once they are safely released from each other. She went with him to

the door. Almost out, good. A few more words. He said, "I'd be very happy if you wanted to write to me, I mean, if you ever had any doubts . . ."

"But I don't have any doubts," she pointed out. She smiled, and he smiled with her. She was like a clever student who courts her teacher by insights and coquettish bursts of intellect. He stepped out into the dim corridor, she leaned in the doorway, slender and somehow pleased with something, and as he turned to leave she said, "Oh, Father, wait — here's a little present for you. It's just nothing. It's for you."

And she deposited in his palm a tiny blue egg, a robin's egg.

"But what is it?" he said, amazed.

"Oh, I don't know," she said, smiling shyly and cleverly at once, and moving back, "just something I thought of. I'm kind of crazy sometimes. I just thought of it for no reason."

He descended the stairs rapidly, his heart pounding. It was terrible not to know why his heart was pounding! Downstairs in the foyer he opened his hand again, dreading what he must see, and there the egg lay — a tiny, perfect egg, a lovely blue, a miracle achieved by some forlorn, enslaved robin. "What the hell is this?" he muttered. He closed his hand suddenly upon the egg and smashed it, and when he opened his hand again there was just a mess there, any kind of mess and not necessarily the mess of an egg. He took out his wad of tissue and cleaned it off and rolled all the tissue into a ball, and being neat, did not drop it in the foyer or out on the cluttered street, but put it back neatly into his own pocket.

POSSESSION

BY PETER DAVISON

Inside me lives someone who writes poems,
Someone who has no words but from time to time
Borrows my words, whirls them through the dance
Of his purposes, then returns them.

My only evidence for his existence
Comes when I find poems upon my desk
Ready for me to revise.

When did this happen?

Though I have never known who scribbled them
In secret, still I know my job.
I find them ready and waiting, I take over.
Possession they say is nine points in the poem.

TWO CENTS AND MORE

Advice to the Secretary of Defense

THE awesome growth of the American defense establishment into the most powerful in history has left Americans with much to ponder, not only about the effectiveness of arms but also about their ineffectiveness. Have we really found a way to manage the defense complex so that it serves society?

In January, after the man widely considered to have been the most impressive of eight Secretaries of Defense announced that he would leave the job, the *Atlantic* invited several connoisseurs, appraisers, and critics of American defense policy to "advise" Robert McNamara's successor — whoever he was to be — on important aspects of defense policies and problems. Each was encouraged to focus briefly on that question he considered to be most vital or pressing. Now, in a gratuitous offering to the new Secretary of Defense, Clark M. Clifford, we present some of the responses. One of those who declined the invitation for reasons of time nonetheless offered an aside that deserves repeating. Wrote the respected Indiana industrialist J. Irwin Miller: "A small question, which is not original with me but which you and your editors might want to ask, is: Given the possibility of more situations like Vietnam, how do we help defend a small nation without destroying it in the process? This is a subject worth some research by the defense establishment."

Another man of wisdom and direct experience in defense and national security affairs wrote (as the Tet offensive was taking heavy toll of official

optimism) the irreverent suggestion that the new Secretary should "tie a thousand-ton bomb around his neck, embrace the President firmly, and jump off Key Bridge." One of the most thoughtful critics of the Vietnam War in the U.S. Senate recommended "the power of prayer."

Six men responded at length, mostly with observations a Pentagon computer would not program. For example, the oldest among them is the most hopeful. He is FERDINAND EBERSTADT, investment banker, vice chairman of the War Production Board during World War II, a confidant from college days of the first Secretary of Defense, James V. Forrestal. In 1945 Forrestal asked Eberstadt to prepare a report on the advisability of unifying the Departments of the Army and the Navy; the Eberstadt Report became the working paper for the creation of the Defense Department.

JOSEPH KRAFT has covered the Pentagon as a reporter and columnist. In 1962 he published a book about the Kennedy Administration's European policies, *The Grand Design*.

GAR ALPEROVITZ, a fellow at Harvard's Institute of Politics, is the author of *Atomic Diplomacy: Hiroshima and Potsdam*, published in 1965. He is at work on a book about the effect of the war in Vietnam on American politics.

TWO of GENERAL ANDRÉ BEAUFRE's books, *NATO & Europe* and *Deterrence and Strategy*, were recently published in this country. He was a French commander in the Indochinese war.

ADAM YARMOLINSKY was Special Assistant to the

Secretary of Defense, 1961–1964, and Deputy Assistant Secretary of Defense for International Security Affairs, 1964–1965. A professor at the Harvard Law School, he is directing a Twentieth Century Fund study of the impact of the military establishment on American society.

PAUL GOODMAN has written extensively about the social and economic consequences of American military and foreign policies in *People or Personnel* and *Like a Conquered Province*. His other books include *Growing Up Absurd* and *The Empire City*.

— *The Editor*

THE FAILURE OF FORCE

by *Ferdinand Eberstadt*

While my active participation in defense policy dates back a good many years, my interest in it has not diminished. Discussion of defense matters in conventional terms seems to me to have become irrelevant and possibly fruitless. The huge changes that have taken place in the world, particularly in trade, communications, and travel, have resulted in a better-informed world opinion becoming a greater force than it has ever been, so that now it is unlikely that any nation's foreign policy can long continue to run counter to world opinion. Vietnam and, perhaps to a lesser degree, the Near East situation have taught us that basic differences between nations are no longer to be finally settled by explosives or dollars. World opinion seems now to desire, and approve, only such adjustments of these problems as are made on a new and firmer basis — on the basis of morality and justice.

Perhaps the most significant aspect of our Vietnam involvement is that the world's most powerful and wealthy nation has been unable through explosives or dollars to subdue a small and comparatively feeble nation. Undoubtedly through the use of our full military power, including the ultimate weapons, we could devastate North Vietnam, but we are not going to do so. And why? Can it be that a new force for peace is emerging, intangible yet strong enough to stay the hand of the mightiest nation? Perhaps an expansion of "a decent respect for the opinion of mankind"? If so, this fact, while of tremendous importance, has thus far received little or no attention — or even recognition — from statesmen or political philosophers. I submit that in present circumstances no nation — not even the greatest nation — can guide its foreign policy on the basis of "world opinion be damned" any more than a modern corporation can conduct its business on the basis of "the public be damned."

Vietnam is a trial canter in the race between salvation and destruction. The means of force and

destruction are visible and in existence; the road to salvation lies along the lines of fairness and justice. Still unclear is which alternative we will finally resort to. Time for election is running short.

I do not intend to imply that experienced and practical people expect an early utopia, nirvana, or heaven on earth, but I do think that such people realize that unless serious problems between nations are settled on a basis of fairness and justice, the final solutions will be by atomic and hydrogen bombs. To say that this would be madness is true, but that is no guarantee against its occurrence.

AFTER McNAMARA

by *Joseph Kraft*

Vietnam has dulled the luster of the McNamara revolution at the Pentagon. But does the war argue a return to a simpler and less ambitious scheme for ordering this country's defense arrangements? Or is the lesson instead that the McNamara approach must be democratized to encompass all the foreign operations of the United States government, including particularly the armed services?

The pre-McNamara approach rested on mobilizing overwhelming force behind clear-cut and well-demarked American commitments: the doctrine of "massive retaliation" and the diplomacy of "brinkmanship." Because the amount of force threatened or applied was not supposed to be congruent with the issue immediately at stake, weapons choices and general military posture could be left, within crude budgetary limits, to higgling and haggling among the different services and their clients in the Congress and the private sector of the economy.

By no mere chance, that system was proof against a slow, invisible entanglement. Indeed when the possibility of direct American engagement in Vietnam first came up after Dienbienphu in 1954, two checks asserted themselves. For one thing, the Army, improperly equipped for such a venture, was opposed. More important, given a clear choice, political leaders in the Congress and the White House shied away from a major ground war in Asia.

But the pre-McNamara system had its own share of idiocies. Nuclear war was threatened over Quemoy and Matsu. When the American lead seemed imperiled by Sputnik, this country felt obliged to promise a sharing of nuclear weapons with allied countries in Western Europe. Reliance on such weapons, moreover, combined with the relatively free hand given the services on choice of weapons, made it virtually impossible to wind down the arms race. Hence President Eisenhower's

pathetic *cri de coeur* about the "military-industrial complex."

The McNamara system tailored military posture to meet a wide variety of hostile challenges: the doctrine of "flexible response." Sophisticated forms of analysis were used by civilian experts in the Department of Defense to crack the resistance of the military services and their allies. In two major ways the system proved itself. In the Cuban missile crisis, it offered the President a way to turn back a severe challenge. In the limited-test-ban agreement, it provided an overpowering rationale, against service resistance, for a major step toward arms control.

But the system has proved particularly vulnerable to the challenge posed by Vietnam. The McNamara approach provided the rationale, the budgetary resources, and the forces which brought the country, almost without realizing it, into the midst of a major engagement. More important, the McNamara revolution, and particularly its success in the missile crisis and the test ban, fed the special hubris of the educated upper-middle class in this country — the belief in manipulated solutions, the illusion that cool managers thinking hard about hard problems could contain and control the irrational forces of violence.

As it happened, Prospero could not handle Caliban. In the atmosphere of war, power steadily reverted to the chiefs of the military services and their sympathetic allies in the Congress. In Vietnam, they carried the level of violence well beyond the McNamara prescription. In the general strategic field, moreover, they have upset the balance in a way which threatens a new arms race.

The lesson, of course, is not that simple solutions are appropriate to complicated problems. Even if it were possible, a return to the pre-McNamara approach is not desirable. Still, if complicated arrangements are required, if experience has to be replaced by analysis, the new approach cannot be something put over on the rest of the country by a handful of elite civilians working in the office of a most remarkable Secretary of Defense. The discipline of ceaselessly looking for the relationship between what is being done and overall objectives, of constantly measuring ends against means and costs against gains, needs to be generalized. It needs to be practiced, as it is now not practiced, throughout the Department of State. It needs to be practiced, as it is now not practiced, in the Central Intelligence Agency. Above all, it needs to be practiced, as it is now not practiced, by the commanders in the military establishment. The great task of the new Secretary is to convert the Joint Chiefs to the religion of the Whiz Kids.

To propagate that faith, there is perhaps first required an act of contrition. The Vietnamese war

is now being fought in their way by the military commanders and their friends in the White House and the Congress. But in a peculiar way it is not their war. The war is peculiarly the war of the Whiz Kids and their friends and supporters in the liberal, business, and academic community. It is the war of those of us who thought we could manage force, and tune violence finely. Those of us who believed these things have been wrong; and the price for a wider acceptance of an outlook and technique which remain valid is probably to step forward and take the blame.

AN END TO INTERVENTION

by Gar Alperovitz

Broadly speaking, I think two basic alternatives are open to the new Secretary of Defense: he could choose, first, to follow Mr. McNamara's example. McNamara started with apparent command. He seemed to achieve civilian control over the military. But his concept of flexible response and increased options, I believe, gave the military a new lease on power. It did so by blasting huge holes in the hold-the-line conservative theories with which President Eisenhower held back the defense budget and the military-industrial complex.

Ultimately, I think, it can be shown that his approach did not strengthen civilian control, but instead, produced a horrible fusion of McNamara theory and Parkinson's Law.

"Parknamara's Law" has, in fact, been established in Vietnam beyond question: "*The more you increase the options and guns available, the more someone will find reason to use them; the more you use the options, the more your response becomes inflexibly military; the more you become inflexibly military, the more you lose your options.*"

The alternative approach the Secretary should consider, I think, is to make some fundamental judgments about power and politics quite different from Mr. McNamara's. I would begin with judgments not about how many military options we can achieve (there is *no* theoretical limit), but at the other end of the problem: if we decide what our global policy should be first, the question of military options can be rationally appraised.

Starting with first things first leads to a realization that the most important judgment is, quite simply, that America has reached the practical (if not the theoretical) limit of its ability substantially to control revolutions abroad. A CIA move here, a small troop landing there are still feasible. But the potential costs of a Cuban invasion and the actual cost of Vietnam have proved that it is unwise to compete in serious guerrilla warfare.

The conclusion is that it would be a mistake to advise intervention anymore. We should recognize with De Gaulle that it is nonsense to believe revolutions must be a threat. French policy in Algeria suggests that in practice, despite their rhetoric, the revolutionaries have little desire to be controlled by "international Communism."

If we start by agreeing not to inhibit revolutions, we may find a number of other problems solved. The debate about "options" is immediately reduced to reasonable dimensions. Moreover, once we abandon interventionism, we can cut the military establishment from its present three-million war level to perhaps one million men — especially if the long-developing détente continues to relax tensions in Europe.

(Pentagon manpower experts will also say, as even former Vice President Nixon argues, that conditions have for some time been ripe for a volunteer army and an end to the draft — even without massive manpower slashes.)

Some may still think that America, with all its power, must prepare for ever expanding nuclear threats. But in truth, after twenty-three years of atomic production, we don't — we have enough nuclear weapons to handle anything except the fantasies of the military.

This point need not be pressed. Although further acceleration of the arms race is stupid and costly, it is not of significantly greater danger than existing policy. Moreover, if we avoid intervening in revolutions, quite without trying we may see the emergence of a radical change in the international environment. This by itself would help slow the arms race.

The final judgment I would urge is that the Secretary of Defense should take steps to free U.S. policy from the powerful stranglehold of the military. The replacement of Westmoreland reminded the generals where ultimate power resides. More can be done. The tough military leaders who so frightened Arthur Schlesinger, Jr. (by his account in *A Thousand Days*), are in reality quite vulnerable to a wise Secretary of Defense willing to follow up on partial steps both Presidents Kennedy and Johnson have already taken.

After the Cuban fiasco President Kennedy made the Joint Chiefs of Staff sign specific written recommendations to use military force. President Johnson, after the uprising in Saigon in February, also made them declare in writing they thought Khesanh could be and should be defended.

From now on, they should be made to "sign on" to *every* future recommendation — in great detail. Responsibility will thereby be clearly defined. Although this may well inhibit the Joint Chiefs, it will probably not stop them. But their repeated promises that more bombings and more men would

bring victories have already begun to raise doubts about their competence.

To achieve a policy reorientation, it is probably wisest simply to play a waiting game. There may be a period of calm before the storm, but when next we make a costly and bloody error following military advice, I suggest the Secretary reveal the signed recommendations, place the blame where it belongs, and turn the full pressure of public opinion against the advisers who deserve it.

Then it would be shrewd to appoint a committee — headed perhaps by John McCloy or Robert Lovett — to investigate all the bad advice the military has given since 1961 in Vietnam. (There must be a stack of incredible policy papers in Pentagon files!) The committee should disclose all this, arrange for a free-swinging congressional investigation, release special reports to the press. (It might also wish to focus on simple military waste: Senators Williams, Proxmire, and others have made a handsome political profit showing how the taxpayers' hard-earned dollars are squandered, even in peacetime, by military bureaucrats.)

All of this will help structure the public debate over foreign policy as a debate about the wisdom of the military approach. This is a good beginning and long overdue. Though the debate cannot be resolved, its occurrence will inevitably raise doubts about the hard-liners, free the Secretary's hand, and give the President some room to maneuver.

Once the stage is set, I suggest limited enclaves leading to withdrawal from Vietnam — and a long, drawn-out negotiation over questions such as precisely how long the United States should stay and precisely how many guarantees we require for some kind of coalition government. The Pentagon can slowly turn down the fighting, put the blame on past military advice (plus the South Vietnamese generals), and ease the issue out of the center of the stage.

In the end, the disclosures and investigation may pave the way for a "never another Vietnam" policy. This most important achievement would implement the judgment that intervening in revolutions is unwise. It might even result in useful congressional restricting legislation, which would help establish longer-term civilian control over the military and interventionism in general.

THE DISEASE OF VICTORY

by General André Beaufre

The American Armed Forces are suffering from the same disease which struck the French Army after 1918: the disease of victory. Moreover, the consciousness of belonging to the mightiest and the

richest nation in the world has aggravated the disease. Today the American Armed Forces believe that they know better than everybody else what is to be done, and that no lessons can be drawn from others' experience. They have no doubts about their doctrine and their own method of thought. (It seems to me that the Soviet Armed Forces suffer from the same disease, as far as I can judge from what I have seen of the Egyptian dispositions in the Sinai.)

Now, the present dominant trend of American thinking puts the emphasis on material superiority, as did the French Army after 1918, forgetting that the measurable factors are only a part — and often a minimal part — of the overall problem. This leads to a strategy which tends to be more logistical than psychological or even operational, and which presupposes an overwhelming superiority. Moreover, this trend was reinforced by the development of nuclear strategy, where it seemed at first that material factors were absolutely dominant. But in the later stages, as the theory of deterrence evolved, psychological factors proved decisive. In fact, nonmeasurable factors constitute the essential part of strategy, whereas measurable factors are dominant only in tactics. Tactics must be the servants of strategy and not the reverse. And strategy must include *all* the factors, the military ones, of course, but also the political, psychological, economic, and diplomatic ones. It must be a "total" strategy.

But even "total" strategy is not at the top of the scale. Strategy is only the art of achieving aims defined as national policy. Now, it has often seemed that because of the weight of the measurable strategic military factors, and perhaps also because of the strong personality of Mr. McNamara, American policy has been especially conditioned by considerations of merely military strategy, when *military* strategy is only a part of the indispensable "total" strategy, and when total strategy must not be more than one of the factors influencing the definition of a national policy. This sequence of thought is the only way toward achieving a sound international policy.

These considerations may seem excessively abstract and theoretical. I personally think that they are at the heart of present problems. Any kind of practical decision depends upon a correct appreciation of the general problem. No recommendation on a limited problem, strategic or technical, can be made in isolation, without being carefully related to an overall view. That is why I do not speak here about the F-111, the bomber force, the anti-ballistic missile question, the Vietnam War, or the weight of the military budget.

Everything depends upon a rethinking of American strategy, carried out with the greatest con-

ceptual flexibility; American thought has passed through a first stage of what could be called "mechanization." I think that a new stage is necessary, which should stem from much wider bases.

PLANNING FOR PEACE

by Adam Yarmolinsky

The job ahead of the new Secretary is a simple one. All he has to do, after he finds a satisfactory solution for the war in Vietnam, is to maintain a military establishment that can meet America's commitments around the globe without contributing to the balance of payments deficit, and manage the largest organization in the world without attracting adverse comment on either side of the aisle.

If he is looking for an additional challenge, however, may I suggest that there are at least two, one immediate, the other in the middle distance.

Robert McNamara demonstrated that the Secretary of Defense can indeed have "direction, authority, and control over the Department of Defense." It is up to the new Secretary to demonstrate that the changes McNamara wrought have been sufficiently embedded in the institution so that another man in that office can also have "direction, authority, and control." This latter demonstration calls for a somewhat different but no less eminent set of qualities.

By and large, the people who work in the Pentagon, military and civilian, are at least as responsive to policy guidance as the people who work on the other side of the Potomac. In my own experience, they are more so. But there are some who will probe immediately to discover whether they can return to the old ways, whether the counsels of experience must still be explained in the voice of reason, whether the hard questions that the Secretary's staff has learned to ask can be turned aside with a soft and imprecise answer.

The Secretary will have very little time to convince these people that things have not changed, that he intends to continue to take full advantage of the new tools and techniques of analysis, and that his own office — the Office of the Secretary of Defense — is still the keystone in the arch of his authority. But once he has made the point, I don't believe he will have to make it again.

The second challenge will come later. The time will arrive — although some despair of its ever arriving — when the Defense Secretary will preside over the termination of U.S. military operations in Vietnam. The men will be brought home. The size of the military establishment will be cut back. The military budget will be reduced. Whatever force may remain to help monitor a settlement

will not affect the fact that for the first time since Korea, the lines on the chart will be going sharply down. Secretary McNamara was fortunate that in his first two years in office he was able to introduce his major reforms in a period of rising defense budgets. Before he left office, he had already begun to plan for the time when the rising curve of Vietnam would begin to turn down. But the new Secretary will have to manage that downturn.

The effectiveness of his management will depend first on the quality and extent of the planning that is done from now on. But it will depend also on his willingness to make hard choices, some of which his predecessor never had to face. Joe Alsop has described the U.S. Army as a desert plant that can survive for years without nourishment and then take full advantage of the briefest rainfall. If the limited war forces of the United States are to come out of the current rainy season as resilient and ready for other crises as they were in 1964, they must have desert training, and the Secretary will need to be extraordinarily vigilant and tough.

There is a further reason, it seems to me, why this kind of planning for eventual force reductions is important now. Americans are very much of two minds about U.S. overseas commitments and operations. Whatever one thinks of the wisdom of our present engagement in Vietnam, if we are to continue to function in the world, we must demonstrate to our own people—and to our friends and allies—that we understand the limits on the use of force, and that we have the patience to go down as well as the will to go up.

CUTTING BACK

by Paul Goodman

On the false assumption that the Department's purpose is to provide for the common defense rather than to arm our imperial expansion and be a pork barrel for military-industrial corporations, I would recommend that the Secretary do his best to de-tensify the potentiality of conflict. In some areas he has fairly immediate opportunities; in others he can use his influence in the Cabinet and elsewhere.

1. Weaken the system of polarized national powers and build the world community. For example, internationalize space exploration, with sharing of know-how, capital equipment, and crews. This is scientifically sensible and capitalizes the world community. Similarly, unite our Peace

Corps with those of other nations and put them under the administration of the United Nations; then it could really engage in community development without suspicion of being an instrument of American expansion. Soft-pedal activities of the CIA. Internationalize AID programs, probably under the UN, seeing to it that money does not go for weapons and to involve poor regions in great-power conflicts. Multiply projects like the International Geophysical Year, and in general the international cooperation of scientists as at Pughwash.

2. In the export of capital to underdeveloped regions, lay all stress on an intermediate technology tailored to specific local needs, skills, raw materials, and labor, so that there is a minimum disruption of their societies and the speediest raising of their masses from disease and drudgery. Two thirds of mankind is becoming poorer, and as Secretary McNamara pointed out, this is a major source of conflicts; but it is the export of our technology and way of life, producing inflation, excessive urbanization, and social disruption, that is a crucial cause.

3. Cut back rapidly on our nuclear deterrent to the real point of defensive safety. Marc Raskin, who was McGeorge Bundy's assistant, has said that 25 percent of the budget for this was considered essential; and Jerome Wiesner, who headed the National Science Foundation, has shown that every dollar expended beyond the minimum increases our insecurity. Terminate all research and development in chemical and biological warfare and in counterinsurgency, which justifiably make others hate and suspect us.

4. By these and other means, drastically diminish the power of the military-industrial complex in determining our foreign policy. Also, drastically cut back military R and D in the universities, so that these may resume their independent role in the republic.

5. Push toward progressive de-tensifying of the cold war with Russia and of our differences with China and France. A good model for this is Charles Osgood's scheme of a graded series of unilateral steps by us, giving up significant (but safe) aggressive positions and asking for reciprocal withdrawal by the others. Once the credibility of our peaceful intentions has been established, the probability is very high that other nations will begin to reciprocate, if only because of world pressure.

6. Get out of Vietnam at once, providing a haven for the few thousands of the Saigon regime who, with our help, have made themselves odious. Let the Vietnamese settle their own civil war.

DEATH AND DOMINGUÍN

by Fergus Reid Buckley

The author, brother of conservative spokesman William F. Buckley, Jr., is a thirty-eight-year-old journalist, marksman, hunter, and bullfighting authority. He lives near Madrid with his wife and four children. Mr. Buckley's novel, EYE OF THE HURRICANE, was published last year by Doubleday.

A TWO-YEAR-OLD Spanish fighting bull is fully armed. Its horns are about as large as they need to get. They are commonly shaped like the two-tined wooden pitchforks one still sees on Spanish farms. The points are somewhat blunter than the point of an ice pick. The tips are often a dull, gleaming blue-black. The tips are as often colored a dull ivory. They catch the sun. They bounce pebbles of light from the sun.

A two-year-old Spanish fighting bull lacks weight, girth, and, importantly, full development of the immense tossing muscles. In anger, these swell with phallic ruthlessness. They provide the crushing follow-through for the thrust of the horns. In all other respects, the animal is complete. Call it small. Say it doesn't weigh over 350 pounds. The beast is lethal.

Alas for bull and breeder, many a young animal may never be fit for the arena. It may have poor vision. It may lack *casta*, denoting verve and style as well as conformation. Such specimens Luis Miguel Gonzalez Lucas, otherwise known as "Dominguín," slaughters for the meat.

To destroy in cold blood even a deficient *toro bravo* wrenches at deep-seated emotions in men who have fought the animals. They may come to loathe bulls, black nightmares that toss them nightly into agues. They never get over the fever. Retired matadors tinker with the brutes until they die or are killed. Belmonte shot his brains out when the doctors prohibited horse riding, lovemaking, and the capping of calves. In the opinion of Dominguín, it was the last prohibition that yanked the trigger. No man can abandon the vehicle of his glory.

Luis Miguel has dueled to their deaths some 7000 fully grown fighting bulls. My count. He

has spent nearly twenty-five years in their shadow. His count. "You may select from one of my rifles," he suggests in his soft, challenging, carefully modulated voice, "or you may bring your own. Nothing larger than .22 caliber. You're allowed one cartridge."

He has turned to you in the din of a party at Villa Paz, the ranch seventy miles out of Madrid to which he periodically retreats. The downstairs hall is fifty feet long. The dining room seats comfortably twenty-four people at a table whose top has been planed out of a single plank of oak. All walls buckle under the weight of big-game trophies. Stuccoed, they ricochet polysyllabic patter — melodious masculine French, shrill female Spanish, and dulcet Italian. Like ghosts, a squadron of *mozos* in neat livery slip among the luminaries, insinuating trays loaded with lukewarm Jerez and ice-cold glasses of scotch, or heaped with greasy slices of smoked ham, coins of chorizo, black and green olives, anchovies, prawns, fat *croquetas*, and tentacles of squid that have been chopped and deep-fried into succulent rings.

"A single cartridge?"

"Yes."

Jocularly: "Long or short?"

"Short."

That word is swift. Dominguín, yesterday, now, and forever, is a matador, a killer. His eyes show it.

"Are you still interested?" he asks diffidently. He is willing to drop the subject. He may not have introduced it. Friends of Dominguín act as if they feel compelled to bring up such matters. "All right," he says, apparently satisfied. "You enter the ring. I release the bull. I'll stand to one side, with a large bore rifle ready. You may not shoot

until the bull charges. That's a rule. I advise you not to shoot until the bull has come within two or three meters of you. Because you must center, you see. You must place your bullet directly between the animal's eyes."

"If one misses?"

He smiles faintly.

Later he said to me, "I'm off on safari — Mozambique. Want to come?"

"Wish I could."

"I'm going to cape a buffalo."

"You're mad."

He stretched his chin. "I don't think so — I doubt there's an animal on earth that compares to our bulls."

"Maybe not in the arena, after the picadors have taken their licks. Listen to the white hunters, Miguel. They'll tell you there's nothing in Africa more dangerous."

He thought about that a moment. "When wounded," he finally conceded. "But I'll prepare a surface; I'll surround it with thorn bushes — a regular plaza! I'll choose a medium-sized specimen out of a herd. I'll arrange to capture it, give it a shot of something. When it's quiet, we'll transport it to the corral. After a couple of days, I'll step in and try the animal."

He was planning an attempt on the unknown. Why? For every Spaniard, glory may be the consummation of life, but was it necessary for Luis Miguel Dominguín to risk his hide seeking more?

"After the buffalo," he said, "I'm going to try a rhinoceros."

"You forget," I replied, "a rhino is almost blind."

But he was ahead of me. "That's precisely to my advantage. I'll maneuver upwind of the *bicho*. When it scents me, it'll charge. Fine. I'll pass it — like a poon, wide, not like a matador. A rhino can't be agile. It won't be able to pivot the way our bulls do. Momentum will carry the animal fifty meters upwind; and then I'm downwind of it, and it won't be able to scent me. I can circle it for another try."

"Given, of course, that you're not gutted on the first pass."

He chuckled at that.

Such are the amusements of a man who, entering his fourth decade, enjoys a fortune numbered in millions of dollars, handsome children, and a rare beauty for a wife. The comparatively soft living of the past nine years has burdened little a physique that for a generation helped establish him as one of the world's paramount lovers. Women famous in our time have fought amorous battles with Luis Miguel on both sides of the Atlantic. The black, wavy hair is no longer so lustrous, and no longer so thick, receding at the temples to a pro-

nounced widow's peak. (He lets his hair grow long in the back, so that it bushes out beneath his cap and curls glossily under his ears.) The hips have widened a trifle. But he is still slim, still dark, still outwardly impregnable, and still has that faint air of knowing intimacy that stirs even experienced hearts. I have seen Dominguín at midday coffee, when it served some undivulged purpose to exercise the totality of his charm. He was spinning tales, in an unassuming, witty, and roguish fashion. Seven women watched him spellbound. If Dominguín cared to, he could still bed just about whomever he pleased.

THERE were ten of us at a ringside table in a murky nightclub, decorated after the garish Morisco style. Dominguín had in tow several visiting Americans — retired, gentlemanly, and *muy simpático* industrialists, whom he had first treated to a gourmet's feast of oysters and especially prepared tongue dressed with *pâté de foie gras*. Upon our entrance, the owner of the cabaret bustled to greet Dominguín. We were paraded to our seats. Long-stalked pink carnations had been strewn over a spotless tablecloth. The dancers on stage, male and female, blew kisses at Luis Miguel, and almost at once, a Gypsy girl with a Michelin bosom and dark, chatoyant eyes sprang from her cane-bot-tomed chair and began stomping out a *fandango de Huelva*. She raised dust off the floorboards, pink and orange. Dipping an arm between her legs, she hitched up her skirt, flaunting bare thighs and the satin wedge of her pelvis. She sang to Luis Miguel. She invited him to her bosom, and elsewhere. He watched her, thin lips pursed, eyes studious and withdrawn, fingers of one hand absently clacking out the rhythm on the tabletop.

He sent a waiter to her afterward with a 1000-peseta note. "She's good," he said to us, "isn't she?" He asked a nearby *camarero*, "Where are Carlitos and J —?" He was told that they had concluded their performances. This did not gratify Luis Miguel. With the castanets, Carlitos is champ; J — is one of the most explosive male dancers in Spain.

Dominguín desired the best for his American acquaintances, to whom he had taken a liking. "Tell them I'm here," he instructed the waiter, "that I have guests." The waiter bowed and hurried off.

Presently he returned, shamefaced. "Carlitos has left. J — says he doesn't care who is here, he doesn't believe you're Dominguín anyhow, or you'd have sent him 1000 pesetas too." At this, Dominguín laughed. He slipped another green note into the waiter's palm. Almost instantly, J — pranced out of the shadows.

He is a short man in his early forties, with the legs of a weight lifter — pile-driving legs that canonade the intricate rhythms of Gypsy folk music. He was dressed in tight, high-waisted Cordovan breeches, gunmetal gray in color. The fanciful pleats on his shirt gleamed so white in the volcanic darkness of the cabaret that they cast off blue metallic glints. He snaked his hands toward Dominguí. His fingers all ten writhed in the air, flashing the half-dozen colors of half a dozen gems. They fastened on Dominguí's ears. Drawing the matador's head forward, J—— kissed him fully on the mouth.

Dominguí's eyes shone like kerosene lanterns in a narrow lane at night. He snorted, shrugging tolerantly. J—— grinned. The dancer began murmuring endearments, smearing his lips over the bullfighter's cheeks. Luis Miguel now smiled only. His eyes slid toward the American executives, whose faces were plainly scarlet — Scarsdale and New Rochelle, Grosse Pointe and Back Bay — who did not know whether to notice, who were caught with frozen half-smiles. Dominguí, *el número uno*, who for long years went out of his way to scandalize, who has never entirely freed himself of that imperative, permitted J—— to paw him a little longer, watching us, and gauging our reactions.

"*Basta*," he finally admonished, brushing the dancer from his lapels as though he were dandruff. "Now earn your money."

He turned to me, and in a thoughtful and nearly pedantic tone said, "For years, people have been whispering that J—— and I are lovers. Tonight, all Madrid will shout about it." He stared blankly at me; he did not give a damn, he would have me believe. But he wanted to make sure that I was absolutely clear about it, continuing, "The same sort of slander is whispered about all *toreros*, that we're *maricónes*. J——, of course, is one. Gypsies don't care. They have all the tolerance of people who are dust under the feet of society, who have to cheat and steal for a living. But they're kind."

HE WAS in an expansive mood when we joined in an autumn partridge shoot. It was a golden day, with only the slightest chill in the air, sufficient to cool the melons that we raided off the fields for lunch. An implacable competitor, the more difficult the partridge, the greater his elation and the faster his swing. It seemed that he would never tire, never let up, and never get enough.

Later his mood darkened. "This," he declared, waving at the countryside, dismissing the sport of potting partridges, "is nothing. Africa is nothing — I've killed everything they've got. What's a man to do?"

"Enjoy his life."

"And when it's finished?"

I remember inhaling that question, letting it curl through my sinuses and then expelling it. Then I asked bluntly, "Why are you trying to kill yourself?"

"What else is there?" he asked softly. "When for nearly twenty-five years you've fooled around with death almost every day of the week; when you've felt the cold shock of a horn buried to the hilt in your gut, and your blood, hot and thick, running out of your body and spilling on the sand; nothing else has meaning, nothing else gives you the same sensation, the same zest, the same thrill."

In his brilliant *Papa Hemingway*, A. E. Hotchner reports on a visit paid by Hemingway to Dominguí's bedside, following Luis Miguel's fourth bout with Antonio Ordoñez.

Dominguí had suffered a serious goring; a horn had penetrated his abdomen. Walking back to the hotel, Hemingway said, "He's a brave man and a beautiful matador. Why the hell do the good and brave have to die before everyone else?" He meant, Mr. Hotchner goes on to explain, a different sort of death than the merely physical, and he quotes Hemingway on another occasion as saying, "The worst death for anyone is to lose the center of his being, the thing he really is. . . . Whether by choice or by fate, to retire from what you do — and what you do makes you what you are — is to back up into the grave."

I didn't buy Dominguí's package. The emotional and psychological letdown in a man who has quit such a profession as bullfighting must be indeed traumatic. But I've known a bunch of happily retired professionals, the late *El Gallo* among them. Pondering Luis Miguel's words, my mind kept reverting to Juan Belmonte, who shot himself suggestively soon after Ernest Hemingway blew his skull to smithereens. Hemingway and Belmonte had been friends. After *The Old Man and the Sea* (1952), a triumph, Hemingway had produced nothing better than *The Dangerous Summer*, his disappointing account of the Dominguí-Ordoñez rivalry. That long, long-promised "major book" was stalled. Doctors had instructed him to stop drinking; a close mutual friend has told me that rampant skin cancer prohibited further exposure to the sun, and thus denied to Hemingway the solaces of fishing and hunting. Hotchner records the writer's mental deterioration, and he implies strongly that this tragic condition was rooted not only in Hemingway's physical afflictions but in his loss of creativity. The man had run dry; he could not write. The novelist and the bullfighter, each in his way, were through. And of Belmonte's suicide at least, Dominguí's analysis may be correct.

It was irritating not to be satisfied with Luis Miguel's sad revelation, especially as it followed so faithfully the state of mind attributed to contemporaries like Ernest Hemingway, who helped write a crucial page in Dominguín's destiny. A year ago last fall and winter, I grew closer to the man than in nearly ten years of previous acquaintance. I watched him, spiderlike, cast gossamer lines of silk around me, my will, and my sympathy. He had known me for a businessman. He had learned recently that I wrote besides. He exposed to me many facets of his complex character, uncovering private matters similar in content to the scene he staged at the cabaret. By "similar in content" I mean nothing more than that he is pursuing a course not merely reprehensible on moral grounds but savagely destructive: of his reputation, of himself, and of his family. In that way, yes, a death wish is manifest. But what he is trying to destroy is not just the physical Dominguín — if at all — but Dominguín the public character, Dominguín the imaginative projection that he wrought out of the raw materials of his being. He desires a suicidal end to the man he can no longer live with; and it is this, I believe, that he wants recorded.

He was the Cassius Clay of his time, brash, assertive, ringing the cobalt sky around his index finger and proclaiming himself *número uno* before he had proved it: daring Manolete, the failing, aging idol, to meet him. Manolete finally picked up the gauntlet.

On the twenty-eighth of August, twenty-one years ago, at the unimportant plaza of Linares, Spain's greatest hero confronted Luis Miguel Dominguín. They were fighting the death bulls, Miura bulls, which have extinguished the lives of more *toreros* than any other breed. These were large.

Manolete faltered on his first test. By contrast, Dominguín mastered his animal, exhibiting a grace and polish that brought jubilation to his supporters. Then out of the *toril* trotted "Islero," Manolete's second bull. Almost at once, it became apparent that "Islero" was a particularly dangerous specimen of the breed. Manolete's manager warned him: Careful, don't take any chances. Manolete stepped out into the arena and began wrapping "Islero" around his vulnerable body. The crowd began to respond. Manolete drew "Islero" closer and closer. The crowd rumbled, and then roared, because the master was again sucking honey out of the comb. And then it was time for the sword.

As Manolete's manager handed it to him, he pleaded: Manolo, dispatch that bull quickly, and do it safely. By which he meant: Do not go straight over the right horn, which is the true, the proper address. Manolete ignored the warning and was killed.

He vacated a throne. But for Dominguín, it was

a bitter accession. He had been ahead; his youth alone guaranteed ultimate victory. News commentators abused him with every pejorative word in the Spanish dictionary; and as we know, many of the most knowledgeable foreign *aficionados* have echoed the accusations. Dominguín was number one because he had driven his rival to death.

This is, of course, hogwash. It was Manolete's professional pride, combined with too much drinking, an unfortunate liaison, and too many years of too many bulls, that killed him. No matador seeks the death of another. Their fraternity is special.

Dominguín was only twenty-one years old. He was not yet sophisticated. In Spain, peasant and



noble are the natural aristocrats. Anything slightly above the first and lower than the second tends to brassy impertinence. Cheek is answered with cheek, and a *cara dura* is the reply of mortified natures to a hierarchic world that is forever censorious, and against which there is no other defense.

It may have seemed to Luis Miguel Dominguín that he had this choice: to crumble inside, and hang his head; or to brazen it out. Now he flouted his love affairs. There was vengeance in more than one of them. The Duke of Pino Hermoso allegedly had to appeal to France in order to spring his daughter out of Luis Miguel's arms. Humbling so proud an escutcheon must have tasted sweet. In the ring, he stung the eyes of his detractors with fistfuls of sand, flaunting his consummate skill, splurging it in grandiose heroics. The disdainful fashion with which he reduced noble *toros de lidia* to hunks of quivering flesh infuriated the critics. That disdain, they sensed, was aimed at them. Dominguín jerked his head back; he jutted out his lower jaw, strutting from *faena* to *faena*, turning an arrogant rear on the high-priced shady side of the bullring while opening his arms to the sun-drenched poor.

Dominguín was too intelligent to alienate completely the powers that be. Many critics are purchasable; it is alleged he bought them. Many mem-

Painting by Tom Lea.

bers of the establishment are not above swallowing their principles if the contortion is eased with vintage wine; Dominguín squandered fortunes on pharaonic parties. Watching, listening, he smiled through his bitterness, knowing that some of his guests would return to their homes and there regale acquaintances with fresh malice.

Daily, his contempt for humanity grew, as did his contempt for life and life's rewards, and with that, his contempt for death. He never lost his cool while actually engaging the horns: when he dropped to his knees in front of a bull, flinging sword and *muleta* away, stretching his arms out as if inviting the animal to charge and destroy him, Dominguín's brain, those probing eyes, that calculating empathy had all spoken to advise him that the bull was anchored to the sand. He was, and remains, a great *domador*. Slowly, he imposed his will. He acquired dominion over himself.

Age also brought maturity. He married. (Mir-slova Stern, the Mexican movie actress, killed herself when she heard the news.) His skill in the arena gained dimension. Whenever challenged, he revalidated his crown with ease, and with such extraordinary polish that many of his most convinced partisans, as well as hard-core critics, failed to realize that he was lifting his art to a peak. He retired. He came back. In Venezuela, he battled an ebullient César Girón to a standstill. People began to praise his graciousness with rivals. They noted that no one was faster with a perilous *quite*, faster to get to a fellow matador in trouble and extricate him from it. Years rolled by. The memory of that mortal afternoon in 1947 faded. Time clothes nearly everyone in respectability, and Spain was changing. New money stuffed new shirts and powdered new faces. If there is one truth about a viable aristocracy such as Spain's, it is that money makes the man. Jets were about to land at Madrid's Barajas Airport, unloading a different and easier set of standards. Those of the old establishment who had not shriveled on the vine accommodated themselves. Dominguín qualified as a member of the new society. He retired once more, now definitively, the undefeated champion. Perhaps he expected peace.

It was during the midsummer Malaga *feria* of 1958 that a young man from the broiling Andalusian town of Ronda unfurled what may be the most exquisite cape in the annals of bullfighting. Appearing on five occasions, Antonio Ordoñez displayed a dramatic, delirious, and erotic style that crushed out of the tightest throats groans of ecstasy.

It was a revelation. Ordoñez had been around several years. He had shown early promise, and had then sunk into mediocrity. But during this summer, he exploded on the world of the *fiesta*,

fighting with a passionate involvement that had the crustiest critics comparing him to Manolete.

He did not personally place his *banderillas*, as did Dominguín. In all else he was complete: a lover with the cape, a stern, sorrowing master with the *muleta*, and a noble executioner. There was never an excrescence. Never did he permit himself a cheap play for vulgar emotions. Integrity — total dedication — distinguished him, and that season he spanned the paleolithic face of Spain with a single arch of triumph.

Dominguín, brooding at Villa Paz, announced that he would accept limited engagements.

It was not necessary for him to come back. There is always, somewhere on the horizon, a challenger. For over a decade, he had met them by the dozen and put them away. But he foraged out of his hole anyhow — when, in his first year of middle age, the reflexes were no longer so sharp, the body not so supple, nor the nerves so steady. In a single season, enthusiasm for Ordoñez had gone a long way toward eclipsing the memory of Dominguín.

The autumn of 1958 and early spring of 1959 was a time of dazzling rewards for the *aficionado*. Ordoñez fought with mounting passion; the maturity that Dominguín had begun to evidence before his retirement now honored almost every performance. He was no longer playing for the fickle affections of a particular plaza, but for history. Gone were the stunts that had expressed his contempt. Gone were the false dramatics with which he had frequently dressed his cold art. He had skinned that art to its skeletal foundation. He had grown into an overwhelming *domador*, who could take any bull, the biggest, the most recalcitrant, the most perilous, and forge it on the anvil of his will into an implement with which he completed passes that for a lesser matador would have signified disaster.

Desgraciadamente, something less lovely than the desire for an ideal bullfight entered into the clamor. By coming back (as he surely must have realized), Dominguín had exposed himself. People whose spite had never been satisfied now worked up a parching thirst. That thirst was tickled by the element of personal antagonism that was said to divide the matadors. Ordoñez had married Dominguín's sister; it was rumored that at a certain dinner, Dominguín had treated his brother-in-law cavalierly; that Ordoñez had turned churlish; that someone had had to come between the two men. How delectable are family feuds!

IT WAS in Zaragoza, a town named for Caesar Augustus, that Dominguín and Ordoñez first paraded together into the bullring. That afternoon,

the followers of Antonio were disappointed. Nobody denied that his *verónicas* with the large cape were breathtaking; but with the *muleta*, Luis Miguel Dominguín outthought and outfought him.

Not long afterward, at Valencia, Ordoñez and Dominguín met a second time. This was a true *mano a mano*, with only the two fighters participating. The younger man trounced his brother-in-law. Supporters of Ordoñez whooped it up. Their spirits were dashed somewhat when a gust of wind, catching Dominguín's *muleta*, exposed him to the horns, and he received a wound in the groin. To them, this was a heavy blow. They could not wait for the next *mano a mano*, scheduled to take place at Malaga, where they confidently expected Ordoñez to confirm his triumph. Then, when Ordoñez was gored in the thigh at another bullfight, they were wholly dispirited. That the matadors would meet again was in doubt.

The confrontation at Malaga was scheduled for August 14. Ordoñez left the hospital on the eleventh. This cheered his fans. But I remember their sneers at Dominguín. His wound was the more serious; they discounted it. "Watch the fox use it as an excuse!" they cried. "Watch him back out at the last moment."

Dominguín was aware of the humiliation and worse that these people were wishing on him. Much of his bitterness must have returned. A day or so before the fight, he said to me, smiling a distant, sorrowful, cynical smile, one that he might have inherited from Manolete: "I'm going to disappoint them. I won't run, and I'm damned if I'll let myself be killed."

"How's the wound?" I asked him.

"Regular."

"You're foolish not to withdraw."

He didn't answer.

I said, "You're feeling all right, then."

"I'm *decentrado*," he replied.

He explained. "I see the bull coming, there." He took his right hand, palm open, and passed it along his loins, stopping it with a jerk about a foot in front and to one side of his left hip. "Then I see the bull going, there." He drew his palm back, extending his arm until the palm jerked to a stop two feet away from his right hip. What he meant was: as the bull entered, he saw it; as it went by, he suffered a blackout, sighting it again only when the horns had already raked by his middle and were past him.

For a man engaged in the business of taunting and caping wild animals, this is less than an ideal emotional state. A glance at the man's face was sufficient to register its fatigue. He was being pressed by Ordoñez, perhaps more than he had expected. Too many years of exposing himself to too many horns were achieving their cumulative effect.

He was in hardly better shape than Manolete when that man met the bull that killed him.

PEOPLE remained seated on the concrete rows well after the fight was over. An old man wept shamelessly. He had not witnessed such a *corrida* in twenty-five years; he did not expect to live long enough to witness another. Six bulls dropped almost instantly at six single thrusts of the sword. Twice Ordoñez killed *recibiendo*, an extravagantly perilous method whereby the matador stands in place, cites the bull, and invites it to impale itself on the blade by its own inertia. Mobilizing every skill acquired over a quarter of a century of active fighting, Luis Miguel proved his brilliance in each *tercio*, placing the *banderillas* himself, *al quiebro*, and consistently drawing the bull into risky terrain. Then, while engaging his second bull, Dominguín was tossed.

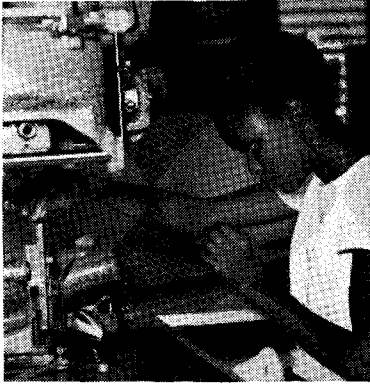
The *voltareta* occurred at the *faena*, the prelude to the animal's death. This was a bad tossing, a spectacular cartwheel. Dominguín's right knee (I believe) had been hooked; he was hurled into the air. He came down with a thud heard throughout the arena. At once, Ordoñez came running out to play the bull away; the *peones* of both principals ran headlong for that lonely center of the arena where Dominguín had chosen to fight.

Luis Miguel took time hauling himself up. He limped. He neglected the formalized histrionics of the fallen matador, the angry waving away of assistants, the melodramatic shrieking for cape and sword. Cynics at once began mumbling, "Ah, he's faking, it's come out at last, he can't keep up this pace and wants to quit." Even when red stains began to spread through the satin in the area of the groin they continued their mumbling. Then it became evident to the most skeptical that the pain wrenching at one side of Dominguín's face was real, and the limp unaffected, and the blood not borrowed from the bull, but his own. Now when he dismissed his helpers, reaching for cape and sword, there was silence. I believe no roar, no accolade, ever developed. The man's wound had indeed been grave; it had not healed; he had fought two bulls for almost forty minutes without letting on; and now it had burst open with the tossing.

Dominguín was sending everybody back to the protection of the *burladeros*: he was shaking his head furiously at Ordoñez, who remonstrated with him, grabbed him at one point by the biceps and tried to drag him to safety. Whatever clash of personalities may have existed was forgotten under the binding pressure of the risk to which Luis Miguel was subjecting himself; because Dominguín was insisting on completing the *faena*, and alone, without

In hope of doing each other some good

—and a minor in Photo-Interpretation



United Nations

When setting off to the isle of Jamaica for some fun, forget about looking up the place where this picture was taken. The establishment is supposed to improve the quality of life on the island. That's no fun.

Ruth Masters is working here with aerial photography. The United Nations is helping the citizens of Jamaica learn to use it more effectively both for mapping and

for "P.I.," which is a military term. Photo-interpretation, a fallout from the art of war, is now rapidly moving into a new phase. People are getting into it who know nothing about war. They operate on the understanding that objective study of the physical environment must guide improvement of the economic, social, and psychological environments. Yet what's good economically may be bad for the body or the spirit, whether or not your choice in theologies tells them apart. The physical world does matter.

There is a citizen of Norway at the U.N. Secretariat in New York who argues that peaceable photo-interpretation should now drop its guise as a separate craft, that students preparing themselves to serve in fields from political science to limnology, from geology to anthropology, need firsthand knowledge of photo-interpretation if they are to do a better job for humanity, including themselves.

The man may be addressed as follows:

*Chief, Cartography Section
Resources and Transport Division
Department of Economic and Social Affairs
United Nations, N. Y. 10017*

Do you have any questions for him?

Sharing the brains



All ten men in this picture hold down jobs in the manufacture of Kodak cameras and projectors. One of them is an assistant vice president of Eastman Kodak Company, and two of them happen to be mentally retarded. The latter two are here representing all the young adults working in the plant of a subcontractor of ours, the local chapter of the New York State Association for Retarded Children. With them are Kodak men who have used their brains to perfect procedures

whereby the subassemblies produced at the Association's Work Training Center pass the same rigid reliability standards that have for generations maintained Kodak's position and reputation.

Hold back the medals. This has been going on for years, and with the physically handicapped as well. We have sacrificed nothing. The cost is the same as if the work were done in-plant. For many of the retarded the work experience has ultimately led to job placement in the community at large.

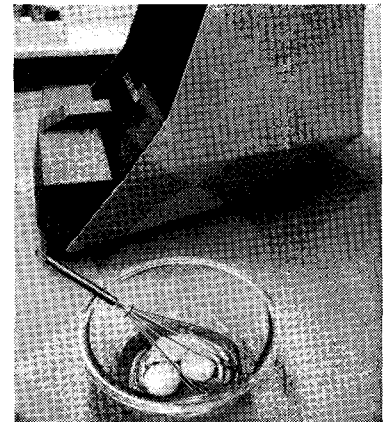
Ten good, sensible guys, all in all.

Vision of a well-equipped home

The low price of RECORDAK EASAMATIC Reader PFCS is significant. It gives quick access to data such as parts lists, catalog pages, and buyers' guides, many pages of which can be compacted on a 4 x 6" or 3 1/4 x 7 3/8" microfiche. In truth, very few of this particular model are likely to be purchased for use in the home.

Nevertheless, as microfilm readers become mass-produced items and the unit price continues to drop with rising volume, the more pervasive will microfiche become. When microfiche readers are found in as many homes as dishwashers are today, there may be quite an effect on the manner of publishing anything of a nature at all specialized.

Questions about the RECORDAK EASAMATIC Reader or about any other aspect of microfilming are answered by Business Systems Division, Eastman Kodak Company, Rochester, N. Y. 14650.



Hungry?

From three eggs in a mixing bowl can grow a masterpiece of self-fulfillment to fill the self, family, and guests full of purring satisfaction. All it takes are talent, time, inclination, and a comfortable income.

There is a magazine called *Food Technology* whose very name suggests a colder view of food preparation, where eggs get beaten in 300-pound batches because there are several billion people waiting to be fed and relatively few of them keeping their own laying hens. One of our chemists, Gerald T. Luce, has an article in *Food Technology* for November 1967. He writes not of eggs but of acetylated monoglycerides.

These were first proposed by the U.S. Department of Agriculture and were put into commercial production by us. Metabolizable and nutritious themselves, they form coatings of low permeability to oxygen and water vapor. Consequently foods coated with them stay appetizing and wholesome longer. This works particularly well with fish steaks cut from the frozen round fish — a promising development with the switch from hunting the sea to farming the sea.

Luce's paper goes into detail on nuts, raisins, meats, cooked lobster, breast of chicken, and many other good things to eat.

EASTMAN KODAK COMPANY An equal-opportunity employer

his *cuadro* close to him, again in the center of this ring. And as Ordoñez realized, and even the meanest soul in that crowd perceived, Dominguín, who had felt that wound tear open, whose loins and thighs were soaking in blood, was not now in total command of his body. His reflexes could not be functioning with the requisite precision.

No! No! No! rolled out of the crowd. Dominguín jerked his head back in a Yes! They had asked for this; they had come desiring it. He would give it to them. There was nothing of the challenger in the downcast eyes and the hunched shoulders of Antonio Ordoñez as he walked slowly away from his brother-in-law and toward the *burladeros*, clamping the collar of his cape between his teeth, folding the cerise-and-yellow serge with his hands, his face demonstrably the more pallid with concern. It may be that the vision of another Manolete death crawled through his mind. It may be that he envisioned his wife's brother sprawled like an abandoned puppet on the sand, and the crowd then turning on him with all the implacable rancor that so many had directed against Dominguín.

The shadows of a westering sun had sliced a chunk out of the pale yellow sand. Dominguín stood just beyond the rim, in the dusty, filtered light. His bull, winded, stood about thirty yards away, gulping oxygen into its lungs. Slowly, Dominguín arranged *muleta* and sword. Then he straightened, twitching his jaw, freeing the skin caught at the collar. He squared himself, planting his feet. That movement pained him. The crowd saw that it pained him. The crowd was aware that he was unable to run from trouble. With a *Ja, toro!* he summoned the bull.

To cite a bull from a distance is asking for trouble. The animal has all the time in the world to make up its mind, to swerve or hook or plan on any number of potentially lethal maneuvers. The bull whose horns have once made contact with the solidity behind the phantom cloth that for fifteen or twenty minutes has been teasing them tends to have learned its lesson, and to jab not at the lure but at the living flesh wielding it. Incompetent practitioners perform the preliminaries with bravado. They suck in their waists. They puff up their consumptive chests. They crack their spines bending back on them. *Toro!* they yell. And the bull doesn't budge.

They are not in control of the animal. When Dominguín cites a bull, it charges.

This one came barreling at him. Dominguín stiffened, dropped the crimson cloth unfurling in front of him, and accepted the fury of that rush with an indolent, architectural *naturale* — when properly performed, the most difficult, the most

classical, one of the most dangerous and commendable of passes. This *naturale* yanked us to our feet. Dominguín did not budge. The animal emerged from under the *muleta*, ran a few yards, wheeled, and faced him again. And again the matador summoned his enemy. Again he seduced the beast with a patch of red cloth held with supple magic by the right hand. Feet riveted to the sand as though only physical uprooting would remove them, body erect and graceful, head raised, arm mesmeric; the cloth caressing the thickening twilight air in front of the bull's muzzle, then caressing the horns and sweeping over the animal's black back; Dominguín passed the bull a third, a fourth, and a fifth time, carving into the long history of the *fiesta* three unforgettable minutes.

I went to congratulate the two men after the fight, first to the quarters of Ordoñez, as was his due. The trophies tell it all. Antonio Ordoñez was awarded six ears, two tails, and two hoofs. Luis Miguel Dominguín was awarded four ears, two tails, and one hoof. Nothing more could have been asked of either man.

Nine years have gone by. El Cordobés, all guts and no art, has displaced even Ordoñez in the esteem of tourists and the vulgar, who today have usurped the plazas. Belmonte and Hemingway lie in their graves, and Dominguín — so he believes — seeks to terminate his existence. But it is a ghost that he would lay, and a memory destroy. He is a proud man, a flawed, proud man, who has accomplished much, all of it funded out of his supremacy in the ring. There he was at last bettered, and a writer esteemed by Spaniards as a Titan in the world of letters has pronounced imperishably on the fact. No cape buffalo winding like a cummerbund around his waist; no rhinoceros blundering myopically into his cape; nothing in this world, no feat, no excitement, can conceal from Luis Miguel Gonzalez Lucas that "Dominguín" should have died that torrid afternoon in Malaga, to satisfy Spanish vengeance, Spanish poetry, and the Spanish sense of destiny. On the afternoon of Manolete's death, twelve years earlier, he, Dominguín, had fought better, and it was Manolete who had been apotheosized. Had Dominguín died in Malaga, his valor might have overshadowed the surpassing art of Ordoñez; and the glory of those five incomparable *naturales* — that song in slow motion he sang for us and for himself — would today be chiseled into legend and commemorated in *fandangos de Huelva* for such as J — to stomp out. That ultimate garland has eluded this tortured, chaotic, ambiguous, and uncommon man. Death cheated him, and so he hounds it in pursuit of symmetry.

The Deathbed Notes of Henry James by Leon Edel	103
The Origin of Laughter by John Updike	105
Black Anger by Robert Coles	106
Nabokov's Card Trick by Charles Nicol	107
Rubaiyyating with Robert Graves by Peter Avery	114
The Peripatetic Reviewer by Edward Weeks	116
The Sins of the Sons by Marshall Cohen	120
Record Reviews by Herbert Kuperberg	122
Short Reviews by Phoebe Adams	122

Arts and Letters

The Deathbed Notes of Henry James

by Leon Edel

It has long been known that during his last illness, in the midst of the 1914-1918 war, and when he was in delirium, Henry James called his secretary, the late Theodora Bosanquet, and dictated certain passages that dealt with the Napoleonic legend. The text of the dictation has never been published, although Miss Bosanquet once read an excerpt during a BBC broadcast devoted to the novelist; and in 1927 it was mentioned briefly in Pelham Edgar's *Henry James: Man and Author* as a "Napoleonic Fragment." I found the document in 1937 when James's nephew and executor gave me access to his posthumous papers. It struck me as curious — a kind of stream of consciousness of a fading mind still in possession of its verbal power and the grandeur of its style — and I took a copy of it, feeling it to be a significant biographical document. Later, when the James family papers were given to Harvard, this manuscript was not included. I learned that the executor had ordered it destroyed along with certain other papers. He felt that it was too tragic a record of a mind in disintegration. I think he felt, too, that the passages hardly constituted a literary

work. Miss Bosanquet, who took the dictation directly on the typewriter (as was James's custom), told me that the sound of the familiar machine, and the ability to ease his mind, had helped soothe the novelist in his feverish moments.

It had been my intention to use this material in its relevant place in the *Life of Henry James*, which I am now completing. But I have learned that a certain writer in England, who gained access to Miss Bosanquet's papers, found copies of some of this dictation and is planning to make use of it in a forthcoming book along with other materials long ago made available to me by Miss Bosanquet, and reserved for my use. I have decided accordingly, in the interest of the record and of accuracy, to make this document public, there being no objection now from the James descendants. If I am to be anticipated, it seems to me, I may as well anticipate my own book. It must be noted that Miss Bosanquet did not have the complete document; certain sentences were set down during her absence, were dictated to James's niece, Peggy James, daughter of William James. Peggy, with her mother, the

widow of William, had braved the submarine menace of the First World War and crossed the Atlantic to be with Henry James during his last days.

The final dictation is at points an incoherent document. Yet it is less incoherent than one might suppose; and far from mirroring the collapse of a great intellect, it dramatizes its struggle and its power. The grandeur, the majestic rhythm of the great style remain; the vivid phrases are minted as at the very threshold of death. "I am that queer monster, the artist, an obstinate finality, an inexhaustible sensibility," James had written to Henry Adams. And as Proust redictated the death scene of the writer Bergotte in his novel, a few hours before his own death, so James, in his last days, insisted on performing what he called "an act of life."

The facts, briefly, are these:

On the evening of December 1, 1915, Henry James wrote a letter to his niece, then in America. He spoke of renewed heart trouble, of his long sleepless nights, of the constant ache of the war: "One feels very abject . . . in the midst of the huge tremendous thing . . . to have dis-

qualifying personal and physical troubles." He told her his manservant, Burgess Noakes, who had worked for him since boyhood, had been given a "renewable leave" from the army, and that "his devotion is boundless and most touching." He gave Peggy other news, and then wearily ended, "The pen drops from my hand! Your all-affectionate old Uncle, Henry James."

The pen literally dropped from his hand. The next morning, December 2, James's servants in his flat in Carlyle Mansions, Chelsea, heard him calling. It was 8:30 A.M. and James's left leg had given way under him as he was dressing. He was a very heavy man, and with difficulty Burgess and the maid got him into bed. The novelist was fully conscious. He was reported later to have told his friend Howard Sturgis that his thought as he collapsed was, "So here it is at last, the distinguished thing." But he held "the distinguished thing" at bay. Miss Bosanquet, arriving, found him propped up in bed. He announced to her he had had a stroke "in the most approved fashion." And he dictated a cable to his nephew in New York: "Had slight stroke this morning. No serious symptoms. Perfect care. No suffering. Wrote Peg yesterday." On the next day he hunted in a thesaurus to find a word describing his condition — the word "paralytic" did not satisfy him.

He continued in this way for several days, with some confusion of mind. On December 8, six days after the stroke, he called for his typewriter and dictated:

I find the business of coming round about as important and glorious as any circumstances I have had occasion to record, by which I mean that I find them as damnable and as boring. It is not much better to discover within one's carcase new resources for application than to discover the absence of them; their being new doesn't somehow add at all to their interest but makes them stale and flat, as if one had long ago exhausted them. Such is my sketchy state of mind, but I feel sure I shall discover plenty of fresh worlds to conquer, even if I am to be cheated of the amusement of them.

Two days later he had pneumonia. Miss Bosanquet wrote in her diary, "Mind clouded this morning and he has lost his own unmistakable identity — is just a simple sick

man." He showed the next day, however, that his characteristic identity remained. He was better, though confused as to place. He thought he was in Cork, Ireland, which he had visited many years before, after his mother's death. On the afternoon of Saturday, December 11, he called once more for his typewriter:

Wondrous enough certainly to have a finger in such a concert and to feel ourselves touch the large old phrase into the right amplitude. It had shrunk and we add to its line — all we can scarce say how save that we couldn't have left it. We simply shift the sweet nursing of genius from one maternal breast to the other and the trick is played, the false note averted. Astounding little stepchild of God's astounding young stepmother!

. . . on this occasion moreover that having been difficult to keep step, we hear of the march of history, what is remaining to that essence of tragedy the limp? We scarce avoid rolling, with all these famished and frustrated women in the wayside dust . . . mere patchwork transcription becomes of itself the high brave art. We [word missing — the typist apparently could not make out what he said] five miles off at the renewed affronts that we see coming for the great, and that we know they will accept. The fault is that they had found themselves too easily great, and the effect of that, definitely, had been, within them, the want of long provision for it. It wasn't why *they* [were] to have been so thrust into the limelight and the uproar, but why *they* [were] to have known as by inspiration the trade most smothered in experience. They go about shivering in the absence of the holy protocol as in the — they dodder sketchily about — as in the betrayal of the lack of early advantages; and it is upon *that* they seem most to depend to give them distinction — it is upon *that*, and upon the *crânerie* and the *rouerie* that they seem most to depend for the grand air of gallantry. They pluck in their terror handfuls of plumes from the imperial eagle, and with no greater credit in consequence than that they face, keeping their equipoise, the awful bloody beak that he turns round upon them. We see the beak sufficiently directed in that vindictive intention, during these days of cold grey Switzerland weather, on the huddled and hustled campaigns of the first omens of defeat. Everyone looks haggard and our only wonder is that they still succeed in "looking" at all. It renews for us the assurance of the part played by that element in the famous assurance [divinity] that doth hedge a king.

His mind rambled a great deal the following day. He thought himself in some foreign hotel and wondered how his London friends who came to his bedside could be there as well — how could they call if *he* were elsewhere? Just before lunch on December 12 he dictated a few sentences — the opening remarks apparently an allusion to his motoring days with Edith Wharton:

We squeeze together into some motor-car or other and we so talk and talk that what comes of it. — Yes, that is the turn of public affairs. Next statement is for all the world as if we had brought it on and had given our push and our touch to great events. The Bonapartes have a kind of bronze distinction that extends to their fingertips and is a great source of charm in the women. Therefore they don't have to swagger after the fact; fortune has placed them too high and anything less would be trivial. You can believe anything of the Queen of Naples or of the Princess Caroline Murat. There have been great families of tricksters and conjurors; so why not this one, and so pleasant withal? Our admirable father keeps up the pitch. He is the dearest of men. I should have liked above all things seeing our sister pulling her head through the crown; one has that confident — and I should have had it most on the day when most would have been asked. But we jog on very well. Up to the point of the staircase where the officers do stand it couldn't be better, though I wonder at the *souffle* which so often enables me to pass. We are back from [word lost] but we breathe at least together and I am, devotedly yours

"After luncheon," Miss Bosanquet noted at the time, "he wanted me again and dictated, perfectly clearly and coherently, two letters from Napoleon Bonaparte to one of his married sisters — I suspect they weren't original composition, but subconscious memory — one letter about the decoration of the Louvre and the Tuileries and the other about some great opportunity being offered them which they mustn't fall below the level of. After he had finished the second letter, he seemed quite satisfied not to do any more and fell into a peaceful sleep."

Actually, the first letter was the Bonaparte letter. The second has the sharpness of tone, the "military eloquence" of Napoleon's dictation, but the novelist signed this one with his own name. He may have thought he was writing to his brother

William and his sister-in-law Alice. William had died six years before, but Henry now thought of him as alive, though never in the same room.

Dear and most esteemed brother and sister,

I call your attention to the precious enclosed transcripts of plans and designs for the decoration of certain apartments of the palaces, here, of the Louvre and the Tuileries, which you will find addressed in detail to artists and workmen who are to take them in hand. I commit them to your earnest care till the questions relating to this important work are fully settled. When that is the case I shall require of you further zeal and further taste. For the present the course is definitely marked out, and I beg you to let me know from stage to stage definitely how the scheme promises, and what results it may be held to inspire. It is, you will see, of a great scope, a majesty unsurpassed by any work of the kind yet undertaken in France. Please understand I regard these plans as fully developed and as having had my last consideration and look forward to no patchings nor perversions, and with no question of modifications either economic or aesthetic. This will be the case with all further projects of your affectionate

NAPOLEONE.

My dear brother and sister,

I offer you great opportunities in the exchange for the exercise of great zeal. Your position as residents of our young but so highly considered Republic at one of the most interesting minor capitals is a piece of luck which may be turned to account in the measure of your acuteness and experience. A brilliant fortune may come to crown it and your personal merit will not diminish that harmony. But you must rise to each occasion — the one I now offer you is of no common cast, and please remember that any failure to push your advantage to the utmost will be severely judged. I have displayed you as persons of great taste and great judgment. Don't leave me a sorry figure in consequence but present me rather as your very fond but not infatuated relation able and ready to back you up, your faithful brother and brother-in-law

HENRY JAMES.

The final passage is not dated. It was taken down sometime later, mostly by James's niece. These phrases come closest to a kind of Joycean stream of consciousness — there is fragmentation and decrease of verbal coherence.

across the border
all the pieces

Individual souls. great . . . of [word lost] on which great perfections are. If one does . . . in the fulfilment with the neat and pure and perfect — to the success or as he or she moves through life, following admiration un-failing [word lost] in the highway — Problems are very sordid.

One of the earliest of the consumers of the great globe in the interest of the attraction exercised by the great R.L.S. [Robert Louis Stevenson] of those days, comes in, afterwards, a visitor at Vailima and [word lost] there and pious antiquities to his domestic annals.

These final and faded remarks all have some interest and some character — but this should be extracted by a highly competent person only — some such, whom I don't presume to name, will furnish such last offices. In fact I do without names not wish to exaggerate the defect of their absence. Invoke more than one kind presence, several could help, and many would — but it all better too much left than too much done. I never dreamed of such duties as laid upon me. This sore throaty condition is the last I ever invoked for the purpose.

Memory, in this "last dictation," went very far back, as I hope to show in the final section of my biography of the novelist. James refers in part to the many volumes

of Napoleonic lore in his Lamb House library; and there may be recall too of a more recent experience. Eight months before his stroke, James lunched with his old Napoleonic friend, Count Giuseppe Primoli, the Prince and Princess Victor-Napoleon, and the Duke of Alba. The occasion, in the midst of war, had its ironies. And then the Napoleonic legend had been strong in his mid-nineteenth-century boyhood — and he had lived so long.

Fragmentary though it is, the last dictation contains within it an extraordinary vitality, an Olympian world-weariness. It speaks for a will to live and to do; and the seventy-two-year-old James demonstrated the power of that will. He survived the stroke; he survived the pneumonia; he lived for more than two months. His mind wandered on far-away places and things; he sat watching the boats on the river through his big Chelsea windows. George V gave him the Order of Merit on New Year's Day, 1916 (for James had become a British subject six months before). He survived until February 28. The funeral was in Chelsea Old Church, and Mrs. William James brought his ashes to America.

The Origin of Laughter

(after Desmond Morris)

by John Updike

Hunched in the dark beneath his mother's heart,
The fetus sleeps and listens; dropped into light,
He seeks to lean his ear against the breast
Where the known rhythm holds its secret pace.

Slowly, slowly, through blizzards of dozing,
A face is gathered, starting with the eyes —
At first, quite any face; two painted dots
On cardboard stir a responsive smile. Soon
No face but one will serve: the mother's,
A mist, a cloud that clearly understands.

She teases him, pretends to let him drop.
He wants to cry but knows that she is good.
Out of this sudden mix, this terror rimmed
With necessary flesh, a laugh is born.

Black Anger

by Robert Coles

The jacket of Eldridge Cleaver's autobiographical book *Soul on Ice* contains an ironic and sobering statement: "He was educated in the Negro ghetto of Los Angeles and at the California state prisons of San Quentin, Folsom and Soledad." We are told other things — that he was born in Little Rock thirty-three years ago, that he is even now on

Soul on Ice
by Eldridge Cleaver
(McGraw-Hill, \$5.95)

parole, that in the San Francisco area he is Minister of Information for the Black Panther Party for Self-Defense, that he is a staff writer for *Ramparts* — but nothing quite so startling and shrewd as the facts of his "educational experience," to use the twentieth-century expression for schooling.

As a matter of fact, the words we summon to describe a man like Mr. Cleaver tell more about "us" than him. We consider him uneducated, criminal, "culturally deprived," and "culturally disadvantaged," and certainly we have to raise our eyebrows when we read that he was *educated* in a ghetto, in three prisons. Edgar Friedenberg and John Holt may claim that our schools are prison-like, full of narrow-minded, pedantic tyrants who want to turn every boy and girl into an unquestioning American robot, prepared to trample over any adversary and crush any inconvenient critic or dissenter. But they are romantics, iconoclasts, writers — or if we feel particularly threatened by them, poets. In our hearts we know that right or wrong there is a *system*, with power, authority, prestige, and money to offer, and every child must learn *that*, and then learn how to survive, to make it in the system. Schools teach them how. Schools prepare them for college and graduate programs and diplomas and jobs and success. And what precisely do Messrs. Friedenberg and Holt suggest in place of our schools? Schemes that undermine the whole social and

economic system? Values that Max Weber would have to comprehend as against his "protestant ethic," against his "spirit of capitalism"?

So, Eldridge Cleaver needs our "help," needs to be really educated, needs to be reminded that his book is full of too much (for whom?) anger and outrage and scorn. He also has to realize that prisons do the mind in. The prisoner becomes sullen, taciturn, suspicious, and out of tune with the world — which, of course, offers us all freedom. The prisoner falls prey to apocalyptic thinking. He is dead, or near-dead, while others are alive. He is totally weak and dependent, while others are healthy and able to do more or less what they want — or rather, have *come to want* as properly loyal and cautious citizens, or as the British put it, subjects.

A good deal of *Soul on Ice* was written in California's prisons. (After having been shot in the leg, Mr. Cleaver is, at this writing, back in jail.) All the essays deal with racial hurt, racial struggle, and racial pride. Mr. Cleaver is a black man, and he is not going to let either himself or anyone else forget that fact — in case it is possible for an American of either race to do so. Ralph Ellison and even James Baldwin want above

all to be writers, and Cleaver says no, that is impossible, that is foolish and certainly that is wrong.

I am with Ellison and Baldwin the way, but the author of a book with the stark, unrelenting title *Soul on Ice* would expect that of me, reasonably unharassed white middle class professional man who, really in many ways had it made from birth. I don't at all like the nasty spiteful way Mr. Cleaver writes of *Invisible Man* or *Another Country*.

I don't like the arrogant and crummy way he talks about Baldwin's life and his personality. I don't like the way he lumps white men, all of them, indiscriminately together, and I'm sick and tired of a rhetoric that takes three hundred years of complicated, tortured American history and throws it in the face of every single white man alive today. Mr. Cleaver rightly wants to be seen for the particular man *he* is, and I don't see why he should by the same token confuse the twentieth-century traveling salesman with the seventeenth century slave trader. If he wants to understand American history, and in fact see its economic and political continuities, all well and good; but it is really stupid to tell today's white people that they caused what in fact gradually and terribly happened. What can anyone do with that kind of historical burden, "do with it in the sense of coming to an personal or psychological resolution

I suppose one thing that can be done is what Maxwell Geismar does in his short and thoroughly unsurprising introduction. Mr. Geisma

With this issue we launch a new Arts and Letters section, devoted to the best of criticism and to commentaries on books, theater, films, music, the dance, and the fine arts. We intend to present a wide variety of writers and opinions, the work of critics and artists already well established in the world of letters as well as that of promising newcomers. With due genuflection to the obvious centers, such as New York and London, Arts and Letters will take special care to search the cultural scene in many other places at home and abroad and to offer, in addition to reviews and comments, an occasional treasure like the last writing of Henry James, as discussed by Leon Edel in this issue. We promise continuity, too, with regular book reviews by Edward Weeks and Phoebe Adams, and in other sections of the *Atlantic* there will continue to appear the satire and glimpses of human comedy that entered these columns in the more than twenty-five years during which the late Charles W. Morton presided over our Accent on Living section. Major Books and Men essays, an *Atlantic* trademark, will of course remain a regular feature of the magazine.

Arts and Letters will be edited by Robert Evett, who for fourteen years previously brought distinction to the *New Republic* as Books and Arts editor and music critic.

has abandoned himself without qualification to Mr. Cleaver's scorn and outrage. The black man cries out, and the white man says yes, yes, no matter what. Eldridge Cleaver is a promising and powerful writer, an intelligent and turbulent and passionate and eloquent man. But Geismar ironically treats him with the ultimate condescension of exaggerated praise, and even worse the cruelty that goes with using a man as an irrelevant foil. Accordingly, *Soul on Ice* is one of the "discoveries of the 1960's." Cleaver's voice contrasts with the "prevailing mediocrity of talent" — something Cleaver himself didn't feel in prison, where he desperately and in vain sought out (by his own listing) Hemingway, Mailer, Camus, Sartre, Baldwin, Henry Miller, Terry Southern, Julian Mayfield, Bellow, William Burroughs, Allen Ginsberg, Herbert Gold, Robert Gover, and J. O. Killens. Then we are told that "Cleaver is simply one of the best cultural critics now writing." He has "boldness." His mind is "heroic." He has written "the best analysis of James Baldwin's literary career" that Geismar has read. What is more, "while Cleaver calmly says things that no white critic could really dare to say, there is not a trace of petty artistic jealousy or self-vanity in his discussion." I am sure that Mr. Cleaver meant to be anything but calm; and it is good to know that Mr. Geismar finds at least one man so untainted, though if I were Eldridge Cleaver I'd watch out. Praise is like power; there is nothing as corrupting (and yes, insulting) as absolute praise, particularly when one's very humanity is denied. (Which writer is without a "trace" of "self-vanity"?)

Nevertheless, apart from the introduction to this book, and apart from its black nationalism, there are some really lovely and tender and even exquisite moments to be found — when the author becomes a writer, not a pamphleteer and not a propagandist and not a devious, cruel literary critic, but a man who wants to struggle with words and ideas and tame them. There are ostensibly four parts to the relatively slim volume, but actually it is split in two. "Letters from Prison" and "Prelude to Love — Three Letters" show how one inmate of a jail becomes something much more, a literate, sensitive, and intelligent

human being. There are white millionaires who have failed where Cleaver has succeeded.

How did he succeed? Why? We ought to ask such questions, even as we do with Malcolm X, Cleaver's great hero. People like me can tear Cleaver and Malcolm to shreds. We can discover the bad "background" they come from. We can find pathology everywhere — mental illness, physical disorder, social chaos, cultural disintegration. Cleaver's childhood was no doubt a sad and violent one. He went to bad, crowded schools. He grew up amid alcoholics, addicts, and worse. And ultimately, he went to jail and stayed there, not only behind bars but often enough in solitary confinement as dangerous, wild, unruly, disobedient, troublesome, loudmouthed, uncontrolled, crazy — all the words.

Yet at times he writes vivid, compelling prose. He has a sense of humor. He knows how to be astringent one minute, ironic the next. He can be tolerant and compassionate, far more so in my opinion than the man who wrote the introduction to this book. He is full of Christian care, Christian grief and disappointment, Christian resignation, Christian messianic toughness, and hope.

He loves his lawyer, a white woman, and pours out his love to her in three beautiful, incredibly subtle and blunt and unsparing and unforgettable letters. How did he do it — learn to write, learn the really impressive theological subtleties that are addressed to his lawyer? (They remind one of Dietrich Bonhoeffer in jail, or Dostoevsky writing from the Underground.)

Of course he also learned the other things, the handy political and sociological clichés that have blinded black and white men everywhere in every century. But above all we must notice what he has done: begun (and only begun) to master the writer's craft. For that achievement Eldridge Cleaver deserves our unashamed awe, our admiration, and our insistence that like every other writer he work harder, rid himself of unnecessary baggage, and put to word the startling ironies that he knows from real life but sees and comprehends out of his mind's life. He ought to spare us nothing, but he ought to spare himself very little either. Inside a developing writer there is, there has to be, a kind of ice that somehow uses but also transcends the weather, the scene, the hot and cold of the outside world.

Nabokov's Card Trick

by Charles Nicol

This may be considered as the brilliant second novel of a twenty-eight-year-old Russian expatriate, the brilliant translation of that forty-year-old novel by the author's son, Dmitri, or as the not quite so brilliant new novel by an aging American citizen now residing in Switzerland.

Here then is a work of Nabokov's youth, and the early Nabokov is no mean author; we are indeed in the presence of the same man who wrote *Pnin*, *Lolita*, *Pale Fire*. We find the same magic language, as this description of a passenger train's arrival testifies: "Slowly, surely, smoothly, the huge iron cavity of the station drew in the train, which at once grew sluggish, and then, with a jolt, redundant." However, a word of caution on old and new Nabokov is in order here, since the best elements of that sentence, the last six words, seem to be newly

added, an admirable second thought forty years after the fact (I am comparing not the unobtainable original, but a German translation of that original, which Nabokov believes to be "competent"). The plot and the movement of the prose are mainly the creation of a younger Nabokov, bravely experimenting with

King, Queen, Knave

by Vladimir Nabokov
translated by Dmitri Nabokov
(McGraw-Hill, \$5.95)

an original, highly mannered approach to fiction.

King, Queen, Knave is about a love triangle, where two of the members attempt to murder the third. The plot is deliberately standard fare, and the three characters, young Franz, Dreyer the financier, and

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ATLANTIC-LITTLE, BROWN

Dreyer's wife, Martha, are deliberately kept to simple proportions. The story is less concerned with psychology than with performing a rather marvelous set of variations on a familiar theme. The plot is, paradoxically, not only dangerously simple but also dangerously elaborate, yet Nabokov keeps his skis together and skims downhill with ease.

According to Andrew Field's biography, the novel draws its title from a Hans Christian Andersen story of the same name, where a pack of cards engages in a palace revolution. While Nabokov's story apparently has little to do with Andersen's, it is presumably no accident that the novel has thirteen chapters, the number of cards in a suit. The characters are two-dimensional, like cards, and the variations on a conventional plot suggest that the novel is one permutation of dealing a hand. Nabokov, of course, adds certain mystifications in his foreword, and because his art involves an aesthetic resonance between the parts of his composition, this preface is an integral part of the book.

The most structured situation in fiction is the duel, a "slow dance on the killing ground." The ritual is standard and accepted, and only the variation is important. In dueling stories (written by, among others, Dumas, Lermontov, Pushkin, Chekhov, Mann), character is always secondary to the surprise ending. In Nabokov's dueling story, "An Affair of Honor," the protagonist never even shows up. The love triangle is the second most structured form, and the young Nabokov flexes his muscles in tracing its convolutions. And the challenges he sets himself are numerous; for instance, in the second chapter nearsighted Franz breaks his glasses and we find ourselves wandering in a bright, impressionist haze, dazzled by unexpected stabs of sunlight.

Most comparable with this latest novel is *Laughter in the Dark*. Both novels are set in Germany, and while the one takes its title from a "fairy-tale," the other actually starts, "Once upon a time. . . ." *Laughter* is a different set of variations on the love triangle, again culminating in death. In these artificial stories, the reader is taught to relish the author's surprises, the carefully set up situations, complete with conventional foreshadowing, where the reader's

initial recognition of a situation he is familiar with from countless third-rate novels suddenly explodes when the plot abruptly, drunkenly swerves in an unpredictable direction. As the reader hurries after this wandering monster, it settles down to a familiar pace, again throwing the (always gullible) reader off his guard.

In the foreword, Nabokov mentions his "amiable little imitations of *Madame Bovary*." *Anna Karenina* is also dropped into the discussion, and at one point in the novel Martha is described as being "no Emma, and no Anna." In Nabokov's peculiar logic this is an admission that Martha's character is to some extent borrowed from both of these heroines. Certainly Nabokov has taken more from Flaubert than his heroine's hairstyle (center part, chignon). Flaubert was often accused of being a cruel, inhuman author, because of the impartial observations and apparent objectivity of his lucid novel. Much the same charge has followed Nabokov throughout his writing career. It is important to realize that this objectivity is a learned part of Nabokov's art, and *King, Queen, Knave*, written in 1928, was the laboratory where he first tried out his lessons.

In an admission that for once is

The Writers

Leon Edel was awarded the Pulitzer Prize in 1963 for Volumes Two and Three of his biography of Henry James.

John Updike's newest novel, *Couples*, was published in April.

Robert Coles is the author of *Children of Crisis*.

Charles Nicol is at work on a study of Nabokov.

Peter Avery, a student of Persian literature, is a Fellow of King's College, Cambridge.

Marshall Cohen is on the philosophy faculty of Rockefeller University.

Edward Weeks, Herbert Kupferberg, and Phoebe Adams contribute to the *Atlantic* every month.

neither mystifying nor coy, Nabokov explains that this second novel of his career used German characters in a German setting as a "subtle protective device":

At a stage of gradual inner disentanglement, when I had not yet found, or did not yet dare apply, the very special methods of recreating a historical situation that I used ten years later in *The Gift*, the lack of any emotional involvement and the fairytale freedom inherent in an unknown milieu answered my dream of pure invention.

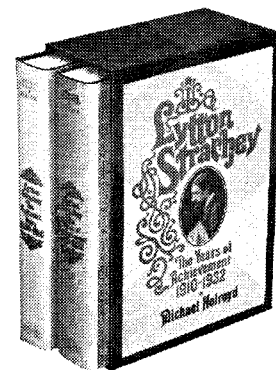
That is to say, wrestling with the problem of total control, probably the most distinguishing and admirable feature of his art, Nabokov found it necessary to deal with the unfamiliar because he could not yet handle the familiar with objectivity and confidence. His first novel, set in his own émigré society, apparently had escaped that control. To venture a dictum, he was not yet able to make the familiar strange; he could not yet transform reality, he had to create it anew; he was not yet able to accomplish what Flaubert accomplished. Nabokov had not yet mastered that dual role of actor and observer in his own life, would not yet have been capable of his later, marvelous autobiography, or of *The Gift*, or of *Pnin* — novels close to his own experience. In this sense, *King, Queen, Knave* is a minor novel in the Nabokov canon.

The surprise appearance of Mr. and Mrs. Nabokov in the last two chapters seems to belie the above statements. Calmly sitting at a restaurant table, speaking Russian and staring "arrogantly" at the book's main characters, Nabokov is insisting not only on his control of events but on his control of himself. He has, however, only now been added to his novel; he was not in the 1928 version.

The brief appearance by the Nabokovs is a pleasant idea, for they culminate the small galaxy of unlikely characters who circle around the main story. Franz's landlord, for instance, believes he has invented his lodger and can change himself into anything he wants; his name is Enricht, and he calls himself Mene-tek-El-Pharsin. We know he is mad, because the handwriting is indeed on the wall: there is only one creator, Nabokov. But Enricht may not be a completely false Proteus, for when a large dog becomes a character in

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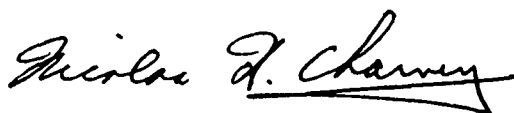
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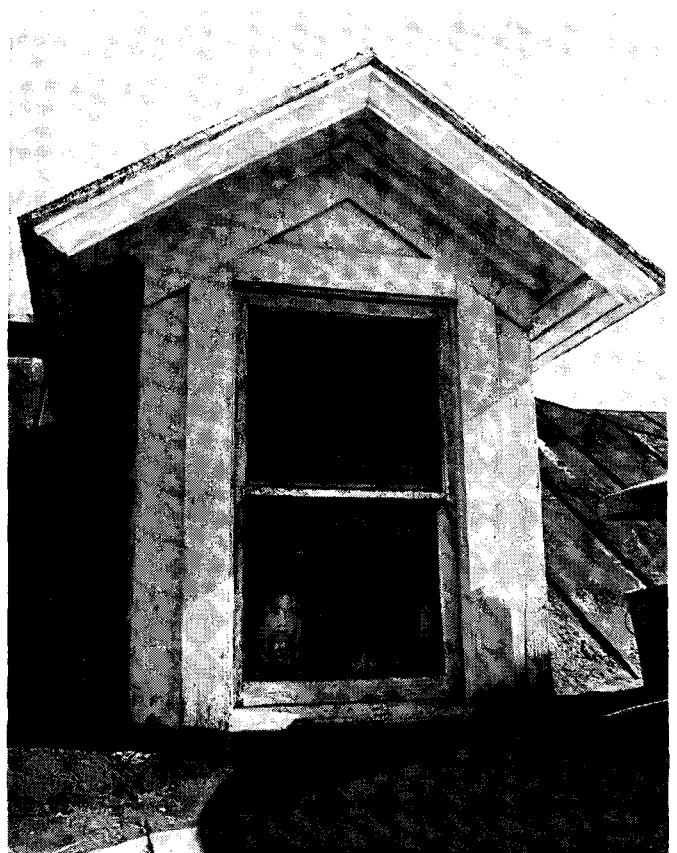
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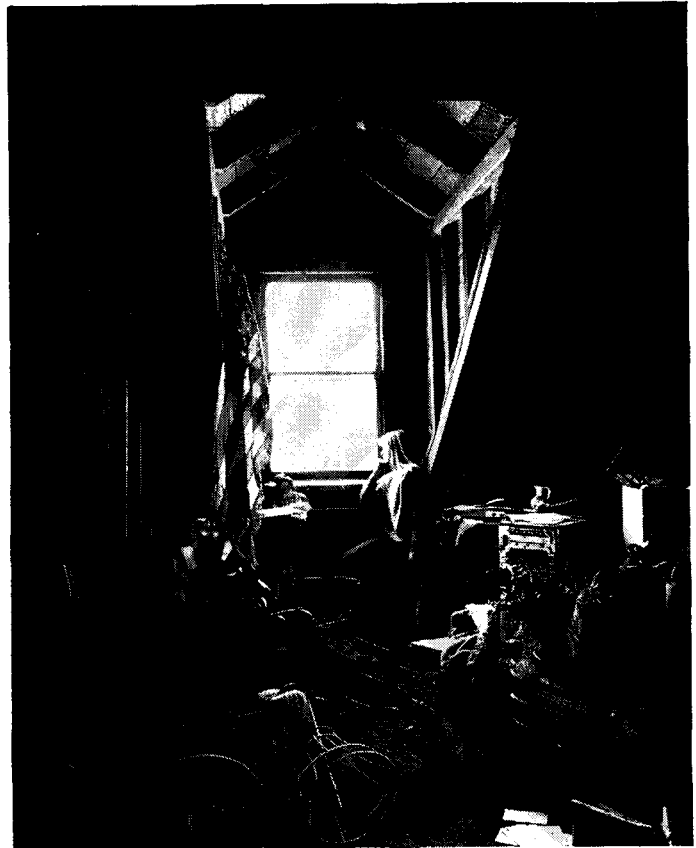
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the novel, we occasionally have the strange feeling that it may be this lunatic landlord, getting kicked for performing the impossible. And an inventor creates some lifelike robots (which break down in a hilarious scene), echoing the incomplete life

of the novel's main characters. It is a madcap world, indeed, that floats just on the periphery of our perception, and though the characters of this novel are too thin to cast shadows, bright shades are here anyway, dancing.

Rubaiyyating With Robert Graves

by Peter Avery

No work by Robert Graves can be ignored. Not even when he fails to improve on what someone else — in this instance Edward FitzGerald — has done before him. And certainly not when, with faulty judgment, he takes the liberty of blaming FitzGerald for silliness and inaccuracy. It is the place for surprise rather than anger when a poet so frequently ready to instruct lesser breeds in the processes of poetry and workings of the poet's mind refuses FitzGerald his sure instinct in poetic matters, and in a pompous, "scholarly" piece of show-off with references to Latin Mass controversies in the sixteenth century and Henry VIII, charges FitzGerald with being like the "old English parish priest" who preferred his misreading *mumpsimus* to the correct *sumpsimus*.

There is everything to be said for each successive age's translating really great poetry in remote languages and from distant eras afresh in the idiom of the day. To accomplish this, however, the translator must keep clear of theories about the content and purpose of the poetry and stick to the words. Above all others, Mr. Graves should know that poetry is better left to speak for itself. Mr. Graves's image in the first stanza is nevertheless probably as good as might be expected of him. Whether it is an improvement on FitzGerald's (first edition) "Awake! for Morning in the Bowl of Night/ Has flung the Stone that puts the Stars to Flight . . ." is questionable.

While Dawn, Day's herald straddling
the whole sky,
Offers the drowsy world a toast "To
Wine,"
The Sun spills early gold on city
roofs —
Day's regal Host, replenishing his
jug.

Less questionable, sad though it may be for the hosts of us who have

been happily brought up on FitzGerald's inspired renderings of them, is the fact that, as Persian poetry goes, the Khayyām originals are not really very great poetry. Edward FitzGerald had special reasons for liking them enough to experiment, first with Latin translations, later with often revised English versions.

His reasons lay, apart from his simply enjoying the way the *rubā'iyāt* "went," in the Victorian man of insight's anxieties, nicely paralleled by those of an eleventh-century Persian mathematician in Nishapur in northwest Iran under the Saljuqs. In those times Nishapur was a hotbed of tensions among different Islamic juridico-theological schools. Freethinkers and doubters of the rigid tenets of orthodoxy and traditionalism were worsted and persecuted. The great philosopher al-Ghazzali had to resign his professorship at Nishapur in about 1106 A.D. in trouble for opposition to the prevalent fanaticism. 'Umar Khayyām was born in the same city circa 1021–1022.

It is a pity that Mr. Graves's collaborator did not concentrate more on these matters, for which there is ample historical documentation. Instead he is advertised as the descendant of a line of Sufi

the refuge of those who seek more in religious experience than legalism. The pharisaical element in Omar Ali-Shah's position is reflected in Graves's quite untenable assertion that "hard liquor was unknown to twelfth century Persians." His collaborator should have been more honest, not to say accurate. Also, numerous eyewitness accounts of the rewarding of poets in twelfth-century Persia with jewels sufficient thrice to fill the mouth and strings of camels required to carry a poet's golden vessels should have prevented Mr. Graves's believing that "in Khayyām's day, authorship . . . of a poem that won general acceptance was held to be its own reward."

There is, of course, no reason why Omar Ali-Shah's particular sect of dervishes should not have chosen 'Umar Khayyām as their poet. This does not mean that Khayyām was necessarily any more a genuine Sufi than — the evidence of the Persian and Arabic biographies aside — for example, the shrewd FitzGerald took him to be. It would, moreover, be a rather backward, mountain or upcountry, kind of Sufism that would prefer the quatrains of 'Umar as its quasi-liturgical textbook to some of the real Sufi poetry with which Persian literature abounds.

Claims that the quatrains represent some sort of "temporal pattern from dawn to the dead of night . . . its central verses recording the metaphysical noontide torments of a passionate mind" are nonsense. The stanzas are disconnected epigrams, and it is exceedingly curious that the ancient manuscript of them in the family of Graves's collaborator should open with the same verse about daybreak that FitzGerald, in his "mashing together" of the quatrains, chose for his first stanza. Such a coincidence makes this manuscript just as suspect, if not a little more so, than all manuscripts of verses of this type. The suspicion grows on noticing that what Mr. Graves calls Omar's "awesome culminating verse" was the four-versed stanza found by a traveler, R. B. M. Binning, carved on a stone in the ruins of Persepolis. Binning published it in his travel narrative in 1857, and FitzGerald mentions it in a letter of January 13, 1859.

How dubious "ancient manuscripts" of *rubā'iyāt* are can be explained by the adeptness of Iranian forgers and by the ease with which

The Original Rubaiyyat of Omar Khayyām

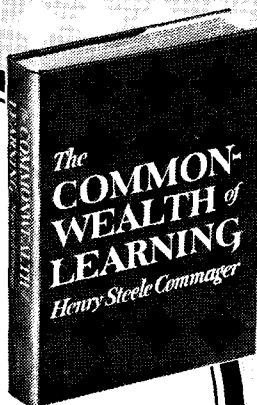
in a new translation
with critical commentaries
by Robert Graves and
Omar Ali-Shah
(Doubleday, \$5.00)

leaders, sectarians who, in the Afghan setting to which he apparently belongs, often go to great lengths to prove their Muslim orthodoxy; whereas Sufism in Persia and elsewhere, indeed at its peril often in Afghanistan also, has generally been

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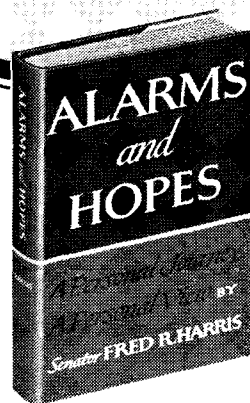


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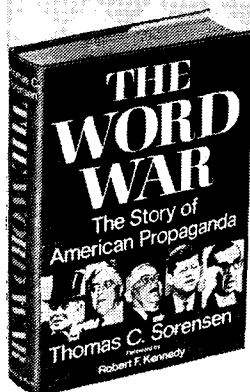


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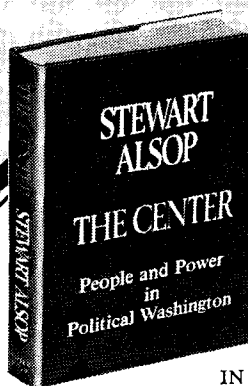


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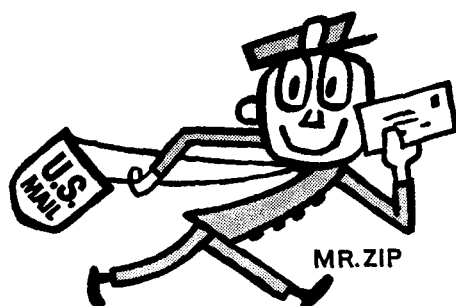
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this verse form comes to Persians. I once knew a cabdriver in Shiraz who made up *ruba'iyāt* to amuse his fare on a long journey. Hence there is nothing very strange about finding, in FitzGerald's version,

The Palace that to Heav'n his pillars threw,
And Kings the forehead on his thresh-old drew —
I saw the solitary ringdove there,
And "Coo, coo, coo!" she cried,
"Coo, coo, coo,"

on a slab in the rubble of Persepolis. In Persian the word *kū* means "Where?", whence the onomatopoeia. Graves with his

A ring-dove perches on its battle-ments;
"Where, where?" it coos, "where, where?"

shows, whether he likes it or not, some debt to FitzGerald, and a good deal of accuracy. But what is strange is that this "awesome culminating stanza" should have cropped up in the truly "marvelous" text Mr. Graves's friend found for him.

As for Omar Ali-Shah having all his life spoken "classical Persian," since so far as one can tell this was something invented to make Persian studies respectable in England's older universities, it is hard to know what it means. Presumably Omar Ali-Shah spoke Persian all his life, but it is difficult to say that he is always any surer about the correct renderings of Persian idiom than was FitzGerald, who never claimed to be a complete Persianist anyway. And with his private brand of religious interpretation of the stanzas, one would have expected Omar Ali-Shah to be more precise about the fact that the fate-struck polo ball in

the Persian original is ordered to go "straight," not to oscillate hither and thither. *Chap miro* (though by itself *chap* means "left," as in "left hand") means "roll over." *Rāst miro* (though *rāst* by itself means "right") means "go straight" or simply "keep going." FitzGerald has:

The Ball no Question makes of Ayes and Noes
But right or left as strikes the Player goes.
And He that toss'd thee down into the Field
He knows about it all, He knows —
He knows.

Literally the stanza means:

You revolved by the polo-mallet of fate like a ball
Roll over, go on and say nothing,
For that person who threw you into a spin,
He knows, he knows, he knows, oh!

Graves makes it:

Poor ball, struck by Fate's heavy polo-mallet,
Running whichever way it drives you, numbed
Of sense, though He who set you on your course,
He knows, He knows, He knows.

Perhaps after all, Graves is here near enough the mark, though FitzGerald at least did not add the evaluators "poor," "heavy," and "numbed of sense." But who knows about Mr. Omar Ali-Shah's Persian? One fact that is clear is this, that FitzGerald remains closer to the spirit and therefore, ultimately, to the text of the Persian than Graves does. Graves began with a theory and, one suspects, a petulant dislike of "poor old Fitz." FitzGerald merely found Omar's verses fun, and so discovered what they said.

The Peripatetic Reviewer

by Edward Weeks

It was Dame Rebecca West who defined the meaning of treason in the atomic age. Under the pressure of the cold war, espionage and defection have been intensified with consequences both serious and baffling, as we find in reading *The Philby Conspiracy*, the Book-of-the-Month Club selection for July. This is the real-life detective story of how and why three conspicuous members of the British Establishment, Guy Bur-

gess, Donald Maclean, and H. A. R. Philby, known as "Kim," became Communist spies and of what damage they accomplished before they defected to the Soviet Union. It is the composite story by a journalistic team of staff members of the London *Sunday Times*, who have reconstructed the lives of the three conspirators, leading up to the influence which each exerted at his zenith: Philby as the head of the Soviet section of the

Secret Intelligence Service; Maclean in Washington at the center of the Anglo-American atomic energy program and with full access to the CIA files; and Burgess, diplomat, drunkard, and boastful homosexual, who was constantly being dried out and promoted by the Foreign Office.

They were all Cambridge men, two of them Trinity, and at Cambridge in the early thirties it was fashionable to deride both king and country. Abroad fascism was on the rise, and at home Ramsay MacDonald's sellout of the Labor Party had left the young rebels no hopeful alternative except Communism. Or so it seemed.

Of the three, Philby was much the cleverest, a hard worker and a hard drinker, who with his useful stammer had an undeniable appeal for

ther and son are shadowed, but there is every reason to believe that the son acquired his father's contempt and that when he went down from Cambridge in June of 1933, he had already entered the Soviet counter-intelligence service. He maintained his cover for thirty years and during that time he penetrated more deeply into British secrets and supplied his Soviet masters with far more damaging information than either Burgess or Maclean did.

After his graduation Philby spent a year in Vienna, where he witnessed the fascist putsch and learned the technique of his trade from a competent Soviet instructor. He then returned to England with Nazi funds with which to publish a pro-Hitler magazine; the magazine did not prosper, but Philby did. Two years later he was in Spain, the accredited correspondent of the *Times*, and his dispatches were so daring that he was personally decorated by Franco with the Red Cross of Military Merit. At the outbreak of World War II the *Times* reassigned him to the British headquarters in Arras, and when he was finally evacuated from France, his assurance and his competence were such that he was eagerly recruited by the British Secret Service.

Part of Philby's penetration was made easier for him by the interservice jealousy. He was a good deal more intelligent than the policeman types in the rival agency, MI5, and the book concedes, somewhat grudgingly, the skill with which he eliminated Volkov, a dangerous Soviet informer, and the deadly accuracy with which he was able to anticipate and terminate the movement of British agents, particularly in the Albanian Subversion. When portraits are as accusing as this they tend to ignore the skill of the villainy. Burgess, whether as a drunkard or a blustering homosexual, was not a pretty sight, but he had another side, as witness the fact that he was indulged by Harold Nicolson, used as a model by Evelyn Waugh, and accepted with friendliness by Cyril Connolly until his departure. Maclean was not a scientist, and though he may not have comprehended the scientific theory on which the atomic bomb was based, he was in a position, however briefly, to filter helpful information to the Kremlin. "Burgess and Maclean," said Secretary of the Army Brucker in Febru-

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both men and women; Burgess, handsome and ruddy, was the more charming, and the most outrageous in his behavior; Maclean, the "nervous Nelly," fretted by sex, was the first to be suspected and the first to break under the eventual strain. As John Le Carré reminds us in his brilliant introduction, there are big gaps in the record. Who was the Soviet recruiter? he asks. Did he recruit only gentlemen and only from Cambridge? It seems unlikely.

What we do know is that Kim Philby was a dissenter by birth. His father, St. John Philby, was a renowned Arabist and a Muslim convert, who had left the Indian Civil Service for a series of shady deals in the Middle East and whose contempt for Whitehall was outspoken. The relations between fa-



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LEOPARDS IN THE GARDEN **by Nathaniel Burt**

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ary, 1956, "had secrets of priceless value to the communist conspiracy."

Why were they condoned? The answer can only be inferred. Macmillan, who first defended Philby before Parliament, had a private contempt for espionage and would not believe that a man so long trusted could be a traitor. Edward Heath, when it was his turn, felt that the Conservative Party could not stand another scandal, and so for seven years more Kim continued his activities as a double agent whose primary loyalty was to Moscow.

A clearer answer to the mystery comes from Philby himself in *My Silent War*, a book which was begun five years ago in Moscow. This is no act of confession but a stylish, and within limits, candid, affirmation of why he deserted "a crumbling Establishment" to volunteer as an agent for the Soviet Union, "the inner fortress of the world movement." Philby writes well, and in his crisp, sophisticated manner he gives a withering picture of the confusion and apathy in the British Secret Service, which even as late as the summer of 1940 did not possess one single agent between the Balkans and the English Channel. "SIS," Philby writes, "is the only British service authorised to collect secret information from foreign countries by illegal means," but Churchill had a fondness for appointing agents who were instructed to report back only to him, and the overlapping and rivalry within the entire secret organization created a flap which Philby with his orderly mind set about correcting.

Here is the secret of Philby's success: "The first duty of an underground worker," he tells us, "is to perfect not only his cover story but also his cover personality," and Philby worked at his English career with a capacity and discretion which won him both trust and promotion. His story of how the SIS cracked the German code and consistently double-crossed the *Abwehr* in Spain is fascinating. His account of the conflict between the "Brains" and the policemen is much funnier than the one the journalists have written. His penetrating, witty comments on J. Edgar Hoover (who distrusted all British agents) and his estimates of the contributions made by Graham Greene, Bill Stephenson, and Malcolm Muggeridge are vastly entertaining, whatever their bias. The

plain truth is that Kim Philby could not have wormed his way up to a post which permitted him to direct the SIS agents operating in the Soviet Union without recommendations based on his "solid and conscientious work," and he covered his tracks so skillfully that when at last he was named in Commons the evidence was so flimsy that he could bluff his innocence in an impeccable news conference. Wrongheaded and a traitor, but certainly a cool operator.

True Grit begins as a terse and exciting story of the frontier days in Arkansas when the judge and his marshals were only a degree or two more honorable than the men they put to death. The action comes to us through the retrospect of a spinster, Mattie Ross, whose father was robbed of his life, his horse, and \$150 in cash by a no-good tenant, Tom Chaney, a bachelor twenty-five years of age. The murder occurred in Fort Smith, and in the dead of winter the fourteen-year-old Mattie left home intent on finding the men who would help her capture the murderer. She visited the horse dealer in Fort Smith and talked him into repaying the \$110 which her father had spent on some now useless mustangs; had the body shipped home; and then asked the sheriff to name his best marshal. He told her, "The meanest one is Rooster Cogburn. He is a pitiless man, double-tough, and fear don't enter into his thinking. He loves to pull a work." She bribed Rooster with \$25 down and another \$25 to come, and with him and a Texas ranger she rode off in pursuit of the killer.

This is a Western with a difference. The hardihood and the fighting are depicted in a vernacular which curiously is both prim and primitive and in a series of escapades reminiscent of Jesse James and *The Perils of Pauline*.

Like Audubon, Roger Tory Peterson made his approach to the world of nature as an artist, studying at the Art Students League and for two years at the National Academy of Design before embarking upon the bird paintings and study which were to make him the best-known field ornithologist in the world. For a time he free-lanced as an illustrator in New York City, and John Kieran remembers him as one of the

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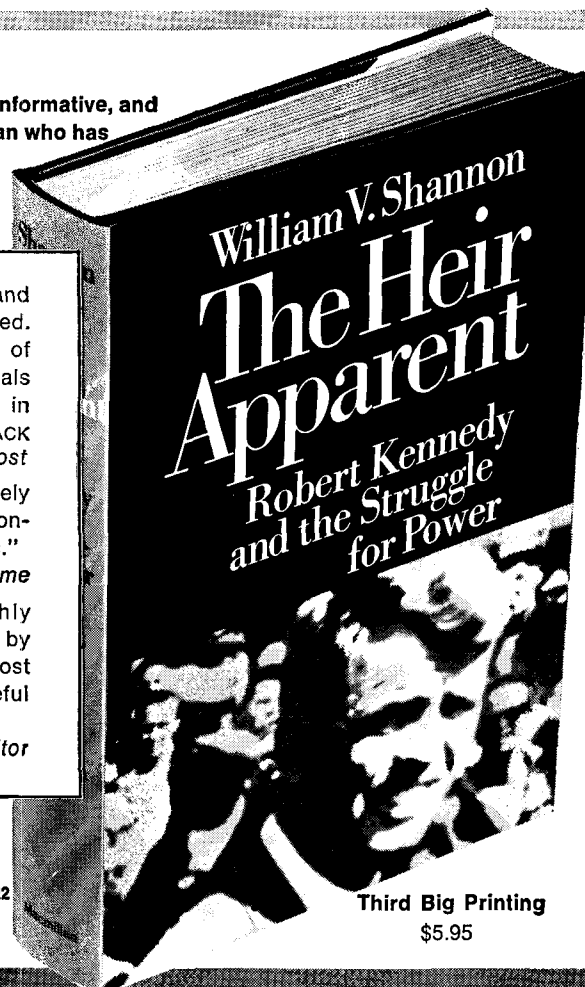
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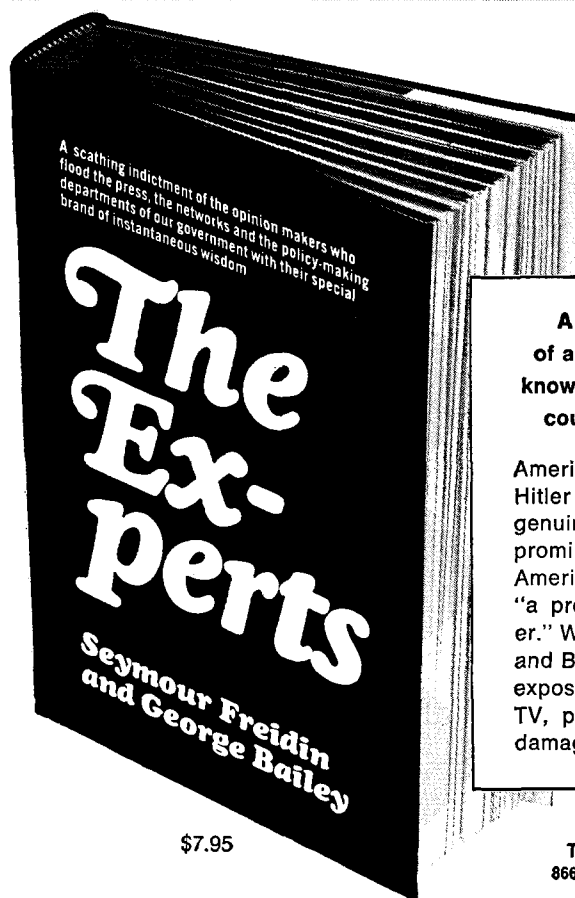
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founders of the Bronx Bird Club, thrashing through the cattails of the Van Cortlandt Park marsh shouting and clapping hands to scare up the Virginia rails and soras that used to breed there or pass through on migration. Today, tall, filled out, and with inexhaustible energy, he is known by his friends as an "owl" worker instead of a "lark" worker: he gets brighter as the day goes on, and in his studio at Old Lyme, Connecticut, he works through the night and is hard to waken once he has turned in. When he has to appear on a morning telecast he sends himself a telegram the night before with instructions that the messenger boy should not leave until he is sure that the recipient is out of bed.

Peterson's hearing is as acute as his eyesight. When he was working on the Field Guides which have made our American birds familiar to millions the world over, he would occasionally take a break and go to a movie, and his wife would hear him mutter "nighthawk" as the bird passed over the flat-roofed building and over the sound of the reel.

Twenty years ago on Cape Cod Peterson began making the drawings of wildflowers for his new handbook, *A Field Guide to Wildflowers of Northeastern and North-central North America*. Margaret McKenny collaborated with him, she working on the text, he on the legends and the 1344 illustrations in this gay and handy book. On hundreds of zigzags through the East and midlands Peterson drove his beach wagon at a snail's pace, one eye on the country road, the other on the flowers. In the case of rare orchids, or gentians which he knew better than to pick, he drew them lying flat on the ground; those he picked he kept fresh in plastic bags until he could get to the next tourist cabin. In his suitcase he carried a 200-watt daylight bulb, and once this was screwed in he could begin his owl work. He has been known to keep going for thirty-six hours at a stretch, and the deadlines he sets himself for his paintings, his writing, and his lectures run down but do not exhaust his batteries.

Wildflowers are woven into our earliest associations: the violets and lady's-slippers the first signal of spring; the musk mallows which speak to us from the summer marsh; that toughie the dandelion which travels everywhere; the wild azalea

and cardinal-flower I look for in the great ponds of Essex County; the meadows full of devil's paintbrush and wild lupine we pass on our drive to Canada; the purple loosestrife which so quickly covered the bombed areas of London.

Wildflowers have traveled with Western men from Greece to the Roman legions, from the legions to Britain, from Britain to the new world, and on to the extremities. On a recent trip to Tierra del Fuego Peterson reported that nine out of ten wildflowers by the roadside there were of European origin. It is a fact that the transients, the wild-

flowers from Europe, have taken root in the disturbed areas of America, whereas our native species have held the fort in the undisturbed areas. In the railroad rights-of-way you may find a little of both; this ground has been so little changed that one may find traces of the original prairie growths planted there centuries before the iron horse. It is man's instinct to familiarize himself with his environment, and we are grateful to Roger Tory Peterson and Margaret McKenny for making their horde of knowledge so available and so pleasurable to receive.

THEATER

The Sins of the Sons

by Marshall Cohen

In a theatrical climate created by Brecht and Artaud, Miller's dramaturgy is bound to seem naïve and tepid, deficient in intellectual cogency and sensory excitement alike. It is repetitious as well. His new play, *The Price*, is another drama of guilt and responsibility, trust and betrayal, success and failure. And these themes are embodied, as they have been in *The Man Who Had All the Luck* and *All My Sons*, in *Death of a Salesman* and *After the Fall*, in the story of a father and two sons — the father a man in difficulties, the sons men of differing temperaments and moral psychologies. (The prob-

ated Biff Loman and who often returns from Hollywood to appear in Miller's works, is again playing one of the brothers. And the audience, liberal, middle-aged, affluent, is, for the most part, the one that wept over Willy Loman and found in John Proctor the very type of a political hero. Miller's audience is nostalgic, loyal, and — this is now the highest kind of praise for a Broadway play, especially for a play performed without intermission — grateful not to be bored.

Yet *The Price* is a moderately effective play, and it does not support the charge that Miller is simply repeating himself. His usual solemnity is relieved by an unsuspected vein of Jewish humor, his Ibsenian dramatic techniques are given a promising elaboration, and the play proceeds on moral and psychological assumptions quite different from those that governed his earliest efforts. The "attention-must-be-finally-paid-to-such-a-person" indignation of *Death of a Salesman* and the strident manichaeism of *The Crucible* no longer characterize his work. In *After the Fall* Miller's surrogate, Quentin, recalls those earlier works, and days, as gone beyond recall: "The world so wonderfully threatened by injustices I was born to correct! It seemed so fine! Remember — when there were good

The Price
by Arthur Miller
(Morosco Theater, New York)
(Viking Press, \$4.75)

lem of the older man who sins with a younger woman, first announced in *The Crucible* and later re-enacted by the Arthur Miller figure and the Marilyn Monroe figure in *After the Fall*, is avoided in the present work.) If the themes are repetitious, the techniques are familiar: piecemeal revelations of the past, manipulated climaxes, heavily underscored symbolism. It is no surprise, then, to find familiar actors and the same old patrons. Arthur Kennedy, who cre-

and bad people?" In that prelapsarian state of innocence Miller believed that "bad people" (like Elia Kazan) ratted to congressional committees and Salem courts while "good people" (like Arthur Miller and John Proctor) refused to cooperate. Indeed, he felt strongly enough about the matter to break off his brilliantly successful collaboration with Kazan, and Jed Harris was called upon to direct *The Crucible*.

By the time *After the Fall* appeared, these attitudes were considerably altered. In that play, Quentin admits to feeling relief when one Communist friend he is committed to defending conveniently commits suicide, and he records the actions and motives of Kazan's surrogate without condemning them. Miller underlined his new attitude by having Kazan himself direct the play. In *The Price* Miller seeks to avoid both the self-righteousness of *The Crucible* and the self-laceration of *After the Fall*. The play is an attempt at disinterested moral analysis, which he is unfortunately unable to sustain.

Victor and Walter Franz, the middle-aged sons of *The Price*, responded in sharply different ways to the collapse of their millionaire father's business. Victor abandoned his studies to remain at home and lend support while Walter, not so gifted as Victor, turned his back on the family and plunged headlong after success. Miller suggests that there are two incompatible moral attitudes at work here, and in American society generally. One must choose between them — and pay a price. The price Victor pays is a blighted career and some gratuitous heckling from his wife; Walter's is a broken marriage, a nervous breakdown, and offspring who are "investigating" the guitar while Victor's son is off on a scholarship at M.I.T. This analysis is plainly of the pulp-magazine variety and an imperceptive slur on the younger generation to boot. But a more serious difficulty with the play must be mentioned.

If Victor and Walter are to represent the old morality and the new, if we are to concern ourselves with the price exacted by the life of duty as against the life of personal advantage, then we must, of course, believe that Victor has acted as duty requires. At the very climax of the play,

however, in a revelation as ill-prepared as the production of Larry Keller's letter in *All My Sons*, and as unconvincing as the scene of Biff Loman's disillusionment with his father in *Death of a Salesman*, we are given to understand that this is not, in fact, the case. The Franzes' father was not a ruined man, and Victor was in a position to know it. There was no moral dilemma after all, only a psychological trap. Our interest shifts from the price Victor pays for doing his duty to the source of the illusion that he had one. And this shift exacts a price of its own. Miller has time for only a few ambiguous hints about his true subject, the psychology of the Franz family. It is a nice question — very much in the spirit of the play — whether Miller's delay in coming to the point should be regarded as an unfortunate miscalculation or a cleverly disguised form of avoidance behavior. But this question carries us beyond the bounds of dramatic criticism.

The play is set in the present, and its entire action unfolds in the attic of a Manhattan brownstone where Victor and Walter, long separated, meet to dispose of their parents' furniture — to settle their family affairs. Victor has no taste for bargaining, and before Walter arrives he has agreed on a "sacrifice" price with the furniture dealer. Walter, when his busy schedule finally permits him to appear, feels no obligation to abide by the agreed-upon terms and proposes an entirely new arrangement. It is far less advantageous to the dealer and requires Victor to treat his legitimate inheritance, at least for tax purposes, as a gift from Walter. In the end Victor rejects Walter's suggested course of action and abides by the original agreement. In settling the price of the furniture with Gregory Soloman, the brothers have obviously re-enacted their earlier dealings with their father, and the action we see before our eyes suggests that the Franz father may have been in control all along, giving each of the sons what he most deeply wanted. For Gregory Soloman, the furniture dealer, is very much in control of the negotiation, and as the curtain falls he is seated in the father's chair, laughing contentedly. Miller had a splendid idea here — the symbolic re-enactment of past events might well have put us in a position to



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understand the past — but the occasionally brilliant surface of his play does remarkably little to illuminate the obscurity at its center.

It is Miller's usual practice to disguise his obviously Jewish characters as average Americans and to pass the corruptions of their English off as poetic turns of phrase. In Gregory Soloman he has finally given us a Yiddish-American character straight, and this canny, benevolent, resourceful ninety-year-old furniture dealer with a discharge from the British Navy is one of the best things he has ever done. Harold Gary scores an easy triumph in the part, but the rest of the cast, Pat Hingle, Arthur Kennedy, and Kate Reid, all excellent actors, can't give much life to Miller's cardboard cut-outs. Boris Aronson's overstuffed attic makes visible the oppressive weight of unredeemed time.

Record Reviews

by Herbert Kupferberg

Bach: B Minor Mass (*Klemperer, New Philharmonia Orchestra, BBC Chorus; Angel SC-3720*). Klemperer humanizes Bach's monumental Mass surprisingly, getting some beautifully textured choral singing, and fine solo work from Agnes Giebel, Janet Baker, Nicolai Gedda, Hermann Prey, and Franz Crass.

Beethoven: Nine Symphonies, Four Overtures (*Toscanini, NBC Symphony; RCA Victrola VIC-8000*). Lots of the young bloods tend to pooh-pooh Toscanini's taut, no-nonsense approach, but anyone knowing of a more intense and exciting Beethoven package than this is welcome to it. Reasonable sound; eight records.

Brahms: Four Symphonies, Two Overtures; "Haydn" Variations (*Toscanini, NBC Symphony; RCA Victrola VIC-6400*). If anything, Brahms benefits even more than Beethoven from a Toscanini tightening-up. This is a four-record album.

Elliott Carter: Piano Concerto (*live performance by Jacob Lateiner, with Leinsdorf and Boston Symphony; RCA Victor LSC-3001*). Carter has a language of his own, with instruments speaking their lines almost individually and building them into a tonal

drama. The listener almost has to become part of it, and not all may be willing to do so. Michael Colgrass' *As Quiet As* on the reverse is a lightweight filler.

Gilbert and Sullivan: The Sorcerer (*D'Oyly Carte; Richmond RS-62015*). London recently put out a new D'Oyly Carte *Sorcerer*, but this just-reissued older model, with Peter Pratt as John Wellington Wells, is equally good and costs less. *The Sorcerer*, though, is early G. & S. and mostly for Savoyard specialists.

Gluck: Orfeo, Italian version (*Angel SBL-3717, with Grace Bumbry as Orfeo and Vaclav Neumann conducting; and DGG-139268/69, with Fischer-Dieskau and Karl Richter*). Bumbry's singing has more warmth, and so does Neumann's conducting, but neither of these is wholly satisfying.

James Joyce: Passages from Finnegans Wake (*movie sound track; RCA Victor VDS-118*). Beats reading it.

Mahler: Kindertotenlieder, Songs of a Wayfarer (*Janet Baker with Barbirolli and Hallé Orchestra; Angel S-36465*). A beautiful but bloodless *Kindertotenlieder*; the *Fahrenden Gesellen* cycle just about perfect.

Mendelssohn: Piano Trios Nos. 1 in D Minor and 2 in C Minor (*Beaux Arts Trio — Pressler, Guilet, Greenhouse; World Series PHC-9082*). Despite an occasional reminiscence of the *Midsummer Night's Dream*, these trios emerge as inconsequential even in these amiable performances.

The Comic Mozart (*Köth, Schreier, Prey, Berry; Seraphim S-60050*). A good antidote to Epic's recent soggy attempt at these satiric, bawdy ensembles. These stick to the original German (translations in booklet) and are smoothly sung. Good, clean fun. Pretty clean anyway.

Rossini: Barber of Seville (*D'Angelo, Monti, Capecchi, Bartoletti; Heliodor HS-25072/3*). When this appeared originally on Deutsche Grammophon I thought it the liveliest of modern *Barbers*, and I find no reason to revise my opinion now that it's out in a bargain reissue. A good way to celebrate the Rossini centenary.

Joan Sutherland in the Golden Age of Operetta (*with Bonyngue — who else? —*

conducting the New Philharmonia and Ambrosian Light Opera Chorus; London OSA-1268). With her big voice, stately style, and tendency to swallow words, Joan is simply in the wrong pew in this two-record set encompassing everything from Offenbach to Romberg. Her proper world is opera: Sutherland go home.

The Swingle Singers: Spanish Masters (*Philips PHS-200261*). Since their first Bach record, repertory has been a vexing problem to the Swingle vocalizers, and these Spanish pieces by Albéniz, Granados, Rodrigo, and so on aren't the answer either. This will never replace Segovia.

Vaughan Williams: A London Symphony (*Barbirolli-Hallé Orchestra; Angel S-36478*). The kind of music into which the Big Ben chimes fit comfortably. Maybe this 1914 London no longer exists either physically or musically, but it makes a lovely retrospection.

Wagner: Siegfried Idyll (*Ristenpart, South German Philharmonic; Checkmate C-76010*). Karl Ristenpart's recent death (on the eve of his first American visit) deprived us of a conductor who knew how to freshen up the familiar. This *Siegfried Idyll* is, well, idyllic, and the Brahms Serenade No. 2 on the reverse, while it does go on, benefits no end from his affectionate treatment.

Short Reviews

by Phoebe Adams

The End of Obscenity by Charles Rembar. Random House, \$8.95. Mr. Rembar is the lawyer who successfully defended *Lady Chatterley's Lover*, *Tropic of Cancer*, and *Fanny Hill* against legal suppression as obscene books. He did it, according to this lively memoir, by maneuvering all three cases to the Supreme Court, where he adroitly shifted the attention of the Justices from the content of the books to the constitutional guarantee of freedom of the press. Mr. Rembar writes unpretentiously and well; he includes great chunks of courtroom dialogue, always dramatic stuff; he is brisk and clear in explaining legal arcanities for lay readers. He also has a passion for irreverent asides and semi-relevant

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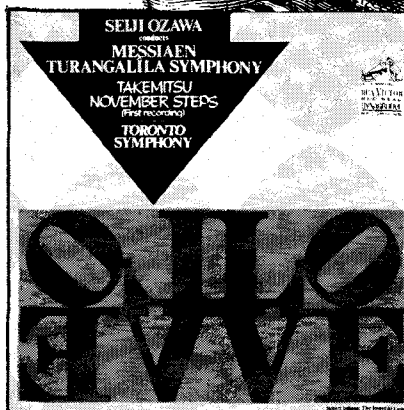
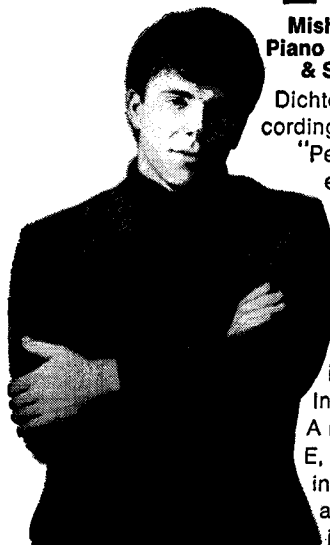


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Milnes, and Leo McKern (fresh from
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Seasons"). Conductor Previn's wife
and song-writing partner, Dory,
created the rollicking English
libretto. Mozart was never such fun.

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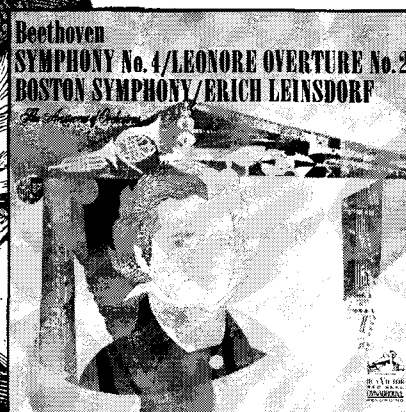
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absurdities, and indulges it in the most hilariously rewarding footnotes that ever jazzed up a book on a serious topic. Or is obscenity serious?

The Real Thing by William Carney. Putnam's, \$6.00. This is a novel in letters, vaguely Gothic in tone, about a sadist who undertakes to instruct his nephew in the art. Correspondence school sadism is a promisingly funny notion. Unfortunately Mr. Carney has approached it in all sobriety and produced portentous flappedoodle reminiscent of Monk Lewis.

The Irish by Donald S. Connery. Simon and Schuster, \$5.95. The author wastes no time on the romantic or the picturesque. This is a description of contemporary Ireland, a country belatedly and rather nervously taking up industrialization, modern economics, and twentieth-century ideas, and it is a sensible, useful, sometimes humorous report.

T. H. White by Sylvia Townsend Warner. Viking, \$6.50. The author of *The Once and Future King* was an unusual man — son of an abomina-

ble woman, reluctant homosexual, solitary, sportsman, lover of red setters, falconer, and drunk. White was capable of exceptional kindness (the real kind, requiring time, tact, and money) and also of a boorishness that drove his friends to sputtering rage. Miss Warner has reconstructed this odd, sad, attractive character with much success, helped by White himself, who was an incorrigible journal keeper.

The Gentle Art of Making Enemies by James Abbott McNeill Whistler. Dover, \$2.25. Except for a needless introduction by Alfred Werner, this is a paperback facsimile of Whistler's superbly designed edition of his neurotically quarrelsome writings, a masterpiece of incivility and fine bookmaking.

Onwards! by Nat Hentoff. Simon and Schuster, \$3.95. Mr. Hentoff has written a small novel about the embarrassments of being a middle-aged academic liberal. It appears that he never decided whether to aim for satire or lament, and ended by shooting the air.

Aspects of Antiquity by M. I. Finley. Viking, \$5.95. As the title implies, a collection of learned essays ranging in subject from Minoan Crete to early Christianity. Since Mr. Finley's style is low-pressure and his arguments are put with discreet courtesy, there is danger that the reader may overlook the unusualness of some (not all) of his opinions.

Colonel Sun by Kingsley Amis alias Robert Markham. Harper & Row, \$5.95. James Bond survives his creator, a trick previously confined to heroes of Homer and the comic strips. Mr. Amis, a devotee of the Bond cult, has assumed the mantle of the prophet, and his first utterance will presumably satisfy the faithful, being, on the word of an old Bond hater, just as unendurable as genuine Fleming, and for the same reasons.

Ellen Terry by Roger Manvell. Putnam's, \$6.95. As a child actress crashing about backstage, Ellen Terry nearly upset an old gentleman who turned out to be the great Macready; she learned her trade with Kean's company; played for triumphant years with Henry Irving;

acted in plays by Shaw and Barrie had a grandchild via Isadora Duncan; played in some early movies. Even without Shaw's sentimental correspondence, her life would be fascinating, a history of sixty years of English theater. Mr. Manvell has taken proper advantage of excellent material.

The Survival of Scotland by Eric Linklater. Doubleday, \$6.95. Primarily a novelist, sporadically practicing everything possible under the man of letters heading, Eric Linklater has used all his skills to present the disorderly history of Scotland in an orderly, interesting, readable narrative.

Iberia by James A. Michener. Random House, \$10.00. Mr. Michener is enthusiastically interested in everything, a trait that is both strength and weakness. His book on Spain is full of information, and the information is presented with no concern for relative importance, so that the text becomes a muddle of the banal and the unique, the significant and the trivial. Not exactly a book to read, but agreeable to rummage in.

The Walls of Jerusalem by Chaim Raphael. Knopf, \$6.95. An accurate description of Mr. Raphael's "excursion into Jewish history" would be reflections (by the author) on commentaries (by generations of rabbis) on a commentary (poetical lament) on a remote historic event (the fall of Jerusalem). It sounds discouraging, but the book is attractive, learned, personal without becoming idiosyncratic, and highly relevant to the present day.

The Golden Age by J. Paul Getty. Trident, \$5.00. Having spent his life amassing an inordinate amount of money, Mr. Getty has undertaken to advise the world on how to spend its old age. His advice is reasonable enough on the take-up-a-hobby-and-do-not-buy-a-house-full-of-termites level, but anyone who thinks to get rich by reading this book might as well play the horses.

Kiss Kiss Bang Bang by Pauline Kael. Atlantic-Little, Brown, \$7.95. A collection of Miss Kael's opinions, discussions, and reviews of films; some of this material has appeared in the *Atlantic*.

A robust novel of love, labor, and the struggle for the good life among the working classes as the 20th century dawned over Firenze

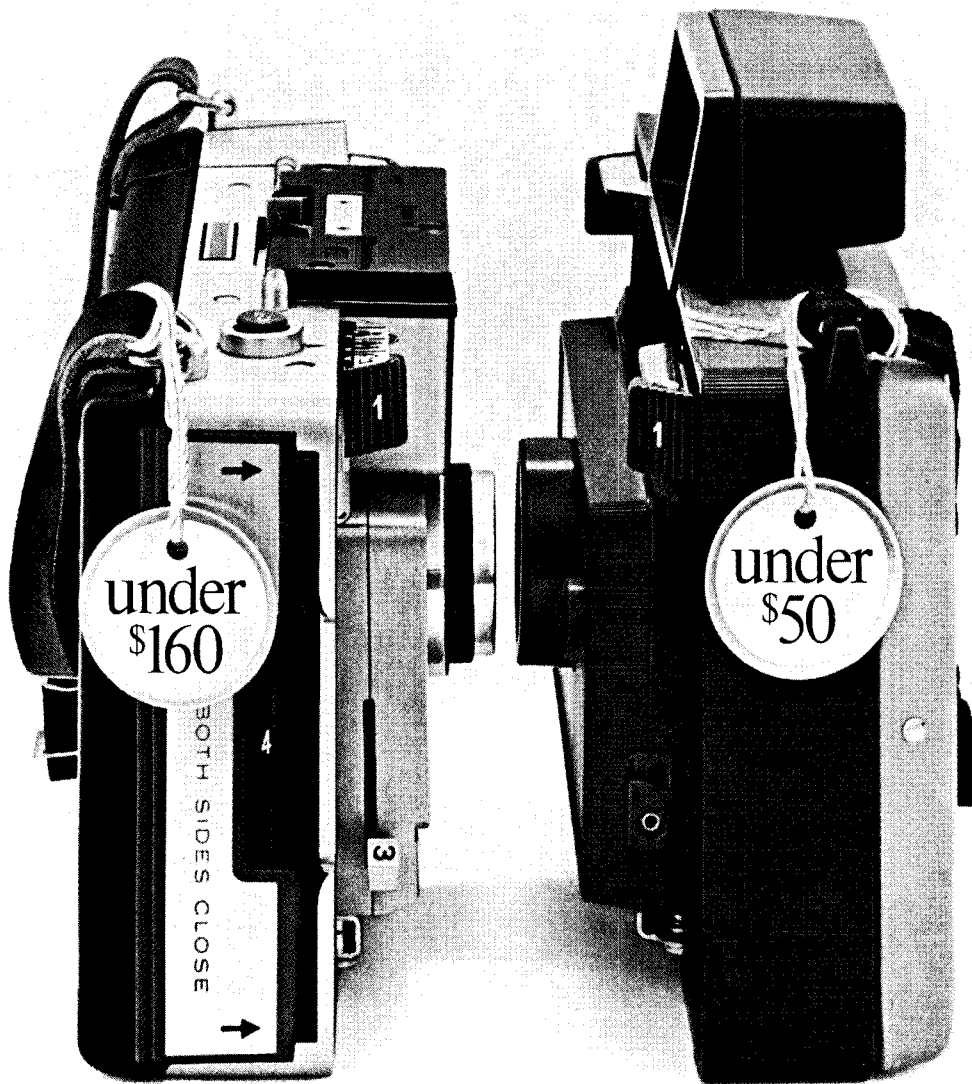
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**A slum is like . . . "a quagmire, a big quicksand.
Just like you step in something,
you just sink and you can't get out of it . . .
I mean you can live here for millions and millions of years
and you will see the same place, same time, and same situation.
It's just like time stops here."**

A quote from a resident of a Gary, Indiana, slum,
before the United States Commission on Civil Rights.



What's it like to live in a slum?

You have to feel it. And smell it. And taste it. You have to choke on the physical and moral sickness of it. Living in a slum just might be man's most degrading experience.

And, whether you know it or not, slums affect you. Because slums have no boundaries. Right now, in every major city in America, the slum is spilling over its tenement walls. And slowly, but visibly, the sickness of these slums is becoming the sickness of our cities.

Look at the figures. One third of this country's jobless are concentrated in our cities' slums. 47% of these families are on welfare. Is it any wonder then that so much crime and disease is bred there?

The future of our cities depends in large part on what we do today about our slums. It's a job that must rest primarily with government. But it's a job that also needs the help of business and labor and private citizens . . . inside and outside the slum. White and Negro alike. For the job will take years and cost billions. But concerted action—now—can be effective. For the very cities that are suffering most have at their command human and economic resources unequalled anywhere else in the world.

It's everyone's problem. That's why we ask everyone to act directly and vigorously in this crisis. Help is needed to build and improve housing, to create job-training centers, to re-evaluate hiring practices, to participate in community programs of health and education.

That's why we ask private citizens to voice their convictions in an effort to alleviate these problems.

As businessmen, we are dismayed at the economic consequences should we fail to heed this call to action. As men, we are appalled at the prospect of greater personal tragedy.

What about you? Whether you are moved to act out of compassion or self-interest, do act. For whoever you are, whatever you do, you, in your own way, can help. And you can begin today.

For suggestions about kinds of constructive action you, your business, religious, social, or civic organization can take, send for the free booklet, "Whose Crisis? . . . Yours."

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